This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

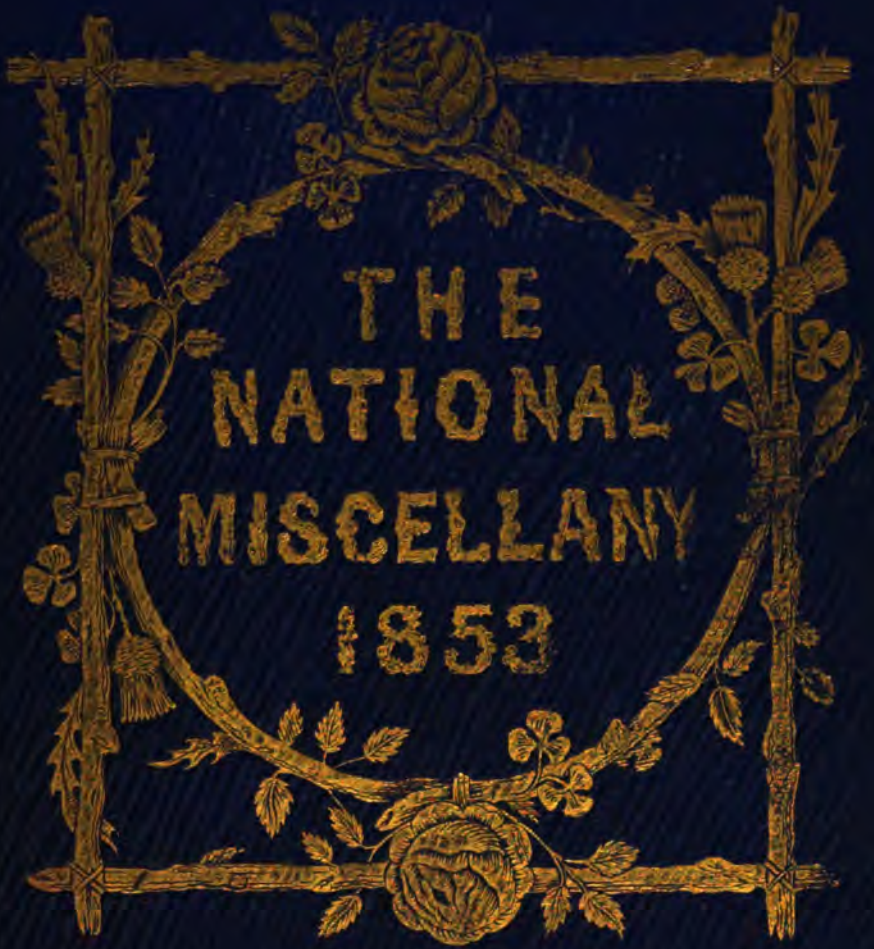
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


THE
NATIONAL
MISCELLANY
1853

17. k. 1

Presented to the

by the Publishers

THE

NATIONAL MISCELLANY.

A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
AT THE OFFICE,
EXETER STREET, STRAND.
M DCCC LIII.

PRINTED BY MESSRS. PARKER, CORNMARKET, OXFORD.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our First Words	1
A Few Notes for May-Day	4
The Love of Horrors	7
Layard's Last Discoveries	11
Railway Literature	23
The Old Royal Palaces at Oxford	29
The Poultry Mania	35
Public Libraries	39
Slavery in America	43
Social Life in Paris	58
Public Picture Galleries	65
Poems by Alexander Smith	70
The Pawnbroker's Window	84
Notes and Emendations of Shakspeare	91
The Præraphaelites	96
Social Life in Paris—continued	103
Cabs and Cabmen	114
Colchester Castle	119
Spirit Rapping	124
The Lay of the Hero	133
A Trip to Leipsic Fair	137
Who deserves a Statue? or, the Nurse's Tale	144
Modern Spanish Poetry.—Zorrilla	160
Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific	178

PAGE

Castle Building 185
Modern French Art.—Ary Scheffer . . . 191
The History of the Harp 200
Evening Twilight 208
Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages . . 209
The Rose Nursery at Maresfield 219
The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century . 227
Miss Isabella Bisp's Epistle 241
Gloves 244
A Visit to the Grande Béguinage at Ghent . . 256
Lewchew and the Lewchewans 263
A Few Notes from Alexandria 268
Notices 278
The Grammatical War 281
The Cid 289
The Country House 303
The Foundling Hospital of Paris 314
The Public Character 327
A Few Words on Legendary Art 331
A Few Notes from the Nile 340
Traits of American-Indian Life and Character . . 346
Cyphers 353
Roman London 361
The Table-Turner Outdone 377
Turkey—Its Past and Present 386
A String of Facts about Siam 399
Symbolic Jewellery 405
Tanglewood Tales, for Girls and Boys . . . 409
A Few Notes from Cairo 418

THE

National Miscellany.

OUR FIRST WORDS.

It is difficult to begin.—We know the difficulties of the boy when he first essays to skate, with his ankles wavering and waggling to and fro, with his profound uncertainty of the direction he is about to take on the slippery expanse, with his fears lest his legs like opening compasses should resolutely part asunder, or lest his head by some painful catastrophe should occupy the position of his heels, with his eagerness, as he first commits himself to those two steel keels, to catch at a chair, a stick, a bough projecting over the pond, or some friendly hand. We know the difficulty of the first few stammering sentences of a speech before the orator is warm enough to master the English tongue, to express his ideas in any intelligible form, or to get the train of his eloquence with its glowing wheels into its effective speed. Not less also are the difficulties of the young shopkeeper on the first eventful morning when the shutters are fairly down, and for the first time he has to arrange his own goods in his own window, to have his own name glittering in new golden letters over the door, and to make the great experiment of doing business for himself. Well known too are the difficulties of the host in promoting easy intercourse, fluent, sparkling conversation at the beginning of his feast among the reserved and icy guests who have yet to deliver the accustomed solemnities about the weather before they thaw.

In short, in all things, great and small, mighty and minute, the hardest steps are the first. Whatever the ease or pleasure of after efforts, all, like the scenery of a new play, at

first moves stiffly on; the new machinery somewhat creaks, till the oil has had time to find its way into every part. There are difficulties about all beginnings; there are tremors, quiverings of hand and heart, lest the work should fail, splutterings of the new pen, a mixture of hope and dread, a sense of effort, a want of that warm easy motion, of that freer action which takes place when the "hand is in." The first speech of the actor, the first song of the singer, the first motion of the skater, the first stanza of the poet, the first enterprize of the merchant, are all of them tremulous affairs; the pulse beats with feverish haste; the brain labours to make the start, or the limbs tremble; and great is the anxiety concentrated on "the launch."

And, good reader, do you think that Editors are of "sterner stuff" and of tougher texture than poet, skater, orator, or host, or that it is possible to begin a new Magazine in days like these, without feeling the difficulties of beginning, without some of those shower-bath feelings which oppress the trembling bather as he pulls the fatal string. Can an Editor, I ask, in a cold-blooded state of mind, start a "train" with a carriage full of "first-class" contributors under his charge and rush along the line of a new literary enterprize like this, as if he had been driving engines upon it all his life? Can he take up his pen and place the first spotless sheet of paper on his desk, on which are to be traced the first words for the Argus Public with its thousand eyes without some flutterings of heart, some trepidations, some anxiety as to the result?

You little know, good reader, what editorial minds go through, how many laboured sentences of formal introduction have been begun and thrown aside, how many sheets have been torn and scattered at the editorial feet. Could you be introduced into the quiet room where these pages drew their breath, you would see the difficulty of beginning, as condemned "beginnings" crackled beneath your feet at every step. First you would find yourself treading on a crumpled commencement indited in some such terms as these, "Considering the present aspect of Periodical Literature, the large views of intellectual culture that are abroad, the increasing magnitude of the People's literary wants;" and then on another of this sort, "Impelled by the exigencies of the times we boldly unfurl our banner, prepared on the contested field of literature to draw the sword for truth, to advocate real

progress, to strive for all that is honourable, beautiful and great;" and on another, "Apologies imply distrust either of ourselves or of the cause we advocate. Without apology therefore, because without distrust, we enter on the task of endeavouring to add to the literary treasures of the day, confident of success." With such wrecks of introductions as these, with the torn leaves of "rejected addresses," the floor was whitened for many mornings to the housemaid's vexation and dismay. Well may she have wondered what "master was about" as she surveyed the tattered failures of his brain.

Well, if it is difficult to begin, and if the first sounds of the trumpet are not the best, be it remembered "intelligent," or "able," or "gentle reader," that we are but clearing our throat, and hope bye and bye to give forth our thoughts with fuller and easier tones. At any rate we begin with hope, and we are able to turn to a goodly host of able coadjutors prepared to aid us in our task. And to speak a few words in sober earnest, we at least can dare to promise as much as this; that not a line containing lax or evil principles shall ever stain the pages of our Magazine; whether in our lighter or graver moods, we shall strive to remember the responsibilities of the Press, and besides avoiding evil principles and dangerous views, we shall hope to aid the elevation of the reader's mind, to raise some glow of generous desire, some high and noble thoughts, some kindly feelings, and a warm veneration for all things that are good and true.

A FEW NOTES FOR MAY-DAY.

ALTHOUGH Anthony Wood thought fit to designate John Aubrey "magotie headed," and many as well as old Anthony may think the epithet fitly chosen and well deserved, the few who have made acquaintance with his manuscript collections illustrative of the relationship of the folk-lore of England to that of bygone people and ancient times, will admit that when he speaks of our popular observances as *remaines of Gentilism and Judaism*, "magotie-headed" as he may be, he shews some method in his madness.

For there can be little question that the customs and superstitions of England—our popular antiquities (to use Brand's epithet)—our folk-lore, to use our own—bear such unmistakeable traces of their descent as clearly prove the wit and wisdom, in this instance at least, of the Wiltshire antiquary.

Let us take for an illustration some popular observances peculiar to MAY-DAY. The merry month of May has in the very alliteration of its name a jovial old English sound, which smacks so strongly of the national character, that it goes hard to persuade one, but that the various customs and observances which mark its occurrence in the Shepherd's Kalendar must be native here. Yet it may well be doubted whether there be one from the May-pole, now, alas, almost universally o'erthrown, and the May-day dance, once that of the merry milk-maids, now monopolized by the sweeps, both unquestionably descended from the Floralia of ancient Rome, down to the Beltane festival, yet observed at both extremities of this island, which may not fairly be designated as "remaines of Gentilism."

Let us borrow from a contemporary two curious examples of this Beltane Festival in proof of this. In "Notes and Queries" for March 19th, we read the following description of what takes place in Scotland at the Festival of Baal. "The late Lady Baird, of Ferntower, in Perthshire, told me that, every year at 'Beltane' (or the first of May), a number of men and women assembled at an ancient druidical circle of stones on her property, near Crieff. They light a fire in the centre; each person puts a bit of oat-cake into a shepherd's bonnet; they all sit down and draw blindfold a piece of cake from the

bonnet. One piece has been previously blackened, and whoever gets that piece has to jump through the fire in the centre of the circle and to pay a forfeit. This is, in fact, a part of the ancient worship of Baal, and the person on whom the lot fell was formerly burnt as a sacrifice: now, the passing through the fire represents that, and the payment of the forfeit redeems the victim. It is curious that staunch Presbyterians, as the people of that part of Perthshire now are, should unknowingly keep up the observations of a great heathen festival."

And in the number of that paper for April 9th, we are furnished with a yet more curious illustration from the west of England. "Beltane in Devonshire.—Seeing that the ancient superstition of the Beltane fire is still preserved in Scotland, and is lighted on the 1st of May, the origin of which is supposed to be an annual sacrifice to Baal, I am induced to state that a custom, evidently derived from the same source, is, or was a few years since, annually observed in the wild parts of Devonshire. At the village of Holne, situated on one of the Spurs of Dartmoor, is a field of about two acres, the property of the parish, and called the Ploy (*Play*) Field. In the centre of this stands a granite pillar (Menhir) six or seven feet high. On May morning, before daybreak, the young men of the village assemble there, and then proceed to the Moor, where they select a ram lamb (doubtless with the consent of the owner), and after running it down, bring it in triumph to the Ploy Field, fasten it to the pillar, cut its throat, and then roast it whole, skin, wool, &c. At mid-day a struggle takes place, at the risk of cut hands, for a slice, it being supposed to confer luck for the ensuing year on the fortunate devourer. As an act of gallantry, in high esteem among the females, the young men sometimes fight their way through the crowd to get a slice for their chosen amongst the young women, all of whom, in their best dresses, attend the *Ram Feast*, as it is called. Dancing, wrestling, and other games, assisted by copious libations of cider during the afternoon, prolong the festivity till nightfall.

"The time, the place (looking east), the mystic pillar, and the ram, surely bear some evidence in favour of the Ram Feast being a sacrifice to Baal."

Few readers will be inclined to dispute that these are genuine *remaines of Gentilisme*. Few who know the ancient Rabbinical tradition that at the marriage of Adam and Eve in

Paradise the Creator and the angels danced for joy with the sun, moon, and stars, will fail to recognise in the beautiful old English belief that the sun dances on Easter day, one of old Aubrey's *remaines of Judaism*.

Yet while it is indeed matter for grave speculation how these ancient systems have contrived for so long a period to exercise their influence over our manners, customs, and popular beliefs, we can discern among these latter but few traces of the milder and more sanctifying influence of Christianity. When the Flemish peasant on the first of May marks the lintel of his door with the sign of the cross for good luck, one feels strongly that in this instance the sacred symbol only supplies the place of the once popular *Drudenfuss*, or Pentalpha; but May-day in these islands once exhibited so graceful a combination of the Christian and the popular festival, that we cannot bring these short notes to a fitter close than by here placing it upon record.

In the village of Charlton-on-Otmoor, Oxfordshire, it is the custom on May-day to decorate a wooden cross with flowers and evergreens, and carry it in procession round the village, after which it is placed on the roodloft in the church, in the position of the ancient holy-rood, where it remains until the following year, when the same ceremony is repeated. This roodloft or screen is represented in the Glossary of Architecture, with the cross of flowers and evergreens upon it.

This seems to be another relic of the ancient custom of Maying mentioned by Chaucer as a pastime of the court in his time, and in which Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine, and afterwards James I. and his court also joined; going out very early in the morning to collect May boughs, and returning by sunrise. The well-known custom of singing a hymn at sunrise on May morning from the top of the lofty tower of Magdalen college, Oxford, appears to be connected with the same tradition; to which Milton also probably alludes in the following beautiful song on May morning:

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and fond desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with *our early song*,
And welcome thee and wish thee long."

THE LOVE OF HORRORS.

WHEN I first arrived at the dignity of "taking in" a periodical on my own account, an event memorable in the annals of pocket-money and self-importance, I gave my allegiance, as if by instinct, to "the Terrific Register," a startling, harrowing publication, popular of old among housemaids, school-boys, and young apprentices, and I proceeded to quaff this cup of horrors, which for a few pence gave a marvellous amount of marvellous atrocities. I have often looked back with wonder at that remarkable expenditure, that wonderful investment of capital on some pages of blood and slaughter, murders and executions, which used to make my blood curdle in my veins and my hair stand on end, as I waded from one tale to another, each seeking to out-herod the exciting enormities of the other. The love of being frightened was a strange and, to a school-boy, an expensive taste. I recollect distinctly the grim portrait of Lord Balmerino on the scaffold with his head half cut off, and his eyes made to stare and glare upon the reader with all that wildness and agony which a cheap woodcut with its peculiar mode of expressing the human countenance and human feeling is capable of conveying. It was indeed a monstrous spectacle, and kept me awake, I dare say, many a night; those ghastly features, with those large eyes fixed upon one, were most successfully done by the ferocious artist who held office in the Terrific Register, and slashed away with good broad lines to the periodical consternation of admiring though affrighted readers. One certainly "snatched a fearful joy," revelled in goose-skin sensations, had all the mysterious luxury of having one's whole nervous system shaken and upset, and, if it be not an Irish saying, enjoyed a good frightening from time to time with singular fortitude and perseverance. When "the new number" arrived, it was received with mingled feelings of pride and dread, and the operation of cutting the pages with their abominable type was undergone with a mixture of curiosity and fear.

I find, however, in looking out upon the world, that this love of horrors is not confined to the boyish state. No; the taste for the horrible seems to be largely indulged in at all periods of life. Madame Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors,"

with its extra sixpence for the privilege of surveying the group of select detestables, proves the popular demand; the productive nature of the more barbarous murders to the daily press at a dull time of year, when Parliament is not sitting, is too well-known, while the "further particulars" which afford such scope for the inventive genius of "our own Reporter," are greedily gulped down. So also every execution, with its gaping throng of horror-seekers, watching every twitch of the convulsed frame of the dying wretch, and gloating from the crowded windows and house-tops with fiendish interest over his quivering limbs in the last awful struggle, still further proves the amazing passion for the terrible which is not to be satisfied with pictured woe, with agonies on paper, with groans and shrieks given in letter-press. The murderer who cried out to the crowd that was hurrying before him to Tyburn, "Stop, my good friends; there will be no fun till I come," was a shrewd observer of human nature, and saw plainly, though under such awful circumstances himself, the great attraction, "fun," as he called it, which is found in the most dreadful and revolting scenes.

Horror seems to be a sort of candle and we the moths; people get fascinated; the rope-dancer for instance, in the midst of his perilous feats, keeps our eye fixed upon him by a sort of spell, though we dread every moment to see him dashed to pieces on the ground. I heard from an eye-witness of the scene that when Courvoirsier had to endure the barbarity of the "condemned Sermon," a sermon happily in these better days of the Church very appropriately "condemned" itself, a carriage dashed up to the chapel, and a refined youthful lady with a light step glided across the pavement, and being before the time accidentally found her way to "the black bench;" on being bade to move she elegantly hurried into another seat, where she stayed out the horrid service, to see the fearful spectacle of human emotion in the face and form of one who might be called a dying man. What a strange need of excitement, of some strong stimulant; what a strong love of horrors, which could thus draw one outwardly so feminine, so gentle-looking, to such a scene.

Speaking of public executions, which I suppose are only continued on the ground of not lessening any of the popular "amusements," or depriving the people of an accustomed, and let us add, depraving "sight," I think that little as Spain

is able to teach us on the subject of morals or religion, she did teach us a great lesson in the recent execution of the priest who aimed at the Queen's life. Instead of crowding to a show, and hurrying to the spectacle of his dying pangs, multitudes were seen either in the balconies that overhung the street through which he was drawn to the scaffold, or in the street itself, to fall down on their knees and pray for him as he passed, an act of mercy and Christian compassion which for once gave a glow to a public execution. This parenthesis, good reader, is worth remembering; there is matter in it to think about. Perhaps the bull-fights, with all their butcheries of man and beast, are in your mind as I am speaking of one good point in the Spanish character. Certainly the love of horrors is not altogether dead in Spain, when we find the gentlest Spanish women among the foremost to delight and feast themselves in such barbarous and bloody sports.

I suppose the natural love of horrors must be traced, in the first place, not to mere cruel curiosity but to the better root of sympathy. Whatever happens to man, especially of a painful kind, concerns man, who is born to pain. There is a sort of common property in pain, and we like to see how others go through the dark road before us. The shipwreck, with the shrieking sailor falling from the mast, and the infant washed from its mother's breast, makes us feel in imagination what the sailor and the mother felt as a reality, because we have the same nature as they, and the chord touched by them vibrates through our frame. The terrible realities of man's state, the darker, wilder, bloodier scenes, have an interest for man, as he feels himself a part of this disjointed breathing world, so woefully disjointed, in which these things happen. By nature, if not by personal act, he is connected with all the guilt and woe and suffering and tears.

But without digging up the root of these matters, we see plainly that this love of the terrible, however natural, and however traceable to as good a root as sympathy, is to be restrained, because by indulgence it ends not in enlarging but in destroying sympathy; we become mere gazers and lookers on, an excited but an inactive audience; and all our pity is but froth, mere goose-skin after all, useless exclamations of horror, which do nobody any good. To be perpetually horrified on our sofas and easy chairs, to be getting perpetually clammy and chilly, and as poor folks say "all of a tremble," without any conse-

quent action, without any noble endeavour to rescue sufferers or to lessen suffering, without the chance or opportunity of it, is simply to wear a set of feelings to pieces without any possible result. It is a waste of feeling. We spoil the pump by pumping up the water which all runs down where it likes; and then when the house is on fire, the pump will not act, or there is no water in the well. It is worse than useless to raise emotions merely to let them sink down again.

The same sort of objection is often brought, and with much justice, against *over-much* novel reading. A novel is a strong stimulant; if we take nothing but strong stimulants, we exhaust the feelings, we wear them out, we produce mere dreamy, listless, inactive minds. We live in Dreamland; we have excellent sentiments, but indifferent actions. All the world is tame unless we stalk as heroes on the boards, and to be perpetually living among heroes is to make ourselves unfit for being really useful in ordinary times.

In some respects perhaps we are less fond of horrors than the preceding age. The Mysteries of Udolpho would hardly take now; sepulchral voices, clanking chains, dark passages, dungeons filled with bones, melancholy sounds issuing out of ivied cells, is a stock that has, we hope, been somewhat "sold off." French books do their best to keep up the taste, and with this addition, that they seem more deeply dyed with vice than those of English manufacture. May the whole herd of horror-mongers find it an ill trade, and the shoe-strings of murderers and their hats and walking-sticks cease to possess historic interest. There is enough to be done in the present age by all warm-hearted men for sufferers of all sorts, to prevent us playing with the terrible, or merely gazing at horrors with tremulous inactivity.

LAYARD'S LAST DISCOVERIES.

DISCOVERIES IN THE RUINS OF NINEVEH AND BABYLON,

BY A. H. LAYARD, M.P.—Murray, 8vo. 1853.

FEW discoveries have ever, or so justly excited so much public interest as those which have been made within the last nine years upon the presumed site of the ancient Nineveh: or have led to more careful and accurate investigation, on the part of those who had the good fortune to make the excavations, and by scientific students at home after a portion of the objects discovered had made their way to Europe. But a few years ago, the very site of Nineveh was doubtfully given in even the best European maps, nor were those, who had made the history of Western Asia their especial study, agreed, as to the position of one of the most celebrated of the eight primeval cities of Genesis. Yet a tolerably constant tradition in the East itself had pointed to the neighbourhood of the town of Mosul, as the real site of the ancient city: and it was therefore not unnatural, when the excavations of the French consul at Khorsabad and of the English traveller at Nimroud had brought to light many sculptures of excellent workmanship, that men should imagine they had come at once on her remains, and on monuments, once the pride of Jonah's city of "three days' journey."

Many things had doubtless concurred to obliterate the remembrance of Nineveh in a way which has not been the lot of other great cities, which, like her, once were, but have now passed away. Compared with those of Babylon, the records of Nineveh even in the days of her greatness, are few in number: the tenth chapter of Genesis tells of her foundation; the prophetical mission of Jonah affords a brief yet striking portrait of her state as she appeared to him;—Nahum and Zephaniah contain prophecies of her speedy destruction; while some scanty notices of her and her rulers are preserved in the books of Tobit and Judith. Yet, though we might have inferred the power and the splendour of the Assyrian capital from the evident greatness of such kings as Tiglath Pileser, Sennacherib and Esarhaddon, it is remarkable that, except in the case of Sennacherib, none of these princes are,

in the Bible, directly connected with it. The student of ancient history might almost read the Bible without the reflection that the kings who swept away the ten tribes, and conquered Judæa and Syria, were members of a dynasty who ruled at Nineveh. He would read of kings of Assyria, but he would meet with but one reference to the seat of their empire. Nor is this silence peculiar to the Bible: for, on this subject, profane history is almost equally dark. The fall of Nineveh had preceded the first of the Greek writers, Herodotus, by more than a century and a half, and though he places her correctly on the Tigris, he gives no further indication of her position: Diodorus, following Ctesias, places her on the Euphrates: Arrian and Pliny are correct as to the river: Ptolemy alone, who is followed by Strabo, approximates to her real situation. Nor is this ignorance so strange as it might perhaps at first appear. Nineveh, though occupying an excellent position as the centre of an empire, was not so placed, that, like her sister royal city, Babylon, she could become the Queen of eastern commerce: hence, when, on her destruction, the empire of which she had been the capital passed into other hands, we may feel sure that she was never rebuilt. She had fulfilled her destiny in the world's history, and she had now to make way for a new race, and a yet greater empire. Two hundred years subsequent to her destruction, the walls of Mespila (doubtless those of the palace of Koyunjik) were seen by Xenophon, yet with no suspicion that he was viewing the remains of the once haughty capital of Assyria.

Yet whatever our past ignorance, it must be admitted that the veil has now, at length, been effectually lifted up; and a series of discoveries unfolded, before which even the disinterment of Pompeii sinks into insignificance. The more we read, the more we marvel; names of kings and nations, long silent in the sleep of ages, rise before us; Sennacherib and Esarhaddon, even the mythical Sardanapalus, exhibit the lineaments of real forms: and the sceptic must indeed be one of no common energy who should now affect to doubt whether these things are really so.

The work to which we now beg leave to call attention is the completion of the labours recorded in the two former volumes which Dr. Layard has published, and comprises the history of the two last winters which he spent on the scene of his first discoveries. As such, there are few, we think, to

whom it would not be welcome: yet it has many other claims to attention, beyond that of being a narrative of successful or curious excavations. In this volume we gain, if not for the first time, at least a fuller insight into the remarkable character of the discoverer himself, and learn to appreciate the courage and firmness of purpose for which no labours were too great, and the singular kindliness of temper and disposition which gave him such remarkable control over the wild hordes by whom he was surrounded. We find him living among the native population, sharing in their sports, galloping over their plains, visiting in their company the wildest of the wandering chieftains, and in all cases evidently the leader, and the one to whom all, whether Arab or European, looked up, as the presiding genius of the occasion. Nor are there wanting other subjects of interest. The land where still remain so many traces of ancient civilization, and with which so much of sacred history is associated, the field of so many great deeds of classical history,—it were strange, indeed, had such a mind as Dr. Layard's failed to notice such points of interest at the time, or if a memory so well stored as his had omitted to record them for the information of his readers. Hence one peculiar charm which attends on the perusal of this volume; as we read, we are with Xenophon in his retreat, with Alexander on his march, with Darius in his sorrows, and the early narratives of their marches or victories kindle again the enthusiasm with which we read of them in our youth. Geographical details betokening long and curious research, and the liveliest sketches of his Arab companions, fill up interstices between the narratives of the excavations, while ethnological notices and interesting details of natural history are interspersed in appropriate places among Dr. Layard's many-pictured pages.

During the last two years the chief scene of Dr. Layard's labours was the great mound of Koyunjik; the ruins of Nimroud, which had on his former visit been more fully explored, leaving him time to devote himself more fully to the rival mound. Nor were his excavations here productive of less results than those at Nimroud had offered. The late discoveries at Koyunjik, will, indeed, from the direct connection of its monuments with the records of Sacred History, be by many doubtless considered of greater value than those at Nimroud, proving, as the decipherment of the inscriptions has demon-

strated, that the edifice now mouldering under this mound was the building and residence of Sennacherib, and of the dynasty whose names are so well known to us from the Bible.

The general result of the examination of Koyunjik was to shew that there had been originally one great palace upon this mound, and that it had been destroyed by a fire which had raged with more or less intensity throughout the whole building, reducing the sculptured panelling of the chambers to lime, defacing the ancient records, and converting the edifice into a heap of ashes and rubbish. Four or five only remained, in many parts, of bas-reliefs which once covered the walls of sun-dried bricks to the height of eight or nine feet. The first chambers cleared were lined with reliefs in a great state of decay, yet sufficiently perfect, when first exposed to the air, to shew that the main subject was the wars of the Assyrian king with the different nations around his capital. No name was found, whereby their date could be determined, but a curious desire to perpetuate the natural features of the country they inhabited, was observed in rude representations of trees, mountains and running streams. A resemblance was also perceived between them and the sculptures from Koyunjik, with some differences, which Dr. Layard has noticed in the following words: "The bas-reliefs," says he, "of Nimroud, the reader may remember, were divided into two bands or friezes by inscriptions; the subject being frequently confined to one tablet or slab, and arranged with some attempt at composition, so as to form a separate picture. At Koyunjik, the four walls of a chamber were generally occupied by one series of sculptures, representing a consecutive history, uninterrupted by inscriptions or by the divisions of the alabaster panelling. Figures smaller in size than those of Nimroud, covered from top to bottom the face of slabs, eight or nine feet high, and sometimes of equal breadth. The sculptor could thus introduce more action and far more detail in his picture." Instead of the intervening inscriptions too, each subject appears to have been accompanied by an epigraph or label giving the names of the conquered King or country &c.; unfortunately as these were generally at the top of the slab, they have been in most cases destroyed.

The great chamber in which the most important sculptures were found was approached by a long gallery also lined with alabaster, and containing a most interesting representation of the construction of the building itself, and of the moving into

their final resting place within its walls of some of the largest sculptures. This one subject occupies the area of five slabs. On the first is represented a huge block of stone somewhat elongated in form, which is lying on a flat-bottomed boat floating on a river. It has probably been towed from some neighbouring quarry (though strange to say the real quarries whence the Assyrians procured their alabaster have not been discovered). Attached to it are cables, held by a large body of men (apparently from their dress the captives of some war) who are arranged in three rows, and are pulling it by means of small ropes fastened to it, and passed round their shoulders. Some of them are still in the water, but most on the dry ground or bank of the river. The number represented has been nearly 300, or 100 to each cable; a number perhaps real, but probably conventional, or else the sculptor has inserted as many as he has found room for upon the stone. The men are urged on by task-masters, armed with swords and staves, while an overseer is seated astride on the fore part of the block.

The next stage of the proceedings is found on the walls of the large hall. The block having been landed and carved into the form of a bull, is now to be moved to its place in the temple. The figure is here seen resting on a sledge, not unlike the boat which contained the block from the quarry. It faces the spectator, the human head resting on the fore part of the sledge. The sledge is dragged by means of four cables, and is impelled by levers, over rollers, which, as soon as they are left behind by the advancing frame-work, are brought again to the front by parties of men under the control of overseers. Huge levers of wood are seen behind the sledge worked generally by ropes, but, in one instance, men are represented seated astride on them to add by their weight to the force applied. Kneeling workmen from time to time insert an additional wedge to raise the fulcrum. On the bull itself are four persons, the first kneeling and clapping his hands, perhaps to keep time; the second perhaps an officer, engaged in giving directions; the third holding to his mouth either an instrument of music or a speaking trumpet, which in shape it greatly resembles; the fourth standing behind with a mace, and apparently directing the men in charge of the levers. Men with coils of ropes and various implements and carts, laden with beams and ropes but drawn by men, follow the great block; while above are indications of landscape, trees, a river in which men

are swimming on skins, and boats and rafts resembling those still in use on the Tigris. From one fragment which has been found, and which no doubt formed part of a similar sculpture, the King appears, in person, to have superintended the whole process.

Another series represents the construction of the artificial platforms, on the summit of which the Assyrian palaces were invariably built. The King, in a chariot drawn by eunuchs, overlooks the operations from a part of the mound to which the sledge is being drawn. Behind him are low hills with various fruit trees growing on them, such as the vine, the fig, and the pomegranate. At the bottom of the slab is a river divided into two branches, which, Dr. Layard conjectures, not without reason, represents the confluence of the Tigris and Khauser, at which the mound of Koyunjik was placed. On its banks are men raising water for irrigation, in a manner similar to that still practised in Southern Europe and Egypt. The process of building the mound was on the slab which adjoined the one just described. Here are seen men apparently making bricks between two mounds, on which are two long lines of workmen going up and down; those who toil upwards carry large stones, with baskets full of bricks, earth, and rubbish: on reaching the top, they empty their baskets, and return again to the foot of the mound for fresh loads in the same order in which they had ascended.

The last slab appears to have represented the placing of the colossus on the spot where it subsequently stood in the building, till discovered and removed by Dr. Layard. The figure no longer lies horizontally on the sledge, but is raised by men with ropes and forked wooden props. It is kept in its erect position by beams, and held together by cross bars and wedges. Four columns of captives are harnessed to the ropes and drag it to the place where it was to remain. Thus we have, by the hands of an Assyrian sculptor, a picture of the mode whereby these extraordinary figures were made and subsequently set up in the building which they adorned.

It would be obviously impossible, within the limits of one short notice, to call attention to one tithe of the subjects of interest which day by day opened upon Dr. Layard, and which he has recorded in the present volume: little more can here be done than briefly to allude to some individual cases. Thus we may state that, on extending the trenches he had formerly cleared at Nimroud, an entirely new series of objects were

found, which tend to throw much light upon the history of the arts in ancient Assyria. Among these, the most remarkable were a collection of bronze plates or dishes covered with exquisite patterns, a discovery the more important to the student of Antiquity, in that, with the exception of the ivories, but few remains of a small or delicate nature had been hitherto met with. The mode of work was in many cases peculiar and, perhaps, not of native origin though of native execution; Dr. Layard himself justly remarking that "although the style, like that of the ivories from the same place, and now in the British Museum, is frequently Egyptian in character, yet the execution and the treatment, as well as the subjects, are peculiarly Assyrian. The inside, and not the outside, of these vessels is ornamented. The embossed figures have been raised in the metal by a blunt instrument, three or four strokes of which in many instances very ingeniously produce the image of an animal. Even those ornaments which are not embossed, but incised, appear to have been formed by a similar process, except that the punch was applied on the inside. The tool of the graver has been sparingly used."

We pass now to the results of all that has been done in Assyria, and to the present state of the interpretations of the inscriptions which have been found there. It is, we presume, well known, that for all that the world really knows of these inscriptions they are indebted to two English scholars; one, Colonel Rawlinson, the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, so well known for his learned papers in the transactions of the Asiatic and Geographical Societies on various subjects of oriental and geographical interest and research; and the other, Dr. Hincks, an Irish scholar, of whose quiet, unaided, and unassuming studies no higher praise can be given, than those of his friend and rival in these pursuits, Colonel Rawlinson, who, in his Commentary on the Cuneiform Inscriptions published in 1850, states, "I bear a most willing testimony to the great sagacity he has brought to bear on this and many other points connected with the Cuneiform Inscriptions, and which very frequently has rendered him independent of data." As is generally the case where researches are carried on, at the same time though independently, by two very able men, it is by no means easy to assign to each scholar the exact meed of praise for the discoveries made; some of these have indeed been simultaneous, the one in Ireland, the other at

Bagdad, so that each student might with some reason claim priority of discovery; while it is equally impossible to determine how far a chance word or remark let fall by the one may have led (unperceived, perhaps, even by himself) to the success of the second. To the world, however, what has yet been done by each scholar may be deemed satisfactory; the names and probable succession of more than twenty kings of Assyria have been made out successfully, including those of the Scriptural dynasty of Tiglath Pileser, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon; together with those of many other contemporary rulers in other lands, as Jehu, Hezekiah, Omri, Menahem, Hazael, and Merodach Baladan. The names, too, of many countries and towns beyond the limits of Assyria have been ascertained, such as those of Judæa and Jerusalem, Samaria, Lachish, and Damascus; with a host of others of less historical moment. The name of more than one classical hero, whose very existence had been previously deemed mythical, re-appears as a living actor on the stage of real history: thus Sardanapalus is no longer the effeminate voluptuary, who burnt himself when his city was destroyed, but the leader of vast armies, the successful conquerer, and one of the most celebrated of the early Assyrian monarchs. Historically, the most important verification has been the discovery of the name of Jehu, among those of the Kings who, on the Nimroud obelisk, are bringing tribute to the King of Nineveh; a fact discovered, simultaneously, by Colonel Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks, and invaluable as the key to Assyrian Chronology.

Yet to the majority of readers the most interesting result will probably be the complete identification of the builder of Koyunjik with the Sennacherib of Scripture, and the interpretation of the first eight years of the annals of his reign. There seems no doubt that the name itself was first detected, if not first published, by Dr. Hincks in 1849, but it was not till August 1851, that Colonel Rawlinson announced, from the inscriptions which Dr. Layard had brought home with him, notices of the reign of that monarch which, on more complete examination, were found to have a remarkable similarity with many of the facts preserved in the Sacred writings. A fuller account has been since published by Colonel Rawlinson in the spring of last year (1852) which varies but little from that given by Dr. Layard in his present work, from the subsequent interpretation of Dr. Hincks. Colonel Rawlinson, in that paper,

states that documents have been found, from which portions of the annals of Sennacherib may be obtained, viz., a clay cylinder in the British Museum, originally procured by Mr. Rich, the inscriptions on the walls from Koyunjik, and a cylinder which belonged to Colonel Taylor, late resident at Bagdad. Of these, the most important is the last. From these inscriptions we obtain, with slight gaps, a tolerably connected account of the first eight years of Sennacherib's reign, including the narratives of his invasion of Judæa, of his conquests on the Phœnician coast, and of the siege of Lachish. Dr. Layard well sums up that portion of Sennacherib's annals which bears upon the Biblical narrative: "We are told," says he, "in the Book of Kings that the King of Assyria in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah 'came up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them,' as he declares himself to have done in his annals. And, what is most important, and perhaps one of the most remarkable coincidences of historic testimony on record, the amount of the treasure in gold taken from Hezekiah, thirty talents, agrees in the two perfectly independent accounts. Too much stress cannot be laid on this singular fact, as it tends to prove the general accuracy of the historical details contained in the Assyrian Inscriptions."

But the interest which the student of Assyrian history may feel in the new volume which Dr. Layard has put forth, is almost thrown into the shade by the innumerable objects of other kinds, which he has incorporated in it. Among these, not the least instructive and amusing are more than one journey which he contrived to make into the mountainous districts adjoining Nimroud. Of these the one which will probably strike the reader most, was to the high land of Kurdistan, the residence of the remnants of the Chaldeans, a portion of whose territory he had described in his former volumes. His visit on this occasion was peculiarly melancholy, as few remained to tell the tale of the dreadful massacre to which these poor Christians had been subjected by the Kurdish chief Beder Khan. Not long after Dr. Layard's former visit, the threatened invasion of this country had taken place, and the wholesale murders which had ensued are among the most cruel on record in these Eastern districts. "The smiling villages," says Dr. Layard, "described in the account of my previous journey, were now a heap of ruins. From four of them alone 770 persons had been slain. Beder Khan Bey had driven off,

according to the returns made by the Meleks, 24,000 sheep, 300 mules, and 10,000 head of cattle; and the confederate chiefs had each taken a proportionate share of the property of the Christians. No flocks were left by which they might raise money wherewith to pay the taxes now levied upon them, and even the beasts of burden, which would have carried to the markets of more wealthy districts the produce of their valley, had been taken away."

It is some consolation to know that many of the most active among the Kurdish barbarians have been punished by the Turkish government, which, after a long and troublesome warfare, has succeeded in dispossessing most of the mountain districts of the robber tribes, who formerly held them, so that a repetition of such deeds of blood need not be anticipated. Yet the condition of the unfortunate remnant of the Chaldeans is little improved. The iron hand of the Tartar government has put down the feudal robbers, but to substitute in their place a tyranny hardly more endurable. "A body of Turkish troops," Dr. Layard adds, "had lately visited the village, and had destroyed the little which had been restored since the Kurdish invasion. The same taxes had been collected three times and even four times over; the relations of those who had run away to escape these exactions had been compelled to pay for the fugitives; the chief had been thrown, with his arms tied behind his back, on a heap of burning straw, and had been compelled to disclose where a little money which had been saved by the villagers had been buried; the priest had been torn from the altar, and beaten before his congregation. Men shewed me the marks of torture on their body, and of iron fetters round their limbs. For the sake of wringing a few piastres from this poverty-stricken people, all these deeds of violence had been committed by officers sent by the Porte to protect the Christian subjects of the Sultan, whom they pretended to have released from the misrule of the Kurdish chiefs." We can well understand the remark made by one of the Priests to the English traveller, contrasting the former with the present state of his people, "The Kurds took away our lives, but the Turks take away wherewith we have to live."

Another visit of considerable interest was to his old friends the Yezidis, who had invited him to be present at the annual festival at Shiekh Adi. Dr. Layard has already given in his former volume a curious account of these people, popularly

held by the strict Mussulmen to be worshippers of the evil spirit, and has shewn that they have no title to this gratuitous honour. It is not so easy to say what they are, but their religion appears to be a compound of Christianity, Muhammedanism, and Manicheeism, with some practices approaching to and resembling idolatry. The chief object of their peculiar respect is a figure of a peacock in brass, commonly called among them *Melek Taous* or King Peacock; which is preserved with great care so that it may not fall into Muhammedan hands. It is looked upon as a banner or symbol, but not as an idol. Dr. Layard was successful on this occasion in obtaining a copy of what is called the Sacred Book of Shiekh Adi. This book was supposed to contain the mysteries of the Yezidi faith, but it is really only a poetical rhapsody, of no great antiquity or interest. Dr. Layard gives a translation of it, slightly differing from one published by Mr. Badger last year in his "Nestorians and their Rituals." Mr. Badger states that he "obtained it after much trouble from the Shiekh;" Dr. Layard, on the other hand, that it was shewn to him by Mr. C. Rassam. If, as we suspect, Mr. Badger was really indebted to Dr. Layard for the sight of this curious fragment, it would have shewn more fairness of mind to have said so openly. Mr. Badger, indeed, seems inclined to appropriate to himself other men's labours, for in another part of his work we find him putting forward a claim (in our judgment sufficiently futile) to have been the first who called public attention to the advisability of excavating in the Assyrian mounds. We need only remark here, that those, who have studied the works of Dr. Layard and M. Botta, will estimate at their proper value the truth of this claim, and the taste with which it is now preferred.

Dr. Layard made two other expeditions of importance during the time he was in Assyria, one to the Singar, as a great district lying west of Mosul is popularly called, the other to the southern country of Bagdad and Babylonia. Both were productive of valuable results; the first, as enabling him to explore the remains at Arban, on the Khabour, the scene of the prophecies of Ezekiel, and the locality in which a portion of the captive Ten Tribes were placed by their Assyrian conqueror. The second, as confirming, on the best possible authority, the fidelity of Mr. Rich's description of the ruins of Babel or Babylon.

The monuments at Arban exhibited several peculiarities: they were carved in a different material (limestone) from those at Nineveh: and they were much smaller in size and more ancient in appearance. Dr. Layard observes that the figures "resembled in general form the well-known winged bulls of Nineveh, but in the style of art they differed considerably from them. The outline and the treatment was bold and angular, with an archaic feeling conveying the impression of great antiquity. They bore the same relation to the more delicately finished and highly ornamented sculptures of Nimroud, as the earliest remains of Greek art do to the exquisite monuments of Phidias and Praxiteles."

We here take a farewell of Dr. Layard, with a firm belief that the reputation he justly acquired as an author, on the publication of his two former volumes, will be found to be ably sustained and considerably enhanced by his present work. As a simple description of discoveries and labours rarely if ever surpassed, it will take its stand beside any work which has issued either from the English or from any foreign press: as a narrative of the stirring adventures of a practised oriental traveller, and as a delineation of the manners of a people, whose history, like their language, never wearies the ear or the mind of the reader, it will be inferior to none, not even to the pages of the illustrious Burckhardt. Is it too much to hope, that one, who has such knowledge and ability, with so much good sense, and so matured a judgment, may be yet spared to carry out on a larger scale and in a wider field, some, at least, of the humane suggestions, which are scattered through this work, and which give to it a peculiar charm; and that the journey he has now undertaken to Constantinople may not prove a fruitless one, but the beginning of a system of Turkish government more tolerant to the people under the Sultan's sway whether Muhammedan or Christian, and which shall do more to maintain the integrity of his Empire than all the gold of Russia or the protocols of England and France?

RAILWAY LITERATURE.

LITERATURE OF THE LINE.—John Murray, 1852.

SLIGHT was the connexion in old coaching days between books and booking-offices, Paternoster Row and the Bull and Mouth, literature and locomotion. Some studious travellers, it is true, of determined minds, were occasionally seen committing a sort of slow murder upon their eyes by straining them over volumes whose tremulous and quivering leaves gave the reader but a hazy idea of their contents. Commonly, however, books were put aside; the ancient fallacy was still in force in those slower days that only one thing could be done at a time, and that when we travelled we did but travel. The passenger therefore had no resource but to chat with some chatty passenger, where such could be found, or to take a silent survey of the scenery, or to pursue that sepulchral kind of occupation which consists in being "buried in thought."

And truly, taking the average of passengers, with their average ability to interest or entertain, with the average scenery through which the coaches ran, choosing as they did the flatter lands, it was a hard matter to get through the time; a coach journey after the first twenty or thirty miles, when the freshness of the thing was worn off, became dull dreary work. After a few hours' intercourse the conversational pump of the talkative gentleman by one's side became dry, or, what was worse than silence, the same ideas were poured in again, again to be poured out; the jokes of the guard, bright and sharp enough at first, fell flat and ceased to effervesce; the mile-stones appeared to keep at a malicious and unwarrantable distance from each other.

But whatever the dulness of this old coach travelling, duller far was the railway, until railway carriages had learnt to become a sort of locomotive reading-rooms; dull is a railway journey at this very time without a book. The coach journey had at any rate some variety, some more changing pictures of human life, some varied details to note. There was the change of horses, from bay to gray or from gray to bay, and the conversation that sprung up about the chesnut that had grazed its knee; there was the survey of varied landlords of varied bulk, with an interesting variety of ostlers and stable-boys.

There were the comfortable well-packed carts going to market; there were the boys and the donkey at open war upon the road when school was done; there was the cheerful glow of the blacksmith's shop as he slashed away in the midst of the flying sparks, a tantalising scene as the cold night set in; there were the straggling villas at the outskirts of the town with their prim gardens prominently affecting country airs; there was the dash of the coach along the stony streets of the country town, and the Bell or Green Dragon instantly in a stir; there were the great towns and the small, with old houses in one place and new street architecture in another; there was a handsome church here and a fine towering steeple there; there was a good deal of varied living material to comment upon; and besides this, one looked down into windows as one passed and saw family groups at tea, and formed little romances in one's mind; we were able also to indulge in criticisms on the members of the various groups gathered together near the inn or passing up the streets.

There was all this varied material to occupy the mind. But what is there on a railway as diversified as this? The monotony of all monotonies is a railway journey without a book. The whole thing is stereotyped; there is no change whatever; all is the same from end to end, from year to year; the green or the blue policemen are all alike; the porters are all alike; the stokers alike; engines, carriages, signals alike; stations, except as regards their size, alike; the very luggage alike; we know the eternal carpet-bags, hat-boxes, band-boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, that are sure to be grouped together at every station that we reach.

Happy the day when newspapers ventured to form what may be called in a literary sense the first Regiment of the "Line." With joyous hands we clutched the reeking sheets of the Times, the Morning Chronicle, or Illustrated News, and saw with the aid of advertisements an hour or so by judicious management might be somewhat swiftly spent. And yet great as was the relief which newspapers mercifully gave, it was found that even with the aid of supplements they were insufficient to fill up the vacuum in the railway traveller's mind. Even with a careful study of the marine intelligence and of the tonnage of the various ships about to sail to all sorts of ports, with a diligent perusal of the flattering particulars of estates small or great, with a

patient investigation of the terms and characters of apartments to let, with due observation of the persons wanting to borrow and of persons wanting to lend, who somehow or other seem never to come to terms, but go on advertising for each other the whole year through, with close examination of the confident assertions concerning the showy carriage-horses, the astounding cobs, the useful hacks, the carriages that are always bargains, even with all this matter in the advertisement sheets alone to employ the time, yet the newspaper after all failed to carry the traveller to his journey's end, if he had any length of journey to perform.

Hence it was that newspapers were quickly followed by books, by cheap books of two or three hours' value, if we may measure their value by time; and these cheap books were at first as bad as they were cheap. The Companies failing to foresee the important connexion they were about to form with publishers, and the tons of books that were about to be issued under their roofs, let books come in without care, without oversight, without attaching any importance to them whatever; and hence a flood of cheap atrocities of French manufacture, Eugene Sue and kindred infamous productions, deluged the stalls.

It is no slight cause of comfort and of hope as regards the real spirit and temper of the age, to observe how quickly this first phalanx of trashy or vicious books has been shouldered out of the field, or at any rate shouldered into comparative obscurity, by the rapid introduction of well-principled literature. Vice had the start; but good works, whether of a lighter or graver texture, have far more than caught up and outstripped the bad; and the locomotive public have shewn their thankfulness for the change in the commodity by their increasing purchases. The pamphlet which we have placed at the head of these remarks, mainly a reprint from "the Times," affords us some cheering statistics concerning the Literature of the Line. While shilling volumes continue to have the largest sale, yet these shilling volumes no longer wrap within their covers immoral and vicious tales. The novels introduced are for the most part of a far higher tone, while in "the Railway Reading" of Mr. Murray and "the Traveller's Library" of Messrs. Longman we have productions of a superior cast, a good shilling's worth of good stuff. Not that shilling volumes have undisputed sway. We find that such works as Humboldt's

Cosmos, Prescott's Mexico, Friends in Council, Aytoun's Ballads, Coleridge's Table Talk, Tennyson's Poems, &c., have a very considerable sale and do not fade, like old maids, unsolicited at the stalls. The same pamphlet states some curious facts concerning the different character of books which "go off" at different stations. Some seem to be poetic, some prose districts. Mercantile, long-headed Yorkshire rejects the unpractical, unthrifty race of poets. Religious books somehow or other do not take at Liverpool, while at Manchester they are in demand.

The great Book Contractor, the Railway King in its literary empire, happily a very different one in character from the imperial Hudson, is Mr. Smith of the Strand, or rather we believe we ought to speak of the Messrs. Smith. They rule supreme over the stalls at the London and North Western, Great Northern, South Western, and South Eastern, and they hold the sceptre with credit to themselves and advantage to the public. On being first installed on the Northern line they made the great and hazardous experiment of proscribing all works of a vicious and immoral character; they made a push, at great personal risk, to raise the standard of Railway Literature, to purify and elevate it. The experiment, which should be repeated on every line, after a time attained a marked success. We have light reading, pleasant reading on these railways, but we have none of the exciting iniquities of the French school of novels. It is remarkable too that though in the larger stations stock is kept varying in value from 100*l.* to 700*l.*, the local bookselling trade does not seem in any degree to suffer. It is all extra business. Whether, as the reading classes increase and the want of a book begins to be felt on long journeys by those who cannot afford perpetual shillings, it might be possible to form Railway Circulating Libraries, so that a book borrowed at the starting-point might be returned at the terminus, is a subject worthy, we think, of some consideration by those more competent than ourselves to speak of its practicability. It strikes us a deposit at the stall, returnable where a book-ticket was shewn at the terminus, might secure the librarians against fraud.

Now in considering the vast increase of Railway Literature we see that journeys assume a very different character. Coach-travelling was but travelling; it was on the whole mere loco-

motion from place to place; we came out of the coach in much the same moral or mental state as we went in; but a railway carriage is a study, a school, a place of learning, where we acquire thoughts, views, and principles, where books exercise their mighty influence, where minds act on minds, where we are under teachers, whether they teach by fiction or by truth, whether they teach falsely or truly, where the brain makes its meal and comes out the heavier; and in contemplating the marvellous multitude of books that are yearly devoured in railway carriages, we see that railway journeys fulfil other ends than merely taking us and putting us down in this place or in that, that they play an important part on men's tastes, feelings, principles, knowledge, that we do not see all, no, not a ten-thousandth part of their influence, when we confine ourselves to the "Stokers' and Pokers'" view, to the wonderful machinery, to the capital embarked, to the science called into play, to the whole apparatus, the mass of animate or inanimate material employed. Railways are modes of teaching as well as modes of travelling, and the general nature of the Literature which they put into so many thousand hands has become a matter of no slight concern.

Happily we are able so far to regard the aspect of the case with hopeful eyes. If the more dangerous works have found the worst, and higher-toned books the best market, we have not yet reached "the deluge." England is not lost. Publishers, after such a fact as this, are encouraged to keep up a good supply of good provisions to appease the literary hunger of railway travellers. If the ennuyed wayfarers fall back into the arms of Eugene Sue, it will be out of sheer impossibility of getting better fare. Rather than perish from ennui they may be forced to look into worthless publications, if good ones are not to be found. And the worst of it is, a bad book, like a cat, has many lives; cast-off books like cast-off clothes descend. Something of Eugene Sue's for instance has been bought in the train, and instead of being actually flung by the locomotive squire into the pond when he gets home, it is thrown down as rubbish on the hall table to be swept away; but the footmen or the maids you may be sure, clutch up the poisonous novel, which bounds on through the household from nurse to nursery-maid, from cook to scullery-maid, from footman to page, on a second and a third "course of mischief," and is then lent as a favour to some neighbouring household,

the unconscious clergyman's perhaps, and while its leaves get dirty and well thumbed its principles effect a lodgment somewhere or other to some extent.

We are not of course advocating the exclusive supply of ponderous, or heavy, or learned books at railway stations. Let lighter literature even form the chief stock as it naturally will; but let this lighter literature have veins of good feeling and good principles running throughout; let not the muslin robe of light writing hide in its many folds the cloven foot. The public and the publishers are having large dealings together amid trains and tickets, trunks and stations, and we can only hope that the good of the one may be the profit of the other. Having felt the pulse of Railway Literature up to the present time, it is something to be able to report good progress, to speak of a decided stride in our friend's health and tone. Though it was a sickly infant, it promises to be a hale and vigorous man.

THE OLD ROYAL PALACES AT OXFORD.

Of the sight-seers or sojourners who are annually poured by coach or railway into picturesque and classic Oxford, we will suppose that some few, after a survey of colleges and halls, chapels and quadrangles, walks and gardens, begin to scent out with antiquarian instinct the remains of other structures of the olden time, less attractive to the common eye. We will suppose that some few even through the steamy, hazy panes of the crowded omnibus that jolts and jumbles them from the Railway Station into the ancient city, catch the dim outline of the ancient castle, and after a safe lodgment of their luggage hurry with eager steps to make a personal acquaintance with the old grey walls. A few particulars concerning the castle may therefore add to the interest of the survey should any of our readers, like ourselves, have an antiquarian turn and be led in their wanderings to the spot.

Few probably are aware that the old tower is the actual keep of the Norman castle in which the empress Matilda took refuge from the usurper Stephen, where she was closely besieged for several months, and from which she eventually escaped in so remarkable a manner. Such, however, is the fact, as is evident from a careful examination of the building itself, and the fragments of history recorded of it. This tower is sometimes called St. George's tower, from its having been supposed to be the belfry tower of the chapel, church, or monastery of St. George, founded in Oxford castle by Robert D'Oiley in the time of William Rufus. The crypt of this church had so long been buried that its existence had been forgotten until it was discovered by Mr. Harris in 1800 in making excavations for building the new prison: he was obliged to pull it down but rebuilt it within a few feet of its original site, and carefully preserved the pillars and arches, the capitals of which prove it to have been built in the time of William Rufus. The parish of St. George was of the same extent as the precincts of the castle with its gardens and park, and had a population of some hundred persons. During the siege, by King Stephen, a new church dedicated to St. Thomas was built in another part of the precincts for the use of the parishioners,

and St. George's was afterwards suffered to fall into decay. It is more commonly and more correctly called D'Oiley's tower, and is without doubt the identical keep of the castle built by him, notwithstanding the Saxon fancies of Wood, King and Ingram. It agrees in all respects with other Norman keeps of the same period, though smaller than many of them. The masonry is rude and has an early look, but is not really earlier in its character and construction than other buildings of the same period. The entrance was on the first floor and approached by an external stone staircase, part of which remains; the tower story was vaulted with a plain barrel vault, and had no internal communication with the upper chambers. The Norman castles usually consisted of a keep of this description, with a wall of enclosure round a courtyard, called in the north a barmekin, a place for securing cattle; these courts or baileys were generally larger in the border countries than in the more settled districts, being more often wanted for securing the cattle of the neighbourhood in case of an incursion. The mound or mote, for the French word originally signified the mound and not the ditch, is generally, as at Oxford, of a later date than the keep, and was probably formed when the boundaries of the castle were enlarged, about a century after its erection, and surrounded by a ditch, the earth dug out of which was thrown into a heap and formed a mound, which served as a look-out place, and probably had a stockade round the top for defence in case the enemy obtained an entrance within the walls. It was not however the Norman fashion to build a keep upon an artificial mound. Dover, Rochester, Porchester, and a host of others, testify to the contrary.

In the centre of the mound of Oxford castle is a curious vaulted stone chamber of small dimensions over a deep well, and called the well-room. The architectural character of this room is of the time of Henry the Second. It was probably intended to enable men in security to raise water to a sufficient height to supply the whole castle by means of pipes, just as a donkey is employed at Carisbrook to this day walking round in a circle and so working the windlass which raises the water to the top. Here there is hardly room for a donkey, and it was probably worked by two men. That our ancestors in the twelfth century were well acquainted with hydraulics, and had excellent systems of pipes for conveying

water over every part of their castles or monasteries, is not generally known, but admits of proof. There is extant a plan of the monastery of Canterbury, drawn by a monk about the middle of the twelfth century, in which all the water-courses and pipes are clearly laid down and coloured; the water was there brought from the neighbouring hills. The sewers of the same period were so good and large and well built that they are continually mistaken for subterranean passages.

To return to Oxford castle: from this keep then it was that the empress Matilda made her escape by night, accompanied by four trusty followers; it was in the depth of winter, near the end of December, about 1140, (the exact year is doubtful, as the historians differ on this point*,) taking advantage of the severe season by which the river was frozen over, and the ground covered with snow, that this courageous princess eluded the vigilance of the besieging army, covering herself and her followers in white sheets, and creeping along at first on hands and knees until beyond the reach of the sentries, then walking through Bagley Wood, which covered much more ground at that period than at present, she reached Abingdon in safety, (a distance of six miles.) Here she obtained horses for herself and her trusty knights, and they rode on with all speed to the castle of Wallingford, about eight miles further, which they reached before daylight. This castle was strongly fortified and was in possession of her friends, the garrison belonging to her party, and here she was shortly afterwards joined by her brother Robert earl of Gloucester, the main stay of her fortunes. Of Wallingford castle the remains are very small, but the whole of the fortifications may be traced, and there are some ruins with moulded masonry of this period.

During the siege King Stephen is said to have resided in the palace of Beaumont just outside the walls of the tower and castle, and almost within bowshot, but protected by mounds hastily thrown up between the castle and the palace, and doubtless surmounted by stockades. These mounds have never been entirely levelled even to this day, and the broken ground so caused is still known by the name of Broken-Hayes; it is situated between George lane and the New Road and is traversed

* They also differ as to the mode in which she got out of the castle itself; some say she was let down by ropes from the castle walls to the frozen surface of the river beneath; others, with more probability, that by the connivance of some of the townspeople she was suffered to escape from one of the postern gates of the town.

by a passage with several flights of steps. The palace of Beaumont was situated nearly on the site of Beaumont street, a fragment of it was standing so lately as 1828 and is engraved in Ingram's Memorials of Oxford. It was built by King Henry the First, and was a favourite residence of that monarch and his immediate successors, especially Henry the Second. Richard the First was born in it. Henry the Third greatly enlarged and almost rebuilt it. The Liberate Rolls furnish minute particulars of his works here as in other places, and shew in a curious manner how carefully the king himself directed all the works to be done; he is well known to have had a great taste for architecture and building, and gave great encouragement to the arts by example as well as by precept.

A few extracts from these valuable records may perhaps be interesting to our readers.

1244. "The sheriff of Oxford is ordered to wainscote the king's hall at Oxford to the extent of five couples or bays beyond the king's seat: and to make in the same hall, on the north and south side, two fair upright windows with white glass casements to open and shut: and to make before the door of the same hall a fair and decent porch: and if the other windows of the same hall are in need of repair he is to repair them. He is to wainscote the chancel of the king's chapel throughout: to remove the leaden windows of the same chapel and to put glass in their stead. He is also to wainscote the queen's chapel, and to cause to be well painted in front, behind the altar, the images of the Crucifixion with Mary and John, and under the rood beam the 'history' of the Lord's Supper. Woodstock, Feb. 11."

1246. "To roof our larder and kitchen at Oxford where needful, and to raise the flue of the chimney of the queen's chamber, and to renew also the pictures of the tablet before the altar in the same queen's chapel," &c. And on the 7th of August in the same year "The sheriff of Oxford is ordered on the day in which obsequies shall be celebrated in the town of Oxford for the soul of Isabel late queen of England, the king's mother, to cause all the poor clerks of the university of Oxford to be fed in the king's hall at Oxford; and all the friars, preachers and minors, of the same town to be fed in their own houses; and to make a kitchen for the use of the king's household, on the vacant ground between the larder and the king's kitchen." Some other details are ordered in the following year, and in

1250 "to affix two iron candlesticks to the columns nearest to the king's dais in the hall at Oxford." Again, in 1255 "The sheriff of Oxford is ordered to repair and roof the king's houses and walls *outside* the castle of Oxford, to wit the king's chamber and chapel, the kitchen, salsary, scullery, poultry, the great gateway, the chamber of Edward the king's son, the queen's wardrobe, and the further chamber of the servants." Windsor, Jan. 25.

These extracts furnish several particulars illustrating the manners and customs of the thirteenth century. The high sheriff of Oxfordshire of the present day would be rather surprised to receive similar orders. We see that the Norman keep was speedily abandoned for a more commodious residence, and used only as a place of security in extremity, the actual residence of the royal family being *without* the walls, and this does not appear to have been fortified at all, or very slightly. Yet this palace must have been of considerable extent, as it contained two chapels, one for the king, the other for the queen; and two kitchens, one for the royal family, the other for the household; besides the great hall, large enough to accommodate all the poor scholars of the university, and various other chambers and offices. It is probable that the greater part of these structures were of wood only, from the frequent mention of repairs; the roofs were also probably covered with wooden shingles, which made them also in continual need of repairs, so that when the king had occasion to remove from one palace to another it was always necessary beforehand to write to the sheriff and instruct him to see that the house was made habitable. The general custom of those days was to build houses almost entirely of wood, except the towers and walls of enclosure for defence. Stone buildings for ordinary purposes were rather the exception than the rule, and this accounts for our having so few of them remaining. Wherever a substantial stone building has been erected, the foundations, or some other vestiges of it, generally remain; the cut stone has commonly been removed, but the rough stone does not pay for the cost of removal, or the labour of digging out the foundations.

The palace of Beaumont was given by Edward the Second to the Carmelites, and became one of their principal monasteries, but the king retained the right to reside there when in Oxford, which was exercised by several of his successors. An account

of this monastery will be found in the Monasticon, and the seal of it has been engraved in the Archæologia. This seal represents the king presenting his palace to a company of monks, the blessed Virgin standing by; beneath are the arms of the city of Oxford, an ox crossing a ford. This gift was made in performance of a vow which the king had taken in his Scottish wars when in imminent peril, at the instigation of his confessor, a monk of the order. The popular attachment still borne to the memory of lion-hearted Richard, may cause some of the travellers or the sojourners who wander through Oxford, to visit with interest that portion of the ancient city, where his bold heart first began to beat.

Alas, "the poor scholars," whom, as we have said, the royal hall was capacious enough to contain, no longer sit at royal feasts; we no longer see a hungry crowd of students hurrying into the royal presence, digging into good venison pasties excellently seasoned by the palace cooks, and urged by the kingly host to put aside all book learning and to feast right joyously. Not but what good cheer may yet be found lingering amid college halls, and cookery is not a matter wholly contemned in the classic scene. We wish indeed that there were more "poor scholars," and such an enlargement of modern Oxford as would give poor students good learning and bed and board at a moderate cost.

THE POULTRY MANIA.

We are in the midst of a poultry mania. Cochin China fowls, Bantams, Dorkings, pigeons of all sorts and shapes, Pouters, Nuns, and Tumblers, are now engaging, we may say engrossing, the minds and energies of no small portion of our energetic friend, the Public. We know that it is our lot to rave periodically; we have our periodical frenzies, our succession of insanities. Something is taken up from time to time, and that something, whatever it may be, is pursued, studied, talked of, rushed after with the force and fury of a lover's passion. Dwelling, as it appears, under the necessity of manias, in the land of hobbies, we cannot be surprised to find poultry in their turn on the insecure and the changeable throne of public favour. The eye, the comb, the toes, and the tails of fowls, have now become in their turn the objects of adoration. Like the bulls and serpents of heathen lands, they are now attracting their ardent groups of worshippers; and many who but lately were profoundly ignorant of the more esteemed forms and hues, have rapidly acquired, in their obedience to hobbyism, the most exact knowledge of their minutest characteristics. Many whose sole acquaintance with this portion of the feathered race had been kept up by the agreeable but murderous medium of knives and forks, now discourse with eloquent zeal on the long legs or the short legs, the yellow legs or the blue legs, the colour of the neck feathers or the colour of the tail feathers, as if the destinies of mankind, all progress and prosperity, all peace and plenty, all social advancement and success, hung on the efficient maintenance of the aristocracy of cocks and hens.

It is difficult to account for the infection which there evidently is in these varying, changing manias, for the rapidity with which the infection spreads, for the extent and range it takes; above stairs, below stairs, in kitchens, in counting houses, in country houses, in suburban villas, upwards, downwards, northwards, southwards, the fancy of the day makes way; acute gentlemen on the stock exchange, ruddy squires, guards on railways, noblemen and their butlers, persons in parliament and persons out of parliament, all now-a-days are for poultry; the talk is of fowls; we are bitten, we are mad; the stone has been thrown in the water, and the rippling

circle it has made gets wider and wider still, takes a larger and larger sweep; we know not where it will end.

In consequence of this wide excitement, this passion, this rage for fowls, we find a poultry literature on the rise; we have our poultry essayists, our poultry historians, and we may have our poultry poets. We have learned volumes and practical volumes on the subject; some writers, like Mr. Dixon, quoting Chaucer, raking up all ancient allusions to fowls, going back to medieval poultry, the antiquarians of cocks and hens. Others, like Mr. Baily, take a more homely and utilitarian line, having an eye, in the midst of their ardour, for dinner-table results. And then come too the poultry shows, with their judges, their prizes, their struggles, their rivalries, the fatting and the feeding, the toils and watchings of anxious and feverish competitors.

To argue against manias is sheer waste of lungs or ink. All that is left us is to make a judicious selection of manias; to have our more approved madnesses, to commend those that are more rational, if we may speak of reasonable frenzies and sensible insanities, and to protest against those of a sillier and more frivolous kind. It is some comfort to us at the present time to feel that we can see a bright side and a useful side in the poultry mania. There have been worse manias than this. We do not indeed affect the slightest sympathy with the mere fashion-followers, who would be enamoured of pigs and donkeys if they were but "the thing," the fashion of the day; and we have no especial care for the large class of persons well-off in the world, who are now giving large sums for fancy fowls, unless they have some patriotic desire of sustaining the breed for the general good. Many high-paying purchasers we are ready to believe have some public spirit. But we have a strong idea that the love of animals, and the rearing of them, are very humanizing and softening tastes, and that if a mania suggests the care of them to the lower classes, who after their mechanical monotonous toils want something living to take charge of, it would be doing good service. Those who live amid machinery, looms, shops, work-rooms, and factories, would be benefited by having their "pets," their domestic animals at home, whether fish or fowl, dogs or rabbits. We love to see for the same reason the cultivation of flowers; and the stunted geranium in a broken jug, dangling perilously on a summer's day on the sill of some upper story in some dark

back street, has in our eyes an inexpressible charm, worth the most choice and costly bouquet of prize geraniums which the Scotch gardener has graciously allowed her ladyship to have. That geranium with its dusky sooty leaves draws out interest and love, and is a sort of relic of Eden giving a gleam of beauty, and life, and freshness, to the dim dwelling of toil and poverty. We like the canaries, the linnets, the starlings, that sing to the mechanic as he sits on his bench at work. All these sorts of things do good, have gentle influences, keep the heart somewhat green in the midst of this dry dusty world, draw out feeling, and call forth a certain measure of affection.

We are convinced that those who are engaged in the more sedentary trades need something growing or breathing, something of God's visible works, to keep them from depressing or self-centering thoughts, or from vacancy of mind altogether. The mere fact of having to take care of things, to feed or to water, somehow or other does good; and then there is a respond or return in the favourite animal or the plant; the flower breaks forth with grateful utterances as its leaves unfold before its master's eye; the dog licks its master's hands; the bird hops to the edge of its cage and puts its little beak through the bars; the fowls come scrabbling and skipping across the yard. There is sympathy; the workman's heart is exercised; it is kept in play; it does not grow quite hard or sour; the principle of loving is preserved to some extent by such means as these; and if by any means we can but keep a man's heart soft, and excite his sympathy in some direction or other, we may hope for the formation of character; there is ground to work upon, and even high Christian principles may in time be grafted in.

In proof of what we say, in some of those excellent Penitentiaries recently formed, which are guided not by old-fashioned matrons but by Christian ladies, and which the Church of England in her increasing vitality has been enabled to commence, the care of domestic animals has been found both a great resource and of great advantage to the inmates in drawing forth their kindliness, and in supplying them with objects for their affectionateness to fasten upon.

We would take another class of persons who evidently want some light and brightness cast upon their lot, we mean the shoemakers. The shoemaker has a long day of toil; few men

work for a longer spell; he sits for some fourteen hours on his bench surrounded by the unfragrant material of his trade; he is generally bilious, flabby, yellow, without any glow upon his cheek. It is a hard, a monotonous, an unhealthy life; and consequently it is remarkable that shoemakers, as a class, are both immorally or morally in extremes. They are apt to be either drunken or fanatical; that is, they are evidently in want of physical stimulants or religious stimulants; in the one case they are religiously argumentative, restless, dissatisfied with the state of things, taking the disaffected side, seeing the flaws and blemishes in the Church, as the bilious temperament colours and jaundices the spiritual sight; or if they do not take this direction, they break out into riotous and drunken ways when at last they rise from the bench wearied and out of sorts. We are of course speaking of them as a class.

We need scarcely say the best thing that could be done for them would be to give them good games of foot-ball, like the soldiers on Woolwich Common, to dose them with fresh air; this perhaps cannot easily be done as yet: but if they could have animals such as fancy birds in their rooms, or fowls in their back yard, or a few flowers amid the leather, it would somewhat cheer them up, act upon their spirits, and refresh both mind and eye.

There are other artizans who also grow pale and sickly from the length of their toils, or the kind of labour they have to do, or the atmosphere in which they live; and we may be sure that this outward paleness, this physical derangement, effects in some way a moral loss. Without at present entering into the important question of out-of-door recreations, of parks and cricket-grounds for the working-classes, yet we feel that among the more domestic recreations, the care of animals, of living creatures of some sort, is not lightly to be esteemed. We do not affect to have any practical knowledge on the point ourselves, but we should like to have from some of our readers good practical hints as to the class of animals that might be reared by working men in the suburbs of our large towns without any great expenditure or loss, and what can be done in this direction for those who live in the heart of our great cities, supposing they have some small back yards. Model streets for the labouring classes, which we hope to see constructed, might keep such an object as this in view in their construction.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

To have Public Libraries, Libraries for the People, must be reckoned among the necessities of the age. It is not enough to have them "looming in the distance," and coming sluggishly on, like the judgment in old chancery suits: we want them quickly and at once. We want them too, stored, laden, filled up to the ceiling with the great and good literature of the past and present, so that our intelligent artisans, apprentices, merchants' and lawyers' clerks, shopkeepers and shopmen, indeed all sorts of people of all grades, who have large appetites for books and small purses, may have not only their "half hours with great authors," but whole hours, yes if they will, whole winter nights with our poets, our historians, our travellers, our men of science, or our divines, according to their bent. Good literature must no longer be locked up like old china in old maids' cupboards, nor confined simply to those classes who can afford to have the luxury of a bill at their bookseller's shop.

What have we been doing? What is the use, the end, the aim, of all the schools we have set a going, all the schoolmasters, training colleges, new modes, new systems of education, improved machinery, the whole vast educational apparatus now in full play, with the daily hum of thousands and tens of thousands of scholars going on? Is it all to end in simply furthering the circulation of the Weekly Dispatch? Have we been driving this high-pressure engine of education from one end of England to the other; dashing into the remotest village, scaring away spectacled old dames from their seats of instruction, and putting in their places a brisker, quicker race; startling drowsy country towns, and making the educational blood stir quickly in their veins; have we been wakening all this desire for learning simply for the sake of seeing it cool down again, or waste itself on the cheap filth of the infidel and the socialist press? Have we been like skilful doctors contriving to create a voracious appetite, and then when the appetite has come, are we prepared to turn our patients out of doors upon some bare common, and there bid them to get what literary food they can, to browse where there is nothing to eat, and to make soup out of flints?

If there is to be ardour in educating, surely there must be

a proportionate ardour in supplying the educated with the sterling standard literature of the land. If the schoolmaster is to be abroad, he must carry a library on his back; libraries must follow in his track, and spring up wherever he puts his foot. Your training colleges, your commercial schools, your village schools, your new systems, are only so many cheats and delusions, or so many follies and absurdities, unless there is good reading and good rooms for reading supplied afterwards, unless what is ardently begun is also ardently carried on, unless all these crowds of scholars, when they issue from the school-room, can be handed into libraries as the schooling is at an end.

As it is, we are in this great dilemma, that we have readers and no books to read; and we seem either afraid of our own literature after we have been training the people to read it, or we are guilty of the monstrous inconsistency of making a profuse expenditure in education, and grudging any expenditure in supplying the educated with books. To large masses of those who are now to be reckoned among the "reading classes," the purchase of books has to yield to the purchase of bread and butter; books are simply luxuries in their judgment, bare impossibilities, things forming no part of their weekly bills. Perhaps in the course of the year nine or ten shillings may find their way into Paternoster Row; but what does that yield of varied or of permanent supply? And we are not speaking of the lowest class of readers; we are rather casting our eye down a multitude of Albert Terraces, and Prospect Places, and Belvidere Rows, and Victoria Crescents, in the outskirts and edges of London and our large towns, those sorts of districts with large groups of neat small houses occupied by families who have an income varying between £100 and £200 a year. How, we ask, is the head of such a family able to afford a bookseller's bill? The rates, the taxes, the washing, the baker and the draper, run off pretty quickly with the £100 or £200 a year. The margin for books in the year's income is but small, and just now and then, on a birthday or a wedding-day, some gilded volume is brought home as a surprise and makes a great sensation. Or perhaps some moderate-priced periodical is "taken in," "The National Miscellany" for instance, with that loving of "taking in," of something to look forward to on the first of the month, which is among the modern appetites of man.

If we only try to realize the various outlets which such incomes are forced to find, and the struggle it is with a family to keep a "respectable" position in life, to have the neat parlour in Albert Terrace, and to make a family procession to church on Sunday all nicely attired, we shall see at once how impossible it is for this great class to have any variety of books, while with their intelligence and education they would thoroughly relish and appreciate them.

Then again we have to consider, especially with the "early closing movement" in full force, the want of "something to do" in long winter evenings among the whole race of shopmen and apprentices, particularly those of the younger sort. This want of "something to do" drives them to do what had better be left undone. It is for "something to do" that betting rooms and billiard rooms, low tavern balls and many questionable amusements characterized as "life," are sought for. With this demand for occupation, should there not be a supply, and would not Public Libraries be a counter attraction to many of these young men? Attached to such libraries there should be a set of comfortable reading rooms, and care must be taken by good regulations to prevent them becoming mere well-warmed lounging places used more for talk than study. Not that it is desirable to forget the advantage of a little sociality and friendliness in such places. Doubtless among those who are toiling hard all day there is a two-fold want, the want of a little human friction and fellowship, and also some refreshing occupation for the mind, that it may forget invoices and ledgers, offices and bills and counters.

Many of course have their snug homes to go to, with wives and children welcoming them home, with the tea or supper kept in boiling or smoking order by the wife, and the prattle of the young as a sort of home music ever ready to strike up as the father's knock is heard at the door. Even such as these, however, need their book when the children are put to bed, while we do not want to tempt them away from home, as an ordinary rule. But there are large numbers who have no comfortable homes, no wives and children, no blazing, crackling fire, no prattle, no beautifully indistinct and sweetly unintelligible utterance of children to delight the ear, no nice tea cosily set out, no kettle singing and fizzing away cheerily on the hob. There are numbers who dwell in lonely lodgings up a good many pairs of stairs, and who after a laborious day want a

little light and cheerfulness at night. Many of these would thankfully avail themselves of good Libraries and good Reading Rooms, and would strike up harmless friendships there, and acquire harmless if not profitable tastes.

Some persons, we fear, have a sort of dread of literature getting downwards, as if we should make a nation of intellectual prigs, and be oppressed with scientific blacksmiths, poetic hair-cutters, philosophic cheesemongers and tailors. Now we confess at once, highly iniquitous as our assertion may appear, that we certainly should prefer a nation of intellectual prigs, to a nation of sots and drunkards, of gamblers and profligates.

We cannot indeed foretell the effect of diffused intelligence by the time the young ones of the present day have risen into mid-day life. A nation, advanced as we shall be, is a mystery which we do not pretend to unravel. But however mysterious the results of the intellectual advancement throughout the land, whatever the effect of driving bad English across the seas, of seeing factory-men with their Shaksperes in their hands, and even rustics with their Magazines, we see cause for expecting not evil but good results. Surely man with his powers developed is not likely to play a worse or more evil part than man with his powers suppressed; ignorance is not of itself superior to intelligence, or more safe; otherwise why do not the higher orders who have the choice, choose the bliss of ignorance? The cultivation of the powers and faculties that God has given is not of necessity a cause of fear; nor do we see any reason to suppose that intellectual advancement must be made at the sacrifice of moral advancement. Why should there not be advancement in both? Does our English literature on the whole appeal only or chiefly to the intellectual faculties? Have we no confidence in it as a whole? Is it after all rotten at the core? Is it without faith? If so, then in God's name burn it all; let the higher orders make instant bonfires in Belgrave Square of the books which they do not dread to read. Away with Shakspere, Bacon, Addison, Milton, Boyle, Spenser, Newton, and all that perilous and sceptic race, if they only make us wise, and do nothing to make us good. If a cold intellectuality is the great characteristic of English literature, if there is no heart in it, then let it go. But is this the case?

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

AMERICAN SLAVERY has almost suddenly become a subject of engrossing interest to a large portion of our English community. We have known of it all our lives, and yet it is beginning to take its place among the new topics of the day. The horrors attendant upon it have been grouped together, and presented to the view of the indignant reader by the graphic pens of writers of fiction, whose pens have been dipped in fire that they might write with burning letters the wrongs of slaves. Romances of an opposite tendency have also appeared on the opposite side, in which the light-hearted gaiety of the slave, and his freedom from corroding anxiety, are represented as evidences of an essentially happy condition. Besides novels, we have had reviews and newspaper articles in abundance; and lastly, we have been entertained with a correspondence between the opposite shores of the Atlantic, the next step to which, we are told, is to be the formation of a society in Great Britain for the benefit of the American negro.

It has been the lot of your present correspondent, Mr. Editor, to reside during several years in one of the Slave States of the West, where, in the capacity of a Clergyman, he was led to consider the question of servitude in its most important and serious aspects. As the incumbent of an agricultural parish in England, he has also been enabled to compare the circumstances of the hired labourer with those of the human "chattel," and to observe certain points both of resemblance and of dissimilarity. On many accounts he has been made to feel equally at home on either side of the Atlantic, and has therefore become perhaps, the better qualified to view American Slavery apart from the obscuring medium of local and national prejudices.

Among the numerous migrations of the various families of man, perhaps none has been so extraordinary in its origin, progress, and consequences, as the forced movement of the African race to the shores of America. I am not

going to dive deep into the shiftings of the human family. It is enough to know that when the people of Europe came into possession of the "New World," they severally felt the need of a labouring class capable of rendering their acquisitions commercially profitable by the cultivation of sugar, cotton, rice, and tobacco. The aboriginal inhabitants of these wide regions were physically and numerically inadequate to the requisite exertions, and a white peasantry, even if equal to the demand, would have been unsuited to the climate. Considerations of pecuniary gain prevailed over the dictates of natural justice, and it was resolved that the colonial possessions of Spain, Portugal and England, should be cultivated by the people of Africa. In carrying this bold design into execution, religion was forced into alliance with avarice, and the convenient principle was enunciated that "religion gives to its professors a right to reduce the unbaptized to slavery, with a view to the propagation of the Faith[a]."

The expedient of African servitude, thus devised through mixed motives of profit and of propagandism, rapidly gained favour among protestants and papists alike, and soon became a legalized branch of Christian commerce[b]. Kings, princes, nobles, and merchants, rushed into the new speculation with equal avidity and enthusiasm, and the coast of Africa became to our forefathers what California and Mount Ophir are to our contemporaries. From the reign of Elizabeth to that of William III. companies were constantly forming in England for the furtherance of the lucrative traffic; and finally, by the treaty of Utrecht, England bound herself to act the part of a slave-merchant to the other nations of Christendom. This treaty was ratified under the good Queen Anne, by the signature of the bishop of Bristol, (then Lord Privy Seal,) and bound us to import into the western world 144,000 negroes in the course of thirty years, over and above the "assortments" of the ordinary merchants. It is stated on good authority that before the termination of the eighteenth century, we had thus transported about *three millions* of men, women, and children, besides a quarter of a million who perished on the voyage and were thrown into the sea. America and the West Indies received 2,130,000 of these wretched captives, and the trade had reached its highest pitch

[a] Montesquieu, "Esprit des lois," book xv. chap. 4.

[b] Colonial Church Chronicle, vol. v. p. 323.

of prosperity, when the thirteen colonies were torn from our reluctant grasp and the United States commenced their career of independence.

The United States then, inheriting from us their blood, their laws, and their religion, inherited also our English system of slavery, and our English mode of viewing that system. Slavery continued, in fact, exactly as we left it, with such modifications only as circumstances rendered necessary or expedient. Like other systems, so this also, when once established, had acquired a life of its own; and customs, laws, morals, and religious doctrines, had accommodated themselves to it, according to their respective degrees of pliancy. For half a century subsequent to the Revolution, English and American Slavery continued to exist, side by side, in the islands and on the neighbouring continent. But finally, our profits from this source having diminished, religion and humanity obtained at first an unwilling, and at length a ready hearing. Our slave colonies were weak, and the free population of England was strong; the will of the feeble consequently succumbed to the determination of the powerful, and at the cost of twenty millions added to the burdens of Great Britain, the negroes of our West Indies were emancipated. From America, however, Manchester still sought her cotton, and Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, and London, still expected their supplies of tobacco and rice. The profits of American Slavery, therefore, continued to augment with the prosperity of British trade and manufactures. The Slave States, instead of occupying the position of weak and distant colonies, possessed the advantage of constituting integral portions of the American Union, and were abundantly represented in the National Congress. Each individual State also retained its own domestic legislature, and the question of servitude as a general rule, was beyond the jurisdiction of the federal authorities. Hence we need not wonder that Slavery, though extinct in Barbadoes and Jamaica, maintains a vigorous existence in the broad expanse of Virginia, Mississippi, or Kentucky.

It was between the years 1830 and 1840, Mr. Editor, that I formed my acquaintance with the subject on which I now address you. The population of the State in which I dwelt amounted to about 600,000 white persons, and 180,000 negroes. I found the climate healthy, though extremely warm

in summer, the greater part of that State lying south of the 39th parallel of latitude. The winters were severe, though of course much shorter than in Canada or Vermont. The white inhabitants were generally in easy circumstances, and good society might be found as readily as in England, with a full share of refinement and intelligence. The rich vegetable soil, resting on a substratum of lime-stone, produced abundantly the various fruits of the earth. Indian corn was raised to a considerable extent, but the staple productions were tobacco and hemp. The former of these was sent down the river to New Orleans, and from thence exported to foreign parts. The latter, after arriving at maturity, underwent the laborious processes of "beating" and "hackling" until fit for the rope-walk and the manufacture of twine. The twine was woven in looms and converted into a coarse "bagging" which was exported to the cotton-growing States, and used in the construction of those massive bales in which the fleecy material arrives at the mills of Manchester.

The cultivation of the soil and the rude manufactures which I have described, devolved almost exclusively upon the slaves, and in the rope-walks and bagging-factories, slavery might sometimes be seen in its more repulsive aspects. But it may be remarked that American and Colonial slavery, from a combination of circumstances, have always worn a severer character than the system known by the same appellation in many of the older nations of the world. In the countries mentioned in Scripture, compulsory servitude was usually the result of successful war, and the captive was not only of the same colour with his master, but was often his superior in birth and education. Hence in the ancient East, as in modern Mahometan nations, slavery was not associated with entire degradation, and the slave was often treated as a son or a brother. Not unfrequently he was admitted by marriage into his master's family, and sometimes was advanced to the highest offices in the gift of the State. But the negro was brought into America and the West Indies mainly with a view to commercial profit, and with that view alone has he continued to be employed to the present day. Hence his owner regards him by tradition, as well as by actual position, according to his material worth; and is therefore constantly under the temptation of forgetting that the slave, equally with himself, is a *man*. Let not those who are placed under this

temptation be considered as more blind or more unfeeling than the great majority of our species. It is not so easy as it may seem to rise above the general standard of public opinion, and he must be a philosopher or a traveller, or a partially inspired person, who can render himself superior to the established mode of viewing the great social questions of his age and country.

Irresponsible power is, of course, a dangerous possession; and the man must be more than mortal who is not in danger of abusing such an endowment. There can be no doubt that negroes are sometimes treated in a manner which evinces a want of common sense and common humanity. Generally speaking, a proprietor will endeavour, from motives of interest at least, to keep his cattle in good condition, and a black man is usually of greater value than a mule or an ox. But occasionally, furious passion or short-sighted avarice get the advantage over interest, and in such cases the negro has but indifferent protection from the tribunals of justice.

The evils of slavery are not, however, to be estimated mainly by the bodily sufferings which are sometimes connected with it. Apprentices have been cruelly beaten and killed even in our free England, and many a school-boy has sunk under the blows of a bully or the stripes administered by a "Squeers." The crying iniquity of the system is, that it tends to perpetuate a mental and moral degradation incompatible with the interests of humanity.

To take, for example, the case of education. If power be associated with knowledge, the maintenance of a power like that of the slave-owner cannot, in the long run, consist with the mental enlightenment of the slave. Hence, in proportion as the physical force of the negro race increases, it is to be expected that the dominant party should be increasingly reluctant to augment the knowledge and wisdom of the labourer. Till a comparatively recent date, however, it was thought that well-conducted black persons ought not to be deterred from attempting to read the Bible, and many Christian-minded proprietors encouraged such attempts and promoted the necessary instruction. But it was perceived that the negro who could read his Bible, could also read newspapers and letters, and could contrive means of correspondence with abolitionists and disaffected persons of his own race. Partial insurrections also took place, in some of which

many helpless women and infants were cruelly massacred, the negro leaders readily quoting (like the old puritans) the history of Moses, of the Egyptians, and of the Canaanites. Ultimately the emancipation of the West Indian slaves was effected, and lively fears were entertained that a general rebellion would ensue throughout the Southern States. Public opinion, therefore, at once very naturally decided that the further instruction of "servants" would be perilous to the public safety.

Prior to this date I had encouraged a school, in which seventy-five intelligent young blacks were taught on Sundays (by permission of their owners) the much-coveted art of *reading*. It was pleasant to observe the animation with which these young men and women entered upon their tasks, and the readiness with which they comprehended their instruction. Few of them bore any resemblance, in want of capacity, to the irreclaimable dunces whom we so often meet with in our parish schools in England, and the progress of them all was decidedly satisfactory. But the report of West Indian emancipation came upon us like a hurricane, and all was excitement and alarm throughout the regions of cotton, hemp, and tobacco. The mayor of the town sent us a message to the effect that if a mob should attack our school he could neither afford us protection nor hold himself responsible for the consequences. We therefore bent before the storm, closed our books, and confined our instruction to oral teaching, and to the explanation of scriptural pictures. A clergyman who proposed to preach against the abuses of slavery, was deterred by the sage advice of a venerable layman. "If you are determined to be a martyr," said this Southern Churchman to his pastor, "you may stand up in your pulpit next Sunday and preach the sermon which you propose. But I would rather see you a martyr in the cause of the Faith, than in a cause which, under present circumstances, is utterly hopeless." Soon afterwards, laws were enacted by the several Southern legislatures, by which all persons were forbidden to teach reading to a slave, under the penalties of fine and imprisonment. Let not the Americans, however, be charged with peculiar wickedness in the enactment of these laws, as if they purposely designed to shut out the light of heaven. No, they legislated according to the supposed exigences of the case, and were but developing the

bitter tree which European Christendom had concurred in planting.

A second effect of American slavery is that it virtually denies to the negro the sacred ties and purifying influences of marriage and of family. The slave may at any time be removed far away from his most cherished connexions, by the arbitrary will, by the misfortunes, or by the death, of his proprietor. In the event of a bankruptcy, the whole property is sold for the benefit of the creditors; and the negroes, like the rest of the chattels, are divided among the purchasers. The same separation may be expected in the event of the decease of the head of the family. The law of primogeniture having been abolished, the widow is entitled to her *third*, and the remaining two thirds are divided among the nearest heirs. In consequence of this perpetual liability to separation, the "marriage" of the slave is usually *conditional*, and is in fact nothing but a temporary connexion, unsanctioned by law, and lightly esteemed by blacks and whites alike. It is said that in the case of Roman Catholic marriages among slaves, the "sacramental" character of wedlock is insisted on, so far as the ecclesiastical authorities can enforce it by religious sanctions. On the other hand, we are told that the Methodists and some other sects maintain that married persons when separated by a sale, or by the command of a master, are at liberty to contract new engagements. The clergy of the "Protestant Episcopal Church" are believed to regard the marriage covenant as necessarily binding on the conscience; and often shew themselves extremely reluctant to be engaged at a negro wedding. In fact the words of the service, "those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," would, under the circumstances of the case, be little more than a bitter mockery.

The natural relations between parents and their offspring are of course utterly disarranged by the operation of this system. I have heard it remarked that the character of "Uncle Tom" is defective in respect to his children. But in this point of view, as in many others, the description is true to life. It is impossible that the ideas of responsibility on the one hand, and of dutiful affection on the other, should grow up to maturity under laws which regard the father as merely a fabulous or hypothetical personage. The actual

descent of a large proportion of the present American slaves would form a curious collection of genealogical trees if the several branches could be distinctly traced. Many a light-complexioned quadroon is an offshoot from the stem of the old English cavalier, and the descendants of some of the best families of Great Britain and America are toiling among the rice-swamps of Carolina and the cotton plantations of Louisiana and Arkansas. In Virginia and Kentucky this infusion of "white" blood, if continued through four successive generations, entitles the remote descendant of the negro to his freedom, as he is then, in fact, a white man. But in Louisiana and some other States the minutest fraction of African descent is sufficient to ensure the servitude of the children of a slave mother.

And this leads me to remark on the general *hopelessness* of American slavery. Escape has always been difficult, and the difficulty is now somewhat increased by the Fugitive Slave Law, which provides for freedom in California, Oregon, Utah, and New Mexico, at the expense of the negroes in the older States. Emancipation is hardly to be expected, and is often an equivocal benefit when granted. Manumission is indeed all but prohibited in several of the States, with the view of checking the dangerous increase of the free blacks. Thus, in North Carolina, a proprietor has not the liberty of manumitting his servant but by the consent of the County Court, a consent not always obtained. In Louisiana, a proprietor must not emancipate a slave until the latter is thirty years of age, and then only by a special act of the legislature.

Since, then, education is all but denied to the American slave, while the benefits of the matrimonial and parental relations are in a great measure withheld; since also his bondage is usually hopeless and attended by various marks of degradation, it were vain to expect in him the elevation of character which might be connected with a happier fortune. The negro, in fact, like his master, is generally the creature of surrounding circumstances, and seldom rises above the standard of morals resulting from his position. It might, indeed, have been anticipated that he would be prone to sensuality and licentiousness, vain, trifling, and dishonest, skilful in the arts of deceit and subterfuge, cowardly, cruel, revengeful, and superstitious. These ordinary vices of slavery have indeed

shewn themselves abundantly among the slaves of the South, though several influences have providentially interposed to check their luxuriant growth.

I recollect a specimen of the ordinary negro in a certain female cook who had been sold from Virginia into the State in which I lived. Being questioned about her husband, she replied, in the most innocent way possible, that the person who went under that appellation was only one whom "she had took up with," and that her original husband lived in "Old Virginny." Being shewn, among other articles, a white china basin, gilded around the border, she said that the basin exactly resembled some basins which she had seen in heaven on one occasion when she was taken there in a trance. A number of little angels appeared with silver spoons in their hands, eating bread and milk out of china basins precisely similar to the one in question. This extraordinary and highly-favoured seer was, however, at the same time a desperate thief. Various stolen articles were rapidly accumulated within the sacking of her bed, until, on the discovery of the hoard, the weight of it was a burden to several men. In England an expensive prosecution, and perhaps a year's imprisonment might have been the consequence. Not so in a Slave State. The law would not sanction a prosecution in a case like this, when the culprit was the property of the accuser. A sharp and severe, but transient punishment was the only remedy attainable, and in this instance could hardly be pronounced either cruel or unjust.

Revenge is sometimes exhibited in a petty and sometimes in a formidable manner. A young lady, for example, had made some remarks disparaging to the character of a slave girl, who was unfortunately too well acquainted with the properties of sulphuric acid. The next day the young lady desired to make some morning calls, but, on taking up her bonnet and shawl, was horrified on finding them perforated with small holes in every direction, and, in fact, completely destroyed. In this case no punishment was inflicted, the offender being gentle and obliging, and, on the whole, a really satisfactory servant.

A frightful event, however, occurred in my immediate neighbourhood, which was described to me by a respectable person almost in the following words. A gentleman being troubled with a refractory cook, and being of course precluded

from giving the English "notice to quit," determined to adopt the severe measure of selling her to the slave dealers, to be taken to the plantations down the river. Aware of this intention, the woman counterfeited fits with such success that the dealers could not be induced to purchase her. In the course of a short time, the family being absent on a visit, the cook invited a number of her negro acquaintances to an entertainment in the kitchen. Not having enough meat for the feast, she sallied forth into the yard with a sharp knife, and seizing an unfortunate pig, cut a number of slices from the flanks of the living animal and fried the delicate morsels for her jovial guests. The proprietor, on his return home, administered a severe flogging to his unprincipled menial, a castigation which, far from producing contrition and amendment, led to a fixed resolution of deadly vengeance. Taking an early opportunity, she procured some arsenic, which she deliberately scattered over the dishes then preparing for the family dinner. A casual visitor detected her in the very act; the dishes were examined, the powder was detected and analyzed, and the guilt of the offender immediately established. The proprietor ordered her to take her stand by a certain tree in his garden, and then coolly taking his rifle shot her dead upon the spot, and ordered her body to be thrown to the swine.

It is not, however, the African race alone which suffers from American slavery. The white people are sharers in the curse to an extent much beyond what is commonly supposed, though, like the negroes, they habitually view surrounding circumstances as belonging to the normal and settled order of human events. The liberty of the free-born republican is curtailed by its operation, in a manner hardly conceivable to the British subject. He may castigate, but he must not educate, at his discretion, and may hardly emancipate. The press, the post-office, and the pulpit are under fetters, and nothing can be printed, preached, or circulated, which public opinion regards as dangerous. The condition of the Slave States, in fact, reminds one of a city perpetually in a state of siege. A white person was publicly flogged in the market-place for being possessed of abolitionist newspapers. A Presbyterian minister was murdered by a mob for the offence of attempting to print a publication hostile to slavery. The whole tribe of overseers, slave dealers, and slave hunters, are

placed in a position which tends to make them worthy companions of the common hangman. The tone of modesty among white families is always in danger of being relaxed, and those who know the characters of too many of our young farmers at home will readily comprehend the perils which surround the almost irresponsible slaveholder.

If the whites suffer from slavery, it will readily be concluded that the *free negroes* are not beyond the reach of its influence. These unhappy persons, now a rapidly increasing class, enjoy, in fact, little more than the name of freedom, unless they are prepared to take up their residence beyond the boundaries of the country which gave them birth. Many of the Slave States have deemed it necessary to exclude them from their limits, and various regulations, suggested by policy, have rendered it difficult for them to gain a footing in those districts which are usually denominated *free*. Their colour and descent render them objects of intense aversion, and neither character, talent, nor the holy priesthood itself, can remove the mysterious and unaccountable prejudice with which they are generally regarded. In the large towns and cities they have sometimes become the victims of a popular fury, reminding us of the treatment of the Jews in medieval times, of the papists during the London riots under Lord George Gordon, and of the protestants in France on the memorable day of St. Bartholomew.

It is time, however, that we should turn our attention to circumstances which render the condition of the slave less deplorable than the previous statement of facts would lead the reader to suppose. Indeed, if there were no mitigating influences at work, the system would be intolerable to all classes alike, and no considerations of pecuniary interest could sustain it for another day.

There is reason to believe that, however low the condition of the American negro may be, it is a considerable improvement upon the state of his forefathers in Africa. He is not therefore to be regarded, nor does he regard himself, as degraded below a former level. His bodily comforts are, very generally, sufficiently provided for. If an out-door labourer, he is usually allowed an allotment of land, on which, after the hours of work, he can labour on his own account, like many of our English peasantry. If a domestic servant, he may expect, on the whole, to be well treated, in return for which

he will perhaps become faithful in his attachment to the family. Should Christian kindness be superadded, his situation may become truly enviable, and principles may be implanted in him which will fortify him against future calamities. Husbands and wives are not always separated, and negro families often live and grow up together on the same estate. The constant multiplication of churches in the South must have a certain effect in rendering proprietors gentle and considerate, and in softening the grievances of the labourer. The imaginative and susceptible mind of the Afrieo-American readily grasps at the promises of the Gospel, and bright ideas of a happy futurity often shed their lustre upon his weary path. I recollect an amiable lady, the wife of a distinguished senator, who regularly read the Church service to the ninety servants of her household. There is a wealthy bishop, whose diocese comprehends one of the States in which emancipation is discouraged, and whose slaves, inherited from his father, amount to many hundreds in number. On the estates of this right reverend gentleman, the system of the Church is said to be carried into full operation, churches having been built, and ministers appointed and maintained with the express object of imparting oral instruction in addition to the ordinary means of grace. It is in fact Christianity, the true salt of the earth, which preserves the inhabitants of the Slave States from the corruption which would otherwise exist, and which, even in the wild forms of the enthusiastic popular religions, retains sufficient power to benefit the characters of the sincere.

Thus it has come to pass that a residence in a Slave State is by no means so intolerable as many persons are ready to imagine. It is, indeed, quite possible to remove from an American parish of slave owners and slaves to an English parish of farmers and labourers, without at once perceiving any material improvement in the general tone of surrounding society.

In regard to our female domestic servants, I fear they are by no means exempt, as a class, from the vices of slaves in a corresponding capacity. The crime of infanticide indeed, so awfully prevalent in England, is unknown among the negro women of the South. Deceit, immodesty, and revenge may be found in their worst forms in the English nursery and kitchen, while the practice of frequently changing a situation

induces unsettled and unsteady habits, and a general want of mental discipline and just principle.

The habitation of the Wiltshire or Dorsetshire farm-labourer is perhaps a trifle more comfortable than that of the negro. The Englishman gets through more labour than the black, without the advantage of partaking so largely of animal food. The negro with his *banjo* and his dance is a more agreeable object, on a summer's evening, than the rustic stupifying himself with beer and tobacco in the village alehouse. In regard to decency and propriety of conduct, the comparison is not so greatly in our favour as ought to be reasonably expected. Negroes, indeed, often sleep promiscuously on the floor, the soles of their feet converging, like the spokes of a wheel, towards the wood embers which glow upon the hearth. The British rustics congregate for the night in wretched chambers, where, amid a close, unhealthy atmosphere, perhaps a dozen persons, of different ages and sexes, repose after the toil of the day. But, turning from such scenes, it is only necessary to look over and compare the parish registers of marriages and christenings, to be convinced of the existence of traditionary habits of a most demoralizing character.

In his matrimonial relations, the labourer possesses a great advantage over the slave, since, except in the union house, which is but a temporary shelter to young couples, a separation is not to be apprehended. The means of education in England are also infinitely better provided, though the children are too often removed from school before their education has made any beneficial progress. At the age of sixteen or seventeen it may be safely assumed that the clodhopper and the negro possess pretty nearly an equal range of thought and an equal fund of valuable ideas.

As for religion, the rustic and the slave are usually allowed on Sundays to get religion as they can. Both of them accordingly evince an inclination to remove themselves on that day from the immediate oversight of their employers. Both are alike attached to the loud and fervid declamations of preachers belonging to their own ignorant class. Wild, fanatical, and antinomian doctrines are regarded by both with almost equal affection, and in both cases the rapturous part of religion is apt to be in higher favour than that which is merely doctrinal or practical.

I would not, however, attempt to push the comparison be-

yond the boundaries of justice. In many respects the two cases do not for a moment admit of being compared. The poor Englishman enjoys the protection of equal laws, he wears no enduring livery of degradation, *he is at least his own;* his family cannot be parted like the pieces of furniture at a sale; he is something more than part of the live stock of a farm; he has besides many friends, and in the remotest villages, where "public opinion" has little power, he has comfort, counsel, kindliness in his parish pastor, who knows how to honour all men, and who feels himself sent especially to the poor. And if his circumstances become too oppressive, emigration is open to him, and a few months hence he may be ploughing his own acres in Canada, or collecting heaps of auriferous deposits among the diggings of Australia or California.

The best mode of permanently improving the condition of the English labourer is admitted to be an object worthy of the most profound consideration on the part of our legislators and divines. It is, however, a purely British question, and one with which, from the nature of the case, foreigners are wholly incompetent to deal. England ought to be cautious in dealing with an American question, if she wishes to gain her end, and however noble the desire of extinguishing slavery at a blow, the people of this country must not overlook the actual difficulties which surround the question in America. Wisdom is required as well as zeal.

There are some among us who imagine that because American slavery is an evil tree bringing forth corrupt fruit, it ought not to be permitted to cumber the ground for another hour, that it should be overthrown at once, and cut down to the very roots. Such persons should reflect that the cautious woodman never applies the axe to the root of the tree until he has ascertained in which direction it ought to fall, and what objects it is likely to crush. Now the immediate abolition of American slavery, even were it wished by all America, would not very easily be effected, with advantage, by any sudden act.

It would of course be a great triumph for Christianity if it should so far influence the great body of American slaveholders as to render them willing to sacrifice their own worldly interests to the love of justice. It is easy to please ourselves with the idea of some Pentecostal effusion of celestial influ-

ences, under which the fifteen slaveholding States, assembled in their respective legislatures, should pronounce the death-sentence on the system of "involuntary servitude." But such a miraculous effusion, to be really effectual, must be shared among blacks and whites without distinction. It must remove not only selfishness, inhumanity, and avarice on the one hand, but the vices, the ignorance, and the incompetency attached to servitude, on the other. Without such a change, it is to be feared that the negroes themselves would be among the principal sufferers by immediate emancipation, and that gross injustice would be involved in turning adrift millions of men, women, and children, unprepared for freedom by a sufficient process of training and education.

Great events, we are aware, may unexpectedly occur in these remarkable times, similar to those which have suddenly peopled the wilds of California and Australia, and which are converting Ireland into a desert. The probability however is, that slavery, like other social evils, will be gradually extinguished, and that it will depart by a process the reverse of that by which it has attained its present magnitude. "Interest," according to Dr. South, "is the grand wheel and spring that moves the whole universe." In the meanwhile, the increase of the white population in America may render free labour comparatively inexpensive, and thus, by a combination of causes, slavery may cease to be required.

It must not, however, be forgotten that considerations of justice and piety have already, in many individual cases, led to acts of emancipation. Many conscientious persons have given liberty to their slaves, and have voluntarily reduced themselves to comparative poverty. The result has not always proved satisfactory, and the objects of this well-intended bounty have not unfrequently become miserable vagabonds, unhappy in themselves and the causes of unhappiness in others. The establishment of the colony of Liberia has, however, afforded a place of refuge, to which the free and emancipated negroes of America may resort, with the hope of obtaining a home of their own and that respectability which can attach only to an independent nation. The strange American prejudice against African descent may be found to have effected a providential design, when it shall have forced the negro back upon the land of his forefathers. Injustice carried him to America, and injustice may have its share in

his final migration from the American shores. But if he should carry back with him the English language, Anglo-Saxon institutions, and the Christian religion, if a central point shall be established in Africa, from whence truth and piety shall go forth throughout that unhappy continent, it will be admitted that a captivity of two centuries has not been undergone in vain, and that even the cupidity and avarice of man can be made subservient to the merciful purposes of an All-wise Creator.

SOCIAL LIFE IN PARIS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, April 10, 1853.

SOCIAL life in Paris! we think we hear our readers say—especially those who think they *know* Paris—Social life in Paris! why what can there be entertaining or instructive in that—*quid novi*—to say on such a subject, in a place swarming with our own countrymen, and only eight or ten hours removed from our own metropolis? As well write and tell us country folks what social life is in London as in Paris! Do not the men wear coats and waistcoats, and other appendages, of the same cut as our own, and do not the women adorn or deform themselves exactly according to the same exigencies of art or fashion? It is not social life we now go to Paris to investigate; men and women live there much as they do in England. We go to Paris, if for a first visit, to see the Pantheon instead of St. Paul's! Notre Dame instead of Westminster Abbey! If we have been there before, to take a turn down the Rue de la Pisa, because we are tired of strolling in Bond-street, to exchange the Parks for the Champs Elysées; or perhaps now-a-days to see the Emperor; that is something new if you like. But social life in Paris! we would rather, if you please, hear about life in a wig-wam.

This is all very true, reader. Your enlarged view of human nature doubtless teaches you aright that, go not only to Paris, but where you will, man, that poor inhabitant of this globe, is

every where of the earth, earthy; between Frenchmen and Englishmen, between Romanist and Protestant, nay, unhappily, between Jew and Turk, Christian and Infidel, there is but too great affinity every where in their short-comings. All here, and alas! where not? men and women alike, consume the greater portion of life in eating, drinking, sleeping, and dressing; content to live, *et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

But, let me ask you, in travelling over the most beaten of roads, such even as that between Boulogne and Paris, have you never felt puzzled to account for it; how, with so great a resemblance, there is yet so wide a distinction, between the country you have just left, and the one you are passing through? Trees and houses, hill and dale, field and plain, glide past you, all familiar names and objects enough; and yet producing somehow or other a totally different general effect, and imparting an entirely strange and foreign impression. If you desire to explain and account for to yourself, what it is which, amidst so great a particular resemblance, produces a general effect so contrary, you may perhaps do so by some such familiar illustration as the following, which may serve as a clue to many others. In France there are somewhere about ninety millions of acres of land under cultivation, whilst in the British Isles not quite half that quantity affords scope for the labours of husbandry. Yet the former country presents to our view only some ten million acres laid out in grass or pasture land, whilst in the latter there are upwards of twenty millions of acres under the same form of agriculture[a]. The above is but one instance chosen at hazard, out of many, to explain the difference of aspect in the two countries; but in what does this tell us that that difference essentially consists? Why, in *cultivation;* and it is from the difference of cultivation bestowed on the man as well as on the soil on which he is born, that spring the varieties of social life exhibited in the two capitals. A different cultivation, a different system, a different course, produce the striking difference of aspect in the material surface of the two countries: a different bringing up, education, instruction, habits and turn of thought,

[a] "C'est ce qui fait le charme particulier des campagnes Brittanniques. Hors de quelques provinces, notre territoire présente rarement le spectacle riant qu' offre partout l'Angleterre avec les vertes pelouses peuplées d'animaux en liberté."—L' Economie rurale en Angleterre, par M. Léonce de Lavergne.—Vide Arthur Young, *passim.*

cause the national distinctions between society in the one country and the other to be as remarkable as that exhibited by their soils.

Let us, in order to make this more apparent, endeavour to seize a few of the more salient traits of French social life in the metropolis, and illustrate them by some familiar facts. And first, what strikes one perhaps as the most prominent characteristic of every period of Parisian existence, is its *publicity*. Sterne says, "I took a single captive, and shut him up in his dungeon." Let us take a single Frenchman, or rather child, and see what we can make of him.

When a Parisian infant is brought into the world, since home in the metropolitan view of life means no more than a place to be born in, the earliest scenes and impressions which open themselves upon its juvenile apprehension, will assuredly be those of some public place of resort. The Tuilleries, the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, or even the crowded Boulevards, are the public nursery grounds of Paris. Private houses appear not to be provided with any such necessary appendage to married life. Observe, it is not that the little creature is sent there some fine sunny morning by chance merely to take the air, as an English baby is dandled an hour in the Parks; the French child, on the contrary, lives and grows from infancy to boyhood, from boyhood to youth, in the atmosphere of such places. Let the weather be only something less than rainy, let but the merest glimmer of sunshine give the signal—*grata vice veris et Favoní*—of the change of seasons, and on visiting any of the sheltered nooks out of doors, well known to Parisian mothers and gossips, you will find them converted into human nurseries, swarming with armies of *bonnes* and babes, the latter undergoing, *en plein air*, ablutions, shiftings, manipulations of every sort mentionable and unmentionable; nay, nothing is more usual than to see some sunny morning on the very Boulevards, well-dressed mothers nursing, in the most maternal sense of the word, their offspring in front of the Café de Paris, outside of which at noon the infant commences life by sucking in the nutriment which in after years he will probably seek with equal publicity inside the same well-known locality. It would be too long to follow our nursling through all the grades of his existence, but as a social being, if we take his school-boy life, passed with the exception of one vacation in the year, (no Christmas,

no Easter holidays, or Whitsuntide for him,) almost invariably at some large public school, or *lycée*, in the heart of a capital, with its public exercise and *cours*, public walks through the town, public speeches, and public distribution of prizes, the world in short always before him—if we take his professorial or university studies at the *école de médicine* or the *école de droit*, all equally public and independent of home and of home contact and home associations—his subsequent life of garçon passed almost wholly in public places, cafés, restaurants, theatres—we shall find that as he has arrived at the age at which men generally marry, without home and fireside education and training, or home influences, so he, in his turn, will be unfit and incapable to impart, will never think of imparting, any such feelings to the generation which is to succeed him, and so on to the end of the chapter. In Paris life and training, then, from earliest infancy, publicity is the predominant feeling and influence; home feelings here have little place in the recollection, little predominance over the understanding; here there is no home in our sense of the word, no word capable even of expressing it in the language; a man here has a *chez soi*, a *pied à terre*, in which he sleeps, and makes his toilette, and *viola tout*.

We appear to have been speaking with reference only to the male portion of the creation; but observations of a similar description will be equally applicable to the general mode of life of French women. Not again to revert to the beginnings of life, let us look at the habits of the grown-up individual. And here there is a French phrase, *courir les rues*, which the subject too readily calls up to one's recollection. Parisian ladies have a privilege, and in some respects it reflects credit both on themselves and their nation, of being able to go alone and on foot, at almost all hours, in almost all parts of their beautiful city, without other impediment, if such they deem it, than that of being looked at, and of having their toilette if tasteful (as when is it not so?) fully appreciated and admired. There is but one drawback to this privilege in a social point of view, and that is the abuse that is made of it. A French woman is never off the streets. To give an illustration of this from one of their social customs, which amongst others has greatly contributed to form and maintain the practice. It is usual for a French lady in the capital, to have once a week, her day of morning reception, when she herself keeps house the whole day to re-

ceive visitors. It is her friend's turn. A French house on a reception day is a sort of public thoroughfare; and the levee or bevy which is there assembled presents a very different scene from the quiet interior of an Englishwoman's morning home, with an occasional friend dropping in to find her occupied with or thinking over her household cares. During the other six days of the week, for Sunday forms no impediment, rather the contrary, the Parisian who has been herself receiving on the seventh, flits in her turn from house to house on each of the well-known appointed days, in perpetual publicity and excitement between the streets and shops and crowded thoroughfares, on the one hand, and the congregation of friends male and female, whom she is certain of encountering at each visit she pays, on the other. If we add to this the more frequent habit which prevails of attending the theatre, the custom of often dining and eating at public places, nay, even the habit, which by no means unusually accompanies this sort of life, which is indeed almost part and parcel of it, of daily attendance at public mass, it will be apparent that with both sexes here, a grand distinction in their social life, as compared with our own, consists in the privacy of the one and the publicity of the other.

To turn from individual to material considerations, one may remark that the very construction of their houses exaggerates the above characteristic feature of Paris life, and stamps a difference more wide perhaps than is generally supposed upon their social existence. Let us descend to familiar subjects, and sketch for the benefit of our non-continental readers, a Parisian dwelling. The French are much more exact than ourselves in their denominations of things, whether physical or metaphysical, every material object has its own specific appellation. Thus the term *maison*, which we translate *house*, has in reality a very different signification from that which we too freely attach to it. A *maison* in Paris consists of a huge pile, resembling in some respects one of our own theatres or public buildings, of which the whole of the ground floor, or *rez-de-chausée*, is occupied by shops, and having one common entrance in the centre; this entrance varies according to the size and structure of the entire building. In large *maisons* it is termed a *porte cochère*, admits a carriage, and conducts into a *cour*, or court-yard, in the centre of the building. In the smaller sort of habitation the entrance

is termed a *porte bâtarde*, is not a carriage way, and the building is without a *cour* in its interior. The whole erection is frequently of prodigious size, rising to five, six, or even seven stories; each of which is capable of accommodating one family, or sometimes even two, who live thus piled one above the other to an appalling elevation. Each stage is denominated an *apartement;* and it is this term which answers specifically to our English word "house." To be seeking an *apartement* is to go through the agreeable occupation of house-hunting. In the better sort of houses a handsome staircase, shut in from the *porte cochère* by folding glass doors of polished oak scrupulously kept, and with bronzed or gilded balustrade, leads to the chief apartments as far as the fourth or fifth stage. To reach the heights above—literally sometimes in the clouds, for lightness often only built of lath and plaister, *quem tegula sola tuetur a pluvia* in winter, and in summer as hot as the *piombi* of a Venetian prison—a small stair is constructed leading out of the courtyard of the building and of the state of which in general perhaps the less that is said the better. It is sometimes almost appalling to contemplate from the outside the height of one of these vast and artificial abodes—*quod spatium tectis sublimibus*—and to think of the mass of human beings who are crowded within its walls and require to have their wants supplied throughout its various stages. It is a little world in itself, containing specimens of all ranks of society, from the *bourgeois* shopkeeper at its base, and the rich banker or high *fonctionaire* in its *premiers*, to the *Codrus* or something less respectable of its upper regions. These dwelling-places, with the "hotel" or private mansion of the grandee or ambassador, are the usual abodes of Parisian life. At the entrance of this Noah's ark, in a tiny room under the *porte cochère*, lives a being, the peculiarities of whose race have been a subject for the pen of many a French humorist, and who form a class apart as a distinct variety of the French species. This is the modern *Concierge* or *Suisse* of the old régime; the spy of the suspicious landlord or *propriétaire*, the confederate of thievish servants, the detailer of gossip respecting every family residing under his custody; in short the bane and drawback, the pest, except in rare and fortunate exceptions, of residence in a French *apartement*. But we can neither afford nor condescend to descend to details, otherwise we could "a tale unfold" of the delinquencies to which this portion of

the French creation lies most obnoxious. To complete our sketch we should add as an important fact in domestic manners that French servants live altogether in the fifth, sixth, or seventh stories of such a pile as we have described, consequently very much removed from the control and sight of their masters, and exposed to the many temptations of such removal and such assemblage. Compare this now, with the snugness and privacy of an English residence, and say whether two things called by the same names of "house" and "home," could well differ more in essentials from each other. It was once our lot to travel in the tropics. We remember our surprise at first sight of a tropical "house;" a nearly equally correct idea would have been conveyed by denominating it an "umbrella."

THE

National Miscellany.

PUBLIC PICTURE GALLERIES.

We have a National Gallery. Without criticising this national affair, this "National Miscellany" as it might be called, it is satisfactory to contemplate the multitude of persons below what are termed in circulars "the nobility and gentry" who pass annually through the rooms and gaze about them on a holiday with more or less discernment as the case may be. Freed from the shilling tax that almost all English sight-seers have to bear in the majority of "sights," probably the idea that there is no harm in going in and just having a look where there is nothing to pay, operates on the number of the annual cavalcade. A cheap "lion," an untaxed amusement, always tells: a gratuitous lion who opens his mouth for nothing, and rattles no money-box in our face, is so rare a phenomenon in the British Isles that we are not surprised to see the frugal citizens giving the utmost encouragement to so rare and so generous a show. Whatever, however, the motive, we doubt not that even upon those who enter the gallery simply from the fact that it is a place of economical entertainment, some trace is left, something taught and learnt, something of improvement made in taste or feeling, and to take lower ground, some ideas gained, if they belong to certain classes of artificers, for their own trade and occupation.

But, whatever the influence of the National Gallery, as London is not yet everywhere, (though we allow it is doing its best to grow into a vast ubiquity,) there are large masses of people who have never crossed the threshold of

this bountiful exhibition. The folks of Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and other large towns which are from their particular kinds of trade peculiarly interested in pictorial art, have no opportunity of seeing any good pictures whatsoever. There are no open galleries for them, no cheap enjoyment of works of art, no gratuitous survey of the great "Masters." They sniff a certain sort of idea of the "Masters" from engravings good and bad, which occasionally appear in the print-shops, and nothing but these colourless copies of the real works (some of them excellent as engravings) do they ever look upon their whole lives through. Perhaps in the neighbourhood there is some "private collection," some great house glorying in this most excellent furniture; and perhaps the owner, whether a nobleman or wealthy commoner, on certain days kindly opens his house to a certain quota of the public who, under some form of restriction or other, are able to get tickets. And then as this great house is a few miles off, (supposing the ticket got,) and the butler, the most expensive of showmen by the bye, waiting to open the doors of the private gallery, there is a vehicle to be had, a Johnny Gilpin expedition to be made, from which many a mind forced into greater frugality even than the Gilpins, is obliged to shrink. Thus private galleries after all do not yield to the bulk of the provincial population any glimpse at all of the higher works of art.

We are far from designing to cast the faintest shadow of blame upon the owners of these private galleries. It is preposterous to expect them to admit a free concourse of all sorts of people into mere private houses. We can only expect a select corps of the vast army of town populations to get admittance into the limited space of mere private rooms. In this dirty climate we cannot suppose that private persons should let long files of splashed pedestrians tramp muddily through the best apartments. There is a great deal of kindliness and generosity in the mass of those who have good galleries; there is a certain feeling among them that the ownership of such goods and treasures involves them in the exercise of a certain hospitality, (if we may use the term where there is nothing to eat or drink,) a certain keeping of open house to sight-seers. They feel that in such possessions, somehow or other, the community has

an interest and a part, that a good picture, though legally their own private property, is morally a sort of public property, a gift to mankind at large, an heir-loom for the wide family of man, that they are but the honoured guardians of it, having as their reward the daily use and study of it, the constant perusal of it on their walls. The stewardship is on the whole honourably fulfilled. Great pictures are a sort of general possession; the great Masters are teachers of the world; their works are poems, like Shakspeare, for all the world to read, only written in colour; they are "songs without words," and yet articulate and eloquent enough, composed not as a sort of family or chamber music, but rather like Oratorios to be widely listened to.

This view has been acted upon to a great extent by the owners of private galleries; perhaps the doors might be in many cases opened wider still as the intelligence and good bearing of the people have strikingly improved, and as they have ceased to hack and touch everything they see; but after all we cannot make them galleries "for the million," while "the million" we believe would be right glad to have instruction from the prophets of the brush, and to look on the great and noble works of art which would give them such high and pure enjoyment. As we feel the need of Public Libraries, so do we feel the need of Public Picture Galleries in our great cities: Liverpool, Bristol, Manchester, Edinburgh and Dublin, should have their well-filled galleries; and we see no reason why their foundation should not at once be attempted on however small a scale at first, however slight the beginning. There would be the principle of growth contained in the gift of a single picture offered for the public good; picture would draw picture after it, gift lead to gift, till room would have to be added to room, and bare walls would be made to glow with many an excellent possession. To begin is to succeed; and we can only hope that these few lines of our own may like a match set fire to some patriotic minds who have the power and means of effectually taking up the cause.

It is almost needless to enumerate the advantages that would spring from the foundation of such galleries ever open in the heart of our great towns. They would, we believe, first of all greatly forward the formation of a

school of English painting, and instead of the desultory imperfect training, the meagre opportunities of studying the great exemplars which many of our native geniuses have had, many a youthful pencil would be drawn forth and guided into a right direction from the first, many a "gift" of painting would be used.

And apart from the value of these scattered studios in advancing the growth and development of English painters, we would take a still more general view, and place Public Picture Galleries among the best and highest of popular enjoyments and popular sights, which it is so necessary and so wise to provide for a town population. It is no slight matter to have good town pleasures, and especially such as are of an elevating kind. Even if we suppose much more done than is done in providing out-of-door places of relaxation, such as parks and gardens, still in this rainy foggy climate of ours we want some in-door recreations too.

There is of course very high ground that may rightly be taken as regards pictures, for it is remarkable that the highest works of art are the most religious. Sacred pictures are a sort of painted sermons of a very powerful and affecting kind; much practical divinity is learnt from the silent eloquence of those sublime productions which teach from the instructive walls. We know that even a print from Mant's Bible clings to a child and acts upon it for life. The power of pictures as a sort of mute divines, mute indeed but having "a voice among them," is marvellously great, and Christian truths which preachers fail to enforce, often strike home and leave even lasting impressions when taught by lips that speak from canvass.

Passing on from high ground like this, to lesser but not unimportant points, we must remember the great value which Picture Galleries would exercise in the formation of taste among those whose bread and whose advancement depend on taste. All the variety of designers, whether in tea-trays, or gowns, or room-papers, or pottery, of things great and small, requiring beauty whether of form or colour, all the scholars of schools of design, would be greatly benefited by intimate acquaintance with good Galleries. And the time has come when England must advance in taste. She has in the last few years begun to advance in

this direction; it is time to advance still more; and so strongly do we feel the importance of having a well-instructed class of designers, well exercised in the study of the beautiful, that we believe the great manufacturers, whether in the Potteries, or in Birmingham, or in Manchester, would only be playing into their own hands and adding to their own coffers, were they, simply for commercial reasons, to unite together in forming at certain centres collections of good pictures free to all. It would be, not a patriotic act, but a safe investment for themselves, a wise outlay of capital; and as in agricultural commerce draining does not at once make gold grow upon the fields, yet the return is sure, and great at last; so in commerce the investment we are speaking of would pay at last; English manufactures of all sorts must not only be good in texture, they must be tasteful too; coarse, ill-formed, awkward designs, will not pay; we must aim at commercial supremacy not only in make and material, but in shape, proportion, colour; and no designer has completed his education until he has studied the very highest works of art, though perhaps his after life may be devoted to tea-trays.

Having furnished a good bunch of reasons for the formation of Public Picture Galleries, we must content ourselves with expressing the hope that some one great example may be set; some one great effort made in some one place. Public spirit may draw the strings of some purses, while commercial interest may draw the strings of others, so that between the two a good fund may be raised, a good start made, and something not only talked or written about, but *done.*

POEMS BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

DAVID BOGUE, 86, Fleet-street, London, 1852.

IF there be any land under the sun in which it would be folly not to enjoy and make the most of a bright Spring morning, while waiting to see how the day will turn out, it is surely this England of ours, with its fitful skies and veering winds. And if there ever were a poet concerning whom it were profitless to cast the day's horoscope whilst he is pouring out upon us the full glory of his morning sunshine, it is Alexander Smith. Since Chatterton and Keats never did the first mowings of a song-field yield so rich and heavy a crop of Spring grass, all sweet with wild flowers, in which the bees lie drunk and buried, even till the piling up of the haycock. A grass growth, mind you: nothing more as yet: something very sweet to smell, and tumble on, and bask in beneath the sunshine—no store of underground wealth as yet, and slow-swoln root-crops—no ripe harvest of yellow waving corn, staff of a nation's life. A young poet altogether is Alexander Smith, not knowing much, having much to learn, feeling intensely, passionately, and trilling out his feelings far up in cloudland, like one of those very larks who wing their flight so constantly across his pages—six times for instance in one piece of fourteen pages, entitled "An Evening at home." We do not reckon the lark our greatest of songsters, but are there not times in our lives, and places on God's earth, wherein we would not exchange him, such as he is, for all the nightingales that hymn the dark? He does not sing for us, he does not heed us, flying aloft as if to strike the very sun—lost often to our feeble sight, his song even borne away by the rush of the breeze for a moment, and then returning upon us again, stopping suddenly may be as the bird drops plumb down to his nest, where, if we catch sight of him, he is only a grey common looking bird after all.

We seem to have been tempted on from image to image by the very nature of our subject. Mr. Smith makes his Walter say of himself and a friend—

> "our chief joy
> Was to draw images from every thing;
> And images lay thick upon our talk
> As shells on ocean sands."

And such indeed is the character of his poetry. It is so full of images that the very freshness of it seems sometimes hid, as when the Spring flowers sometimes hide the greenness of the grass, and after taking the eye for a while with delight by the brilliancy of their colours, end by palling it, and send it wandering aside to

rest itself in some nook of blossomless foliage, or may be even on some quiet patch of plain brown earth. All this is youth, mere exuberance of youth. Never growl at flowers because there are too many of them to please your fastidious eye. Only the stems that bear them and the bees that suck them know how little time they last.

The lines we have quoted shew, we think, plainly enough what Mr. Alexander Smith has yet been about. He has been occupied with what after all is but the outside of poetry, the "drawing images from everything." He has picked up his images as a child gathering "shells on ocean sands." No matter whether the shells were from far or near, whether perfect or broken, whether with live habitants or dead, as the seas have borne them, so he takes them.

"Oh! could I lift my heart into her sight
As an old mountain lifts its martyr's cairn
Into the pure sight of the holy heavens!"

"She was the sun, I was that *squab* (!!) the earth."

"where yonder church
Stands up to heaven, as if to intercede
For sinful hamlets scatter'd at its feet."

"Now am I joyful, as storm-batter'd dove
That finds a *perch* (!) in the Hesperides."

"With what a soothing came the naked moon!
She, like a swimmer who has found his ground,
Came rippling up a silver strand of cloud,
And plunged from the other side into the night."

"when the dumb dark earth
Lay on her back (!!!) and watch'd the shining stars."

"Eternity doth wear upon her face
The veil of time."

"When the heart-sick earth
Turns her broad back (!) upon the gaudy sun."

"Like the dim scent within the budded rose
A joy is folded in my heart."

"I
Would have to wander outside of all joy
Like Neptune in the cold." (!!)

"When first we love
Our souls are clad with joy, as if a tree
All winter-bare had on a sudden leapt
To a full load of blooms."

Is it possible to conceive a greater contrast than between these different sets of images which we have paired, a good and a bad

one together, with a most charming one for a wind up; the good ones indeed gathered almost at random, the bad somewhat carefully weeded out? Is it possible to imagine anything more purely detestable than the bad ones? Fancy comparing the earth to an unfledged pigeon as towards the sun! Fancy the sublime contempt for the earth's rotundity, implied in the twice repeated image of the earth "lying on her back," "turning her broad back upon the sun!" Fancy, to crown all, "Neptune in the cold!" What, indeed, this can possibly mean we do not pretend to guess. If Mr. Smith had pictured to us Neptune in *a* cold, with red nose and dripping rheum, we might have understood the idea, being that way guided by our reminiscences of Verrio and other decorators, French and English, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To labour under influenza is indeed to "wander outside of all joy," and the influenza of a sea-god must be something awful. But why Neptune should choose *the* cold to wander through, seeing the vast expanse of his realm, and particularly that now-a-days he only condescends to hob-nob with mankind on the line, and never, except at Christmas in pantomimes, on this side of the tropics, is really more than we can explain.

Here is another image so far-fetched that we have barely been able to understand it:—

> "We will return
> Ere thrice the day, like a great bird of light,
> Flies 'cross the dark and hides it with his wings."

We have at twilight seen such a thing as a bird high-flying, and illumined by the last slanting beams of the sun, already below our horizon, and we presume that it is to such an appearance Mr. Smith alludes. But he is not so choice in his images as that he can fairly expect his readers not to stumble over the seeming absurdity of the idea, which a little more care would have elaborated into meaning. We extract another, as to which Mr. Smith's future career alone will shew whether it was a mere accident of bad taste or an utmost boldness of genius.

> "Would she but love me, I would live for her!
> Were she plain night, *I'd pack her with my stars.*"

Young Shakspeare might have written such a line, or Nat. Lee, the madman. It is a bad sign that "star-packed" occurs elsewhere.

We have dwelt upon this luxuriant flower-growth of images at greater length perhaps than it deserves in itself, lest Mr. Smith should continue to think, as he seems to do now, that images are poetry instead of the mere deckings of it. There are men who have thought so, and who have remained all their lives as barren as a peach-tree in a cold English summer; the blossoming may have been ample, but the fruit is nothing. Look at Bailey; where will you find a more abundant crop of the mere outward flowers of

poetry than in Festus? where will you find a so-called poem more unworthy of the name? And indeed the "Life Drama" not seldom reminds one of that work, not only on account of this profusion of imagery, but also by reason of the haziness of its outlines and the vagueness of its purpose, though without, on the one hand, any of the variety of scenery and character, and the command of rhyme, and on the other, without that intense conceit and maudlin affectation of pretended purity, which make Festus at once so striking and so intolerable. The "Life Drama" is more of a poem than "Festus," but very little more. It is almost incredible how much of outward ornament has been bestowed on so flimsy a web as that of its story. A young would-be poet falls in love with, and is beloved by, a lady already engaged to an old man. She dies a few months after her marriage in accordance, it would seem, with her previous prophecy to that effect; after bestowing his affection for some while upon her child, (we may be mistaken here, but really the poet is very hazy,) who dies also, he falls in love in after years with another lady, and in the midst of their love, it would seem, (hazy again,) leaves her to plunge into dissipation. Then he writes a great poem full of repentance, and the lady seeks him out again to make him happy.

All this, it will be seen at once, is crude and incoherent enough in itself, and by no means less so in the working out, and not very high-toned withal. The poem is called a "life drama," and is evidently intended to sketch over a great lapse of years. But what Walter is doing with himself during the greater part of that time it is impossible to guess. There is something indeed in a soliloquy about his going to India, meeting a lion in a desert, and seeing "princes charioted by leopards" (does Mr. Smith really believe this to be an actual Indian four in hand?) but to no apparent purpose. Beyond this, that he is painted at first as thirsting for fame, and at last as rather sickened with it, there is scarcely any development of his character, and you might transpose the order of nearly the whole volume without making its contents any the more or less like truth. Not only is there very little development of character, but very little discrimination of it also, and there is perhaps not one of the personages (at least of the same sex) that might not say every word of what is said by every other. One of them, Charles, is a mere walking gentleman. Another, Edward, who seems at first sight to have more individuality, bears with most philosophical complacency the being supplanted by Walter in the love of Violet. And yet that Mr. Smith should have the power of discriminating character, may be judged from the following sketch—the ripest thing in the volume—a rich ear of golden corn strangely grown up amid the luxuriant herbage:

> "I'll shew you one who might have been an abbot
> In the old time; a large and portly man,

With merry eyes, and crown that shines like glass.
No thin-smiled April he, bedript with tears,
But appled Autumn, golden cheek'd and tan;
A jest in his mouth feels sweet as crusted wine.
As if all eager for a merry thought,
The pits of laughter dimple in his cheeks.
His speech is flavorous, ever more he talks
In a warm, brown, autumnal, sort of style.
A worthy man, Sir! who shall stand at compt
With conscience white, save some few stains of wine."

Imperfect and vague as are the characters, the scenes in which they are introduced are equally so. The opening one, at least that in which the action commences, seeing that the period is the 19th century, and that Violet is even localized in Bedfordshire, is purely childish. Fancy a young lady, engaged to be married to an old man in a month, running a race with a tame fawn in a forest, and finding a young poet asleep under an oak tree, with whom she falls to at once talking, repeating verses, and making rendezvous! Yet amidst all this incoherence there are two scenes of remarkable beauty and power, sharp chiselled work of a true artist; the one, which has been much quoted, between Walter and a ruined girl on a bridge at midnight; the other, in which Walter, speaking with one of "my peasants," dilates upon the wretchedness of life, and the old man upon God's goodness;

SCENE V.

Walter wandering down a rural lane. Evening of the same day as Scene IV.

WALTER.

SUNSET is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying sun, whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she haled by winged swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot wheels;
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-lidded Sleep,
Brainful of dreams as summer hive with bees,
And round her in the pale and spectral light
Flock bats and grisly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west;
Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope;
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.

Unrest! unrest! the passion-panting sea
Watches the unveil'd beauty of the stars,
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth.

Heaven yearns in stars, down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

[*A child runs past. Walter looks after her.*

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being,
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee;
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
Thou later revelation! silver stream
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe,
What wilt thou be hereafter? Why should man
Perpetuate this round of misery,
When he has in his hand the power to close it?
Let there be no warm hearts, no love on earth—
No Love! No Love! Love bringeth wretchedness.
No holy marriage. No sweet infant smiles.
No mothers bending o'er the innocent sleep
With unvoiced prayers and with happy tears.
Let the whole race die out, and with a stroke,
A master-stroke, at once cheat death and hell
Of half their enormous revenues.

WALTER.

[*Approaches a cottage, a peasant sitting at the door.*

One of my peasants. 'Tis a fair eve.

PEASANT.

Ay, Master
How sweet the smell of beans upon the air!
The wheat is earing fairly. We have reason
For thankfulness to God.

WALTER.

[*Looking upward.*

We have great reason,
For He provides a balm for all our woes;
He has made Death. Thrice blessed be His name.

PEASANT.

He has made heaven.

WALTER.

To yawn eternities.
Did I say death? O God, there is no death.
When our eyes close we only pass one stage
Of our eternal being. Your hand, my friend,
For thou and I are sharers in one doom;
We are immortal, and must bear such woe
That could it light on God, in agony
He'd pay down all His stars to buy the death
He doth deny us. Dost thou wish to die?

PEASANT.

I trust in God to live for many years,
Although with a worn frame and with a heart
Somewhat the worse for wear.

WALTER.

O fool! fool! fool!
These hands are brown with toil; that brow is seam'd,
Still you must sweat and swelter in the sun,
And trudge, with feet benumb'd, the winter's snow,
Nor intermission have until the end.
Thou canst not draw down fame upon thy head,
And yet would cling to life! I'll not believe it;
The faces of all things belie their hearts,
Each man's as weary of his life as I.
This anguish'd earth shines on the moon—a moon.
The moon hides with a cloak of tender light,
A scarr'd heart fed upon by hungry fires.
Black is this world, but blacker is the next;
There is no rest for any living soul:
We are immortals, and must bear with us
Through all eternity this hateful being;
Restlessly flitting from pure star to star,
The memory of our sins, deceits, and crimes,
Will eat into us like a poison'd robe.
Yet thou canst wear content upon thy face
And talk of thankfulness! O die, man, die!
Get underneath the earth for very shame.

[*During this speech the child draws near; at its close her father presents her to Walter.*

Is this thy answer?

[*Looks at her earnestly.*

O my worthy friend,
I lost a world to-day and shed no tear;
Now I could weep for thee. Sweet sinless one!
My heart is weak as a great globe, all sea.
It finds no shore to break on but thyself:
So let it break."

[*He hides his face in his hands, the child looking tearfully up at him.*

Mr. Smith's style is, on the whole, remarkably wholesome and Saxon; Latin words he instinctively shrinks from for the most part, or uses them with that nice choice of place which marks the true poet.

"A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As ghost-like, from the dim and trembling sea
Starts the completed moon."

Nothing can be statelier here than this word in *-ation*, in spite of the prosaic character of the termination itself. It stands here like that which Mr. Ruskin has shewn to be an element of true grandeur—a great blank wall in a broken-up façade or view.

On the other hand, Mr. Smith (though much less of an offender

in this respect than the author of Festus) is far too fond of useless neologisms, often purely barbarous. Two offences of this kind are of perpetual recurrence, "riched" and "wildered." Now both these are essentially worse words and less poetic than enriched and be-wildered. The Norman prefix *en* almost invariably adds to our verbs something of that pleasant outlandish Chaucer-like character which all true Norman words have with us, as opposed to Latin. The Saxon prefix *be-* is still more easy and idiomatic, and never does otherwise than improve a word. What a difference in intensity between '*be*loved' and 'loved.' "Wildered" might have been passed over once or twice for rhythm's sake, and under favour of a prefixed' (which is however always better avoided), but to write it over and over again, as if it were *the* word to use, is a gross piece of bad taste and worse English. Here are a handful more of glaring faults of this description:

> "Filling all the abysses dim
> Of *lornest* space."

> "Do not the royal souls that *van* the world
> Hunger for praises?"

To 'van' in English means to 'fan.' It cannot mean to lead, because van-guard is the French avant-garde; and the French preposition "avant" can no more be made into an English verb than its English translation "before." Any one must feel what a monstrosity would be the verb "to before."

> "rises up, and swells, and *grandeurs*."

What an absolute and unmitigated barbarism! Without one single analogy with which to clothe its nakedness!

> "calm evenings *cawed* by clouds of rooks."

'Cawed' is clearly neuter. So,

> "Beside the *murmured* margent of the sea."

Here is a word, and a very bad one, invented for the nonce:

> "Among the oak trees old and *gnarry* (!!!)"

> "When the sun eternal
> Was sudden *blanched* with amethyst."

Does Mr. Smith know that "blanched" means "whitened?" Or does he suppose that the light of an amethyst is so intense as to whiten the sun?

Mr. Smith often manifests a curious contempt for articles, prepositions, and pronouns:

> (The) "most brilliant star upon the crest of Time
> Is England."

> "Art thou such denizen of" (the) "bookworld, pray?"

"Till at the very gates of" (the) "spirit world."

"I used to sing in" (the) "lap of summers dead."

"A fierce song leapt
From" (the) "cloud of his despair."

"Neighing" (to) "the reeling stars."

"And thus they know not what they stand so near" (to).

"Lady rouse" (thee).

The common fault of treating the archaic adjective "sheen," bright, as a form of the noun "shine,"—a fault which Mr. Tennyson (more shame for him) has indorsed by his example, occurs once or twice, as well as the more frequent solecism of "ye" in the objective case.

Here are a brace of solecisms.

"Shall he breathe life
Through every theme he *touch*" (touches).

"*There's* (there are) no pale fringes of thy fires to-night."

The accent is sometimes wholly false.

"And drank thy beauty with his *serene* eyes."

"Since my last look. How *hideous* this night."

"Hideous" is only a dissyllable.

. . . "And to its own high use, for *Poetry* is . . ."

"Poetry," on the contrary, is clearly trisyllabic, except in its Irish form "pothry."

The scansion of a line like the following is a riddle we are quite unable to solve.

. . . "Be th' oceaned world, and although his road . . ."

Is it intended to be read thus!

"Be th' oceaned wor-ruld, and although his road."

The following is dreadfully jolting metre—

"Ye men, ye critics, seem'st so very fit . . ."

"But never reach 't—Critic let that soul moan."

Such lines as these remind one of nothing but a most incongruous image of Mr. Smith's order, where he says—

"Earth was a round of bliss,
I seemed to walk on thrones."

Prince Schwartzenburgh said, "we can do any thing with bayonets, except sit upon them." A poet may do much with thrones, but he would find them very rough walking.

These are other examples of absurdly inapt images.

"I'll wing me through creation like a bee,
And *taste the gleaming spheres*" (!)

"And on thy beauty *feed as on a star*" (!!)

The mixture of the singular and plural in the personal pronoun and possessive adjective of the second person is an unpardonable piece of carelessness—

"Here lean *thy* head,
Now *you* will feel my heart leap 'gainst *thy* cheek."

"*You* kissed me then. I worshipped at *thy* feet. . . ."

At times our high singing skylark, as we have said, falls suddenly to the ground, and his bright poetry then becomes the very baldest prose:

"Home returned from realms barbaric,
By the shores of Loch Lubraig,
A dear friend and I were walking;
('Twas the Sabbath) we were talking
Of dreams and feelings vague."

"My heart is in the grave with her—
The family went abroad." (!!!)

Is it possible that such stuff as this can have fallen from the pen of one who could write a passage like the following, which can never be too often quoted:—

"The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this; the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
In winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits
And half its beauty; and when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and quits the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-wither'd flowers. I love and pity it."

Mr. Smith has yet to learn by slow experience and earnest toil the truth of the old Horatian line about the difficulty of aptly saying common things.

Other faults, less of detail, consist in the constant repetition of the same thoughts and images, and the limited range of those images themselves, as well as of the very themes of the author. He seems, as the critic of the "Spectator" truly said, to have no idea as yet of any other human relations than those between young men and beautiful young girls. In his images, the moon, the stars, the earth, the seas, are always recurring; the one idea of the sea as the bridegroom of the shore, so gracefully worked out in the passage we have quoted is repeated *ad nauseam.*

Certain words also occur like catchwords. We have already referred to the word "lark." "Spheres" are in every page almost in the same manner. "Peaches" occur repeatedly, with a sensuousness that recalls poor Keats' ecstacies about swallowing a nectarine. All this marks want of finish, imperfect artistic conscience, self-gratulation upon one's own fund of word-wealth, limited though it be.

And yet the style has in it all the elements of a wholesome and manly one. It is far less cloyed with adjectives than might be expected, or than is wont with poets of Mr. Smith's stage of intellectual growth. Not that we are disposed altogether to exclude adjectives, though there is no truer test of real poetry than either its being poetry when written without epithets, or its remaining so when these have been as much as possible stripped off. Adjectives are the colouring of poetry, and we shall always be a colourist nation. Colour seems indeed the privilege of misty skies and watery lands. Look at Venice, look at the Netherlands, look at our own exhibitions. But if adjectives are colour, nouns are form, and verbs are movement, action. Mr. Smith both chooses his nouns rightly and racily, and wields his verbs sharply and strikingly. For instance,

> "He was, methinks, like that pale flower that comes
> Amid the nips and gusts of churlish March,
> Drinking pale beauty from sweet April's tears,
> Dead on the hem of May."

Cut out every adjective, though all are well chosen; and what remains will still be true poetry, owing chiefly to the apt choice of nouns; "nips," "gusts," "hem."

Here is a magnificent line, owing to one verb which makes it all alive;

> "She rose, and *stabbed* him with her angry eyes."

And again,

> "Wilt thou sing my love,
> And *sadden* me into a deeper joy."

Again,

> "Has music *stung* you like a very snake."

Again,

"The terror-stricken rain
Flings itself wildly on the window pane."

Again,

"He *foamed* at God, and died."

Each of these verbs, "sadden," "sting," "flings," "foamed," is a whole action in itself. There is more promise in one such than in a whole page of luscious adjectives.

We are far from having had all our say, but our space warns us to conclude. Some will think that we have dealt harshly with a clerk in a Glasgow counting-house who has only once seen the sea. Why pick out any blemish, will it be said? Why make no allowances for want of opportunities, want of education? We venture to think that in shewing ourselves unsparing to his faults, we are not only dealing most kindly with himself, but most respectfully. We have long thought that blame the most caustic, the most unfounded, if only conscientious, is really less insolent than praise the most lavish, given only for the sake of praising. To find fault with a man for every apparent error, is to assume that he is on the right road. To praise him for every beauty is rather to imply that he is on the wrong one. We have not chosen to deal with Mr. Alexander Smith as with a poor half-educated city clerk, but as with a true poet, full of the richest promise. When we have done this for his own sake we are entitled to say to the public, "Good public," good poetry-reading, and above all, good poetry-scribbling public! match for us, if you can, the teeming wealth of this young soul. Think how bright and mighty it must be to pierce through the thick fog of Mammonite trade which surrounds him, with such prismatic glow, with beams of such golden splendour. Since Keats, the wonderful 'Pothecary, there has not certainly been sent you any such marvel. But Keats at least, though pent up in towns, knew the country well; Alexander Smith seems scarcely to know of any bird between a lark and a peacock, or of any plant between a daisy and an oak; all he knows about is the air, and the rain, and the sun, and the stars, and the moon, and the once seen, ever-remembered sea. Considering how few are the singers, what a wondrous concert do these six make up in his heart and brain. Of the stars he tells you himself under the pseudonym of his Walter at p. 154.

"I love the stars too much, the tameless sea
Spreads itself out beneath them, smooth as glass.
You cannot love them, lady, till you dwell
In mighty towns; immured in their black hearts
The stars are nearer to you than the fields.
I'd grow an atheist in these towns of trade
Were't not for stars. The smoke puts heaven out;
I meet sin-bloated faces in the streets

And shrink as from a blow. I hear wild oaths,
And curses spilt from lips that once were sweet,
And seal'd for heaven by a mother's kiss.
I mix with men whose hearts of human flesh
Beneath the petrifying touch of gold
Have grown as stony as the trodden ways.
I see no trace of God, till in the night,
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,
He doth reveal Himself to me in heaven.
My heart swells to Him as the sea to the moon;
Therefore it is I love the midnight stars."

And again, p. 190.

"I could have sworn the world did sing in air,
I was so happy once. The eagle drinks
The keen blue morning, and the morn was mine.
I bathed in sunset, and to me the night
Was a perpetual wonder and an awe.
Oft, as I lay on earth and gazed at her,
The gliding moon with influence divine
Would draw a most delicious tide of tears
And spill it o'er my eyes. Sadness was joy
Of but another sort."

But, more than in Keats, there is with him amidst all his sensuousness, and beneath the absolute intoxication with the beauty of that nature which yet he has only seen, as it were, by side glimpses, the instinct of a purpose, the sense of a life's duty. Let us close our review with the lines that close his own Life Drama, when Violet has restored her lover to calm happiness.

"I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
But in the armour of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
I've learnt to prize the quiet lightning-deed
Not the applauding thunder at its heels
Which men call Fame. Our night is past;
We stand in precious sunrise, and beyond
A long day stretches to the very end.
Look out, my beautiful, upon the sky!
Even puts on her jewels. Look, she sets,
Venus upon her brow. I never gaze
Upon the evening but a tide of awe,
And love, and wonder, from the Infinite,
Swells up within me, as the running brine
From the smooth-glistening, wide-heaving sea,
Flows in the creeks and channels of a stream
Until it threats its banks. It is not joy,
'Tis sadness more divine.

VIOLET.

How quick they come,—
World after world! See, the great moon above
Yon undistinguishable clump of trees,
Is slowly from the darkness gathering light!
You used to love the moon!

WALTER.

This mournful wind
Has surely been with winter, 'tis so cold.
The dews are falling, Violet! your cloak,
Draw it around you. Let the still night shine.
A star's a cold thing to a human heart,
And love is better than their radiance. Come!
Let us go in together."

May he live to answer to his own picture, and to reign over us as one of the very lords of Christian song. May he take higher and nobler flights, and learning more of Christian truth, of that purity of tone and spirit which becomes the poet as a teacher of the truth, take that high place among true bards which his natural gifts qualify him to fill.

THE PAWNBROKER'S WINDOW.

I CAN seldom see a pawnbroker's shop without stopping to study the window with its confusing, its bewildering variety of goods. "How," I ask myself, "how can all those things have come here? How came that silk gown to be so closely acquainted with that tea-tray? What brought those satin shoes into such intimacy with those plated nut-crackers? How have all these discordant elements, these unharmonious wares, these representatives of all kinds of tastes, necessities, habits, and modes of life, come to be stuffed and jumbled together in such strange unnatural friendships?" "Adversity makes strange bedfellows;" that window is full of biographies, of lives, of histories of men, aye, and of sad histories too. No shop-window has so much to tell. What care I for the cheesemonger's, the grocer's, the upholsterer's, or, fair lady, for the silk mercer's, with its rich delicate wares, that only tell me there is so much finery for the rich and so many rich customers for the finery? That long row of cheeses merely discloses the number of strong digestions in the neighbourhood which are able to make trial of their strength. The upholsterer's, with endless chairs and endless sofas, opens out no page of life; there are no histories there. But look along the pawnbroker's crowded panes, with the flutes and backgammon board, the tea-caddy and telescope, the pocket handkerchiefs and lockets, the family Bible and the brooches, the coral rattle and the Gazeteer. Ah! that medley of things tells me as plainly as if it could speak, "Want brought us here, we have come from many homes, north, south, east, and west; we have seen hard times; I, and I, and I, could tell you a good deal before I was packed off." No doubt,—I believe you; that toast-rack, that fiddle, that faded green shawl, could be very talkative, woefully communicative. These things were not parted with as easily and pleasantly as the farmer sent off his batch of cheese for the cheesemonger; they did not come easily here; there was many a tug at the very heart before some of them could be wrenched from their accustomed place.

Look, for instance, at the backgammon board. Once upon a time it had its place on the bright mahogany side-table in the parlour of a small baker in a back street. But alas! one day the bank broke in which the baker's hard-earned savings had just been placed, the very bank that everybody said was as a sort of Bank of England in itself; and then besides this, his boy Charlie, that lame boy that used to be the friend of the organist, and sang so sweetly in church, had a long illness which consumed the profits of whole batches of bread for the doctor's bill. And then the flour factor, thinking things were going on ill, became impatient for the payment of his account. It was sad work! The poor wife trotted forth to gather in small bills to make up the flour-factor's; but some would not pay till the end of the quarter, some paid and grumbled and hastily gave up the shop; and thus the business dwindled down in the struggle to stop the flour-factor's demands. It was hard work! Fresh flour was to be got; credit was low; the rent was due; all seemed against the baker.

What was to be done?

"Well," said the baker, "something must be done."

"So it must," said the wife in a sad tone.

"There's no money," said the baker.

"None," said the wife.

"Well then, what's to be done?"

"Why," said his wife, fidgeting in her chair, "we must turn something into flour;" she looked anxiously at her husband, and her husband anxiously at her.

"Yes," he answered, after a pause; and then he looked round the room, and his eye fell upon the urn, the state urn, that was only used on grand occasions like the lord mayor's coach. His wife's eye followed his.

"Must it go?" said his wife: "well, there's no help for it, James, is there?" He only rocked himself in his chair, and then again his eye went round the room and it fell on the backgammon board; so the backgammon board was doomed; and then the round glass over the chimney-piece with the peacock's feathers pushed in at the top.

"That's enough—that's enough," he exclaimed with a trembling voice.

"But then we needn't sell them;" said his wife eagerly,

as if some new thought had given her hope: "Can't we pawn the things; and then, James, perhaps a turn may come?"

"To be sure," answered the baker, "that's a good thought; we needn't quite lose them after all, only for a time, you know—only for a time." And then he smiled a little; it was not a very successful or well-managed smile, but still it made his wife smile; and hers perhaps was not a much better one, reminding one rather of what is called a "watery sun."

At this time the lame boy came home from practising with the organist; as he had limped along the streets he had had great thoughts about becoming an organist some day, and of his father becoming rich, and taking the great baker's shop in the main street, near them, and then of his playing at church for nothing. The boy's dream was over after a few words from his mother; the poor lad tried hard to suppress his feelings as he saw his father and mother were both distressed; but you might have seen his face twitch convulsively as he thought of the old backgammon board with which once a year, when his grandmother came from the country with her large nosegay and her heavy basket of apples, he was wont to play at draughts directly the candles were lighted in the little dark parlour behind the shop.

The next evening when Charlie had hobbled off to the beloved organ again, the baker's wife packed up the doomed goods with a heavy heart; and the baker, skulking out of his house as if he were doing something wrong, hurried into the streets in search of a pawnbroker's shop, which soon presented itself with its golden balls dangling over his head, like the sour grapes in the fable. His heart beat as he looked in nervously at the window, and then at the door; and then unable to enter he walked on to the next shop, and appeared to be examining the cheap sugar for 4d. a pound and the cheap tea; then he sidled back to the pawnbroker's, but his heart misgave him after all, and on he went. However, after a struggle, he mustered up fresh courage and stoutly resolved to enter the next pawnbroker's at whatever cost, arguing with himself like the boy with his medicine, who feels that "it might all have been over by this time," and that "it will not be easier to take an hour

hence." Another pawnbroker's was quickly reached, and the baker, tossing off as it were the bitter draught, rushed in and was soon out again with the money he had raised.

Alas! the money was but little; the tea-urn and backgammon board and round looking-glass converted into flour did not last long. On the baker toiled; on he toiled, just keeping his head above water; but there seemed no hope of redeeming the goods; nay, the time passed, and the backgammon board was put into the window for sale. There it is; the baker still hopes that something will turn up; his wife still tries to be hopeful too; poor Charlie often goes a round-about way to the organist to see if the backgammon board is sold. There it is this very day. Is there a glut of backgammon boards? Are draughts going out? Will Charlie and the grandmother again have their game, when the nosegay is fairly on the mantel-piece and the basket of apples safe in the cupboard? Who can say? What is that inquisitive looking fellow peering and prying into the window for? let him have the nut-crackers; let him have the time-piece, but not the backgammon board. I will not budge, Charlie; no, I will keep my ground; I will go on staring and staring into the window till I have counted every black square and white square twenty times over and tired the man out.

And what is this next to the backgammon board? It is a goodly tea-caddy with a blue sugar-glass in the middle, and then next to that again are half a dozen silver spoons tied by the legs in the shape of a fan. The tea-caddy with the blue sugar-glass and the spoons have their tale also. Poor Lucy Holden could tell us of the bright happy day when her aunt Jane brought home, the night before her marriage with John Hooper, that very tea-caddy. Then it was that the brown paper was unfolded, and the polished lid all fresh and new shewed her own fair face with a mahogany hue; then it was that she kissed her aunt warmly for her nice present, and then turned the key, which was a little stiff, so that John who was standing by had to help her in the task, and then behold the tea-boxes were chock full of tea, and the sugar looked blue through the blue glass; and then she again kissed her aunt and bade John say it was all beautiful, while the aunt smiled and sighed too; yes, she sighed too, for I should tell you that same John, a good-

looking comely man, had been given to drink, and the aunt, who knew something of life, had at one time tried hard to dissuade her favourite niece from the match; and when she failed in this, she urged her to wait till something like reformation was proved; but Lucy was wont to say, "Oh aunt, there is so much good in John, and he promises to give up the drink, and when he has a nice home and a loving wife, and when I talk to him and read to him at night, and when I stir up the fire and get the tea, and make it all cheerful and bright, I know he will give up those ways. And then I will coax him to church on Sunday, and have his best things ready, and he will look so nice, and we will walk arm in arm, and I have got a new Prayer-book for him, and then he will be quite changed—quite changed." Thus she ran on, poor, poor Lucy, and the aunt would wish and wish a thousand times that such a kind, trustful, hopeful heart, had found some worthier mate.

The marriage came on. Lucy Holden was John Hooper's wife; a neat little house, 14, Barton's Row, was nicely fitted up, and the tea-caddy was placed in the best room, and six silver spoons, the gift of John's mother, added to their worldly goods. All went well for a time. It was true that now and then John would "break out," as it was called; but Lucy thought it was quite "a chance thing," when the weather was hot. However, this "now and then" soon began to know the multiplication table. Poor Lucy strove hard to have all things nice after work, the bright fire, the tea, the best things on Sunday, the new Prayer-book; and then she would be so cheerful, so kind, so coaxing, but all would not do. She had married in the hope of reformation, like many before her, trusting in the influence of her own love, without waiting for proofs of reformation first; and now the course was all down hill; the money got less and less; poor Lucy pinched herself in the day to have all things nice at night, but it would not do; the house began to have a poorer look, and the fire was smaller, and the tea weaker, and Lucy's spirits, that used to brighten every thing, were lower. Alas, alas, her heart began to ache, that kind, good, over-trustful, over-hopeful heart; and then she gave birth to a little daughter, another Lucy; but though she hugged it to her breast as if it had some

mysterious power of comforting her, it was a sad time. Down, down, lower and lower, went their affairs, bills rose up, shop-keepers got fearful for payment, John was sometimes passionate, sometimes sullen and morose, seldom coming home to tea, and seldom sober when he did come home. At last one Sunday night, a slippery night in the winter, when the pavement was glazed with ice, he came reeling out of "the Green Dragon," and turning round the first corner fell heavily with his head against the lamp-post. A crowd soon gathered, the wretched man, covered with blood, was taken to the nearest house, his wife was sent for, a doctor hurried to his side, after a few minutes' examination of the wound he drew Lucy apart, and as gently as he could, told her she must prepare for the worst. That death-bed cannot be described, nor the wife's agony of grief. It was soon over, and their tale of woe so far told.

Let us pass on a few weeks. Those few weeks were years to Lucy's looks and spirits. She was now a thin, care-worn, broken-hearted woman; and yet she turned in that hour of affliction to the throne of grace. We will not however lift the veil from that spiritual portion of her life, we will turn to worldly affairs which had now to be settled. The good old aunt helped her to gather in all the bills, and to see how things stood; the account was heavily against her. Then it was agreed that the house was to be parted with, all but the furniture necessary for a lodging to be sold, and as even this failed to clear the bills, the old aunt taxed her purse to the uttermost to put matters straight. It was a sad bitter day when the little house, 14, Barton's Row, had to be left. The little child cried as they crossed the threshold for the last time, as if it knew what was going on.

And now Lucy was in her lodging, and after much thought it was agreed that she should set up a Day-School for little girls, so accordingly she got her uncle the schoolmaster to write in large letters the word "Day-School" on a sheet of paper, with a border round it, and then it was pasted on the lodging window. Ah! how poor Lucy's heart would flutter whenever she heard a foot at the door; "there is a scholar" she would say to herself, but perhaps it was only the washerwoman or some collector of the water-rate, or a stranger who had gone to the wrong door. At last three or four scholars came, but these only sufficed to

pay her bread, but not the quarter's rent. She had pressed hard upon her aunt; what was to be done? Necessity forced her to a bitter task. The six spoons and the tea-caddy were to be pawned;—pawned they were with tears, and when the poor widow returned home she threw herself on her knees and sobbed as if her heart would break; have the six spoons and the tea-caddy with the blue sugar-basin ever been redeemed? No, the poor widow still contrives to struggle on, just manages to live, but that is all; there is nothing left for redeeming goods after her bread is got. There are the things this very day that were once taken so happily, so hopefully to the little home in Barton's Row. I am looking on them now. Where they will be next who can tell? They have some changes yet to see.

Now many such tales, "ower true" tales of sorrow might be learnt from the window of a pawnbroker's shop. Oftentimes, vice, recklessness of expenditure, wild and riotous ways, have doubtless caused many of the goods of these crowded panes to be transported from their own proper home; in other cases reverse of fortune in no degree occasioned by vice. One point has often struck me, that in the higher class of these shops the goods have evidently come from persons in the middling class, not from the poor. And this leads me to think of the trials which these classes are often called upon to bear. I know no one for whom one's heart so instinctively bleeds, as for him of whom it is said that "he has seen better days." Probably such a one hides beneath some old best coat or some old silk gown, the real state of hardship which has to be borne. "To beg I am ashamed," is the motto of such men; they go on bearing and bearing without the knowledge of men, their increasing poverty, hoping against hope, still keeping up appearances, and, not coming under the designation of the poor, failing to share those charities which are dispersed among the lowest class of all. Yes, to have known better days, to be decayed, to be dropping comfort after comfort, to go down stairs in life, to see the summer friends slipping away, to have to be as the poor without being accustomed to poverty, without having become acclimated, so to speak, to the state of poverty,—this is a lot which claims the deepest sympathy. I like those old hospitals which in olden times were founded for the decayed, broken-down tradesmen.

It seems to smack more of the considerateness which characterizes true charity when we go in search of those who have gone through such transitions and such descents, than when we confine our help to those who have been used to the keen east wind of poverty.

NOTES AND EMENDATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

WHITTAKER and Co. 1853.

GREAT Newport street bids fair to become famous. We take it that many of our readers were as ignorant as ourselves of the existence of such a locality in the metropolis; and yet if they are lovers of Shakspeare, as of course they are, that quiet street will henceforth be not without considerable interest to them. From a bookseller's shop situated there in 1849, Mr. Collier, the well-known editor of Shakspeare, carried home an old folio edition (1632) of the great poet's plays and histories. Owing to certain circumstances it reposed unheeded on the shelf for some time; but having occasion to refer to it, Mr. Collier tells us, some time afterwards, to his surprise "he discovered that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a hand-writing of the time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, whilst on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous." To this corrected folio, so luckily hit upon, Mr. Collier introduces us in the volume above noticed; and certainly it is long since we have met with a book so universally interesting. It will perhaps be scarcely less heartily welcomed in Germany than amongst the great body of English readers of the dramatist scattered in all quarters of the globe. Many passages hitherto unintelligible, under the MS. emendations appear so plain, and the additions or alterations in general are so obvious, that a feeling of astonishment arises that they have never suggested themselves to any of the many thousands of vigorous minds intent upon Shakspeare for the purpose of correcting the text. This leads us to the obvious question, what authority can the unknown corrector claim for his emendations? Some alterations it is clear are needed in many places, for the sake of avoiding nonsense; and considering the inferiority of the printer's art in those days, and the mistakes of copyists, it is natural to suppose that many corruptions have crept into the text from these two causes. The corrections of such corruptions would in general recommend themselves at once, shewing plainly that the difficulty

has arisen from mistaking one word for another of similar sound, or more generally known, or again by that cause of frequent error mistaking the long s for f. Mr. Collier of course notices this question and answers it thus: "The first and best answer seems to be that which one of the most acute of the commentators applied to an avowedly conjectural emendation, that it required no authority, that it carried conviction on the face of it." It would be unreasonable to expect that this is the case with every one of the corrections of the old MS. folio; but with a few which we shall briefly notice, we think it is eminently so. Nor again can it be expected that every "tough passage" has been elucidated; for although our ancient friend lived probably in Shakspeare's time, there must even then have been many a crux for his readers, as we know is the case in the present day with divers living poets. Many of these obscure passages are passed over simply; e. g.

> "No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
> Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,"
>
> Henry IV. *Act* i. *scene* 1.

is left without note or comment. Mr. Knight proposes to read "mouth" instead of "entrance," which certainly seems to be the sense of the passage; but it is difficult to account for the intrusion of "entrance" into the text, on the grounds either of similarity of sound or appearance.

In a brief notice like this, it is totally impossible to enter at large into the contents of Mr. Collier's interesting volume; we must content ourselves with giving our critical readers a few specimens, in the hope of bespeaking their attention to the book itself.

Who does not know those charming lines in Midsummer Night's Dream, where the Fairy says

> "The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
> In their gold coats spots you see;" &c. ?

The corrections here proposed are a good sample of the rest. Mr. Collier remarks that there are two objections to this passage; firstly, that the cowslip is not "tall," and secondly, that the crimson spots are not on the "coat" of the flower, but at the bottom of the calyx, as Shakspeare himself has told us in "Cymbeline," act ii., scene 2. The alteration proposed is as follows:—

> "The cowslips *all* her pensioners be;
> In their gold *cups* spots you see:
> Those be rubies, fairy favours,
> In those freckles live their savours."

The alteration being strengthened, as the editor remarks, by the propriety of rubies as decorations for a golden chalice. This emendation, it will hardly be denied, carries conviction with it. We now get to a word which has given rise to much conjecture: it

occurs in Shylock's speech, (Merchant of Venice, act iv., scene 1,) where he says

> "As there is no firm reason to be rendered
> Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
> Why he a harmless necessary cat,
> Why he a *woollen* bagpipe"—

Why call a bagpipe *woollen?* because it is covered with cloth, some say. The epithet does not seem of that expressive sturdy sort that old Will likes, and some have proposed *wooden*, others *swollen*, with plausibility. The corrector's word, is neither of these, though of the same meaning as the latter suggestion; it is the old word *bollen*, meaning of course puffed out—so he reads

> "Why he a *bollen* bagpipe"—

The alliteration and the antiquity of the word itself certainly leads to the belief that it was the poet's word. An instance of a like use of this old verb, will readily occur to our readers, in Exodus ix. 31, where, in the description of the plague of hail, it is said, "and the flax and the barley was smitten; for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was *bolled*."

Though there is scarcely a place in the country that from some cause or other is not considered now-a-days as "classic ground," yet the local allusions of Shakspeare always have an interest peculiarly their own; not the less so in the following instance owing to its having been hitherto unsuspected. In the introduction to the Taming of the Shrew, Sly says

> "Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she knows me not: if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom."

The *sheer* ale was puzzling: some supposed it to be *shearing* ale, i.e., ale for the reapers or shearers, or it might be neat ale, or for ale alone. The MS. folio puts the passage right by telling us that "Warwick" was missed out before the *sheer* or *sheere*, and that Sly contended that Mrs. Hacket of Wincot was his creditor to the amount of fourteen pence for "*Warwickshire ale*."

In like manner another well-known place is alluded to in King Lear, where nobody suspected it. In act ii. sc. 2, Kent tells Oswald,

> "If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold I would make thee care for me."

Where's "Lipsbury" commentators ask. Not finding such a locality, some of them were driven to conjecture that it was "a cant phrase," not dissimilar perhaps to the "chancery" of pugilists. The whole difficulty nevertheless arose from a misprint: for Lipsbury read *Finsbury*, and the locality was well known to every individual of the audience. The borough of

Finsbury therefore, in addition to its many other honours, is also mentioned by Shakspeare.

Returning to the Taming of the Shrew, the old corrector presents us with one of the quietest and most important of all his notations. We must quote Mr. Collier, on act i. sc. 1: "Recollecting how many learned hands our great dramatist's works have passed through, it is wonderful that such a blunder as that we are enabled now to point out, should not have been detected and mentioned in print at least a century ago. Lucentio, attended by Tranio, having arrived at Padua to study in the University there, the servant thus addresses his master:

> "Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks I pray;
> Or so devote to Aristotle's *checks*,
> As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured."

What are "Aristotle's checks?" Undoubtedly a misprint for Aristotle's *ethics*, formerly spelt *ethicks*, and hence the absurd blunder. After this, "Aristotle's checks" we trust will sink into oblivion. It may be mentioned that Schlegel and Tieck in their translation take the text as it always stood and render "checks" by *Schelten*.

Falstaff's account of the company he joined with as a purse-taker tells us, he was

> "Joined with no sixpenny strikers.....but with nobility and *tranquillity:* burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in."

"Tranquillity" is unintelligible, and scarcely less so is "great oneyers." The MS. sets the passage right thus—

> "But with nobility and *sanguinity;* burgomasters, and *great ones—yes*, such as can hold in;"

and there can be little doubt that the corrections are just.

Take again the well-known passage in which Dame Quickly describes the death of Sir John, in Henry V. act ii. sc. 3. The passage as it originally stood in the old copies ran thus:

> "For his nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of green fields,"

words that might well defy the greatest critical acumen. The emendation proposed by Theobald, and since so popular, was

> "His nose was as sharp as a pen and a' babbled of green fields."

It is true there was no reason for supposing that Falstaff's infancy had been spent among daisies and buttercups, but still the emendation was so ingenious that, as Voltaire said of an Englishman's French, it certainly deserved to be correct. We must part with it nevertheless, the old MS. giving us instead,

> "For his nose was as sharp as a pen *on a table of green frieze*."

A thing no doubt Mrs. Quickly was perfectly conversant with in her daily task of putting a room "to rights," consequently a

natural simile. No doubt the passage, as the editor tells us, is "obviously corrupt," but we cannot part with it without lamenting over the loss of such a stock quotation for writers of all sorts as "a' babbled of green fields" has proved to be. It was but the other day indeed that this idea was quoted perhaps for the last time in a leader of the Times. It was very pretty and neat, but after all it was Theobald and not Shakspeare.

It may be worth mentioning that the German translators have adopted Theobald's fanciful emendation, and read, "denn seine nase war so spitz wie eine Schreib-feder, und er faselte von grünen Feldern."

Not to run the risk of anticipating the pleasure of our readers we must confine ourselves to one more instance of the old corrector's happy efforts. It is from Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 2. Romeo, speaking of the moon and apostrophizing Juliet, says,—

> "Be not her maid, since she is envious;
> Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
> And none but fools do wear it."

The MS. folio corrects this, and reads the passage:

> "Her vestal livery is but *white* and green,
> And none but fools do wear it."

Why change "sick" into "white?" Yet it is clearly the correct version, as is proved by the next line, where it is said that "none but fools do wear it." "White and green," we learn, had been the royal livery in the reign of Henry VIII., but Elizabeth changed it to scarlet and black—when the dress of white and green was given to fools and jesters about the court. The editor corroborates this by the instance of one Will. Summer, who died in 1560 and who wore white and green in consideration of his "excellent fooling."

That Mr. Collier's volume will produce a quiet revolution in Shakspeare's text cannot be doubted; he seems to think so himself, as he has published an edition of the text of the poet with the various MS. emendations. We have not yet seen this latter volume, and therefore are still ignorant how many of the folio corrections have recommended themselves to Mr. Collier for permanent adoption. Those that are rejected will have their use in leading to further enquiry, or exercise of criticism; for we cannot persuade ourselves that even the indefatigable labour of the corrector of 1632 has yet made the text of the plays all it should be; but now that the way has been so clearly indicated, we have great hopes from the plain unassisted common sense of the majority of English readers. What this common sense reading may do, we have a notable instance given us by Mr. Collier at p. 409 of his "emendations."

THE PRÆRAPHAELITES.

THIS school of young artists, which seemed at first to be of a somewhat indefinite extent, has at last come to be represented, in the eyes of the public, by three artists, Mr. J. E. Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Collins. Mr. Gabriel Rosetti, who, in his picture of the Annunciation, indicated a capacity for taking up a high and characteristic position in this school, has hid his talent ever since. A few other artists of name and real note, who were in the beginning associated in the mind of the public with this school, have ceased to be so, now that its peculiarities have become more decidedly pronounced and more perfectly understood. Of course the Præraphaelites have much in common with many artists, but the real novelties of the school seem to be practised almost exclusively by the three artists above named. We have a few words to say concerning, first, the general characteristics of the school as it is represented by these artists, and secondly, concerning their individual characteristics.

The great point in which these artists differ from almost all other living artists is one which we do not remember to have heard sufficiently dwelt upon; namely, their boldness in painting truths of nature, whether other people are likely to have observed the same truths or not. Several other artists have been as faithful to nature—so far as they have attempted to paint her—as the Præraphaelites have been: but they have limited their choice of natural facts and objects to such facts and objects as all moderately careful observers of nature may be supposed to have become acquainted with. If they have had to paint a stream, they have given the water the common colours, broken lights, and eddies, and have made them as like as possible to what most persons may be supposed to remember to have seen: but they have not ventured to paint water reflecting a dead white light, as in Mr. H. Hunt's picture "the Jolly Shepherd," or repeating the most brilliant hue of the sky, as in the left hand corner of Mr. Millais' celebrated painting of "Ophelia." Yet all landscape painters, and all real lovers of natural

beauty, must be aware that these appearances are quite as true to nature, *though not nearly so frequently seen*, as the appearances which are depicted in every one of the scores of rivulets which refresh the walls of the academy. This boldness in speaking unknown truths appears to us to be a very important and laudable characteristic of the Præraphaelites (if not carried too far,)—one that places them, in spite of their faults, in the very front rank of modern painters: for should we for a moment hesitate to give the preference to that *writer* who, instead of dishing up old truths to flatter the narrow spirit which cares for nothing beyond the corroboration of its own knowledge, was rather continually intent upon supplying us with additions to our information and experience?

Another leading general characteristic of the Præraphaelite artists, is their honesty in painting things as they really do appear, and not as shallow observers fancy that they appear. For example, a new gravel walk in a clear noonday, has, by reflection of the sky, quite as much *blue* in it as yellow and red; but people know that the essential colours of fresh gravel are the latter; and they allow their knowledge to deceive their eyes to such an extent, that they are almost unable to recognise the colour of a gravel walk under a blue sky when it is pointed out to them; and when they see it rightly represented in a picture, they indulge very confidently in criticisms, or platitudes, directed against the supposed incapacity of the painter, never for a moment suspecting that, *although seeing is believing, looking is not necessarily seeing.*

These two noble qualities, far more than the faults of the Præraphaelites, have been the causes of the tremendous outcry which has been raised against them, and which is now subsiding, not because the pictures are any more generally liked or understood than they were, but because it is now pretty generally known that almost all real authorities in art have given a verdict exceedingly in favour of these extraordinary young painters. Those, however, who are now ashamed to express the complete antipathy with which they still secretly regard so remarkable a development of the spirit of truth in art, content themselves with condemning the *school*, and praising its most famous *scholar*, namely, Mr. Millais.

Mr. Millais, perhaps a little more tender than his brethren upon the point of immediate popularity, has lately not at all altered his style, but chosen subjects which admitted and required *pretty faces*, the only natural objects that nineteen out of twenty of the frequenters of the Royal Academy exhibitions care or know any thing about. Mr. Frank Stone himself could not have succeeded better in his choice of models to please the Royal Academy public, than Mr. Millais did in his Ophelia and the lady-love of the Huguenot. Accordingly, last year Mr. Millais made a splendid hit, and won plaudits probably as much beyond his own expectations, as beyond those of any other person capable of estimating the real merits of his pictures, and the unlikelihood that these would be very suddenly appreciated by the multitude, who have hitherto laughed at him.

Mr. Holman Hunt, in every respect the worthy "brother" of Mr. Millais, had last year to bear nearly the whole weight of the popular rage against Præraphaelitism, for no other reason in the world, that we can see, but this: his subject, although a good one, did *not* require or admit of pretty faces. His Shepherd and Shepherdess are comely, as shepherds and shepherdesses run, but they are sun-burnt, hard-working people; and the countenances, which, in the atmosphere and under the scented shadow of "good society," might well have become developed into those of the brave and courtly gentleman and the refined lady, with precisely the prettiest proportions of white and red, as it now is, certainly do indicate, in a very decided way, that their acquaintance with the sun and air has not been made at pic-nics and flower-shows, and under the protection of parasols and "wide-awakes."

The treatment which Mr. Hunt has received from the press in general, has certainly not been what he had a right to expect: it has indeed been so much less than fair, that we feel tempted in our hearts to be something more than fair to him: but that would be no benefit to his interests in the long run, and probably no consolation to him, if he wants any, under his present unpopularity. This, however, we will give as our deliberate opinion, formed from no careless acquaintance with the works of his school: he is Mr. Millais' equal in art, though not in present re-

putation, and if Mr. Millais surpasses him in certain qualities, he surpasses Mr. Millais in other qualities of not at all inferior consideration. Mr. Millais, loaded as he is with laurels, can well afford to be generous, and to pardon us if we say that, in the general grasp of subject, and total harmony of treatment, he has somewhat to learn from Mr. Holman Hunt.

Mr. Collins is a follower of these two great original artists, but in no mean sense. He has adopted their doctrines, but does not copy any peculiarities of style. It seems to us that Mr. Collins has not come to his artistical style through any such profound love of nature and disgust at falsehood in art, as have actuated his "brethren." Probably he was, in the first instance, taken with a verbal statement of their doctrines, and said to himself, "Ah! that's very right and true!" and from that day forth, like an honest man, did what he had become convinced was very right and true, though the world in general shouted that it was very wrong and false. For example: he had to paint Saint Elizabeth of Hungary kneeling at a church door. In her time it is very probable that the mediæval building by which she knelt was recently built, for Gothic churches were not always five hundred years old. It is also not improbable that, in that case, roses would have been recently planted along the church wall. These circumstances being granted, we must confess that the real Saint Elizabeth, the real church by which she knelt, and the real rose-trees that may have adorned its wall, could not have been far unlike what Mr. Collins has represented them as having been. This good sense, the chief merit of the picture in question, has been, as in the cases of Mr. Hunt and Mr. Millais, which we have already pointed out, the chief source of public disapprobation.

In the Exhibition of this year Mr. Millais has two pictures which have immensely advanced his immediate popularity; and have raised it, indeed, to a point above which he can scarcely expect to soar in the years to come. But let any one take his stand amidst the crowds that are all day long thronging about these paintings, and he will soon discover from the criticism which he will ever hear, what is the true nature of the change in popular opinion, and that it has a foundation quite apart from the extraordinary tech-

nical and artistical merits which have gained for these works the almost unqualified admiration of discerning minds.

Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures of this year, though they are, in every way, among the most noble works of modern art, attract comparatively little attention. The high moral fervour of his "Claudio and Isabella," and the absolute and unrivalled truthfulness of "The English Coasts in 1852," are qualities which demand for their appreciation a height of character, and a sincere devotion to nature which are, we fear, not to be reckoned among the characteristics of "the many."

In bestowing, however, so many words of praise, we must not be supposed to be blind to the defects of this rising school; we are content at present to encourage their endeavours, in the hope that their defects may melt away, and their genius be developed in a still more perfect form.

What with our inability to do great things for the muses, and our shame-faced reluctance to do small things for them, the arts come poorly off in England. But unfortunately we are apt to confuse magnitude of service with magnitude of expenditure, two things having no necessary connection at all. Has it never occurred to those whose place it is to advise with the government on such matters, how considerable a piece of service, for example, might be done to the cause of painting in England, by the annual expenditure of a few hundred pounds upon the two or three pictures, in every Royal Academy Exhibition, which deserve to become national property?

Take, for instance, the case of the Exhibition of the last year. There were two pictures in it which ought to have become the property of the nation, and which, to the best of our belief, might have been purchased at the beginning of the season for a few hundred pounds, but which probably could not be purchased of their present possessors for five times their original price. We speak of Millais' "Ophelia," and Holman Hunt's "Jolly Shepherd." It would have been still more proper that Millais' picture of "Christ wounded in the house of His Friends," in the Exhibition of 1850, should have become national property. That picture and Holman Hunt's picture of last year, constitute links in the history of English Art which those paintings can alone

supply. Their very defects confer an additional interest upon them in this regard—an interest which the great genius of the artists will not allow us to look forward to in any of their succeeding works. A hundred years hence we shall understand our mistake in neglecting to acquire these pictures for the National Gallery, much better than we do now: for the question which they affect is not so much the growth or change in the style of a couple of young artists, as the sudden growth and change in our entire National Art, which already shews signs, in various directions, of sympathy with the voice that has been raised in the cause of a true devotion to nature, by these two bold young men and the less notable companions of their venture.

We can conceive of no more honourable and efficient way of encouraging the art of painting than that of devoting a small annual sum to the purchase of accessions, from the Academy Exhibitions, to our now very considerable national collection of modern English pictures. The prospect of an immediate place in the National Gallery would excite all real artists far more than the prize in money, which should, nevertheless, always constitute a full and handsome compensation for the artists' labours. This seems to us to be not alone the most efficient way, but almost the only efficient way in which we have it in our power to encourage art. Mere *prizes*, however honourable, are never quite honourable enough. There is always something of the air of "charity" about them, which does not suit an independent man, whose instinct it is not to receive a benefit, if he can help it, without conferring an equal one in return upon his benefactor. This the artist, whose picture should be simply bought at its fair ultimate value by the nation, might always feel that he had done; he would be "quits" with his country, and yet would feel that he had received a high and unmixed, because unintended and merely collateral, honour into the bargain.

Of course, we can do no more in this place than cast out the crude suggestion of this plan. The arrangement of its details would be difficult, but certainly not impracticable. The judges would have to be very carefully selected, and we are disposed to think that the voices of two or three great foreign artists and critics should be heard among them. No artist should be twice admitted to the national

honour, except under circumstances of very extraordinary merit; and then only after an interval of several years. The purchase, furthermore, should not be made at all in seasons, if such should occur, in which no picture of unquestionably first-rate merit had been produced by the artists qualified, according to the rules, for having their pictures purchased by the nation.

We sincerely trust that no ruinous defect in the arrangement or size of the new National Gallery, wherever it is to be, will interfere with the enormous expansion of the present collection—from the above or from other sources—which is absolutely demanded by the age. The principle of admitting modern pictures having once been fairly allowed—as it has been—it will be impossible to stop. Ten years will, in all probability, double the treasures of the National Gallery, as the same period, just elapsed, has doubled, or more than doubled, those of the National Library. Let us see then that we have a *gallery* to put them in, and not a set of miserable apartments like those in Trafalgar Square. If none of the many magnificent galleries of the British Museum can be spared, let one or two more be added, in order to render that institution the most glorious collection of art, literature, archæology, and natural history in Europe; and in order to remove the reproach to which we have hitherto been liable, of being at once the wealthiest, and of having the poorest national picture gallery of any country in the world.

SOCIAL LIFE IN PARIS—continued.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

On resuming our pen to say a few words more on the subject of last month, we begin to feel alarmed, and our readers very probably to share in our apprehensions, at the magnitude of the field on which we have ventured. So many subjects of remark and reflection rise up in our mind and memory that we confess to being bewildered how to choose. We are fearful of losing ourselves, as the French express it, *dans le vague*. But if our readers will be indulgent once more to our generalities, we have the intention of turning over a new leaf, and becoming more matter-of-fact for the future.

To follow up once more then our subject where we left it, and to illustrate as we proposed some other features of modern French life, let us, from examining the interior of the house, Asmodeus like, uncover the roof and take a peep into the interior of a Parisian *ménage*. Let us try to depict familiarly what in fact French life is, what the characteristics of its inmates, and its internal economy as compared with our own. That it is much more expansive, and finds a vent for its sympathies and its pleasures, its joys and its sorrows, rather in public than in private, we have already endeavoured to shew. It is a fact which displays itself indeed all around us in every café, restaurant, garden, public place, walk, and boulevard of the capital; whole families live and find their enjoyment in the open air to the utmost extent of which their climate will admit. Nevertheless there must be another scene of existence besides the public streets; domestic life cannot find its whole accomplishment out of doors; and although, as a witty Frenchman observed of his countrywomen, some of them make so little use of their houses that *elles ne s'en servent absolument que pour y coucher*, yet after all, a *vie d'intérieur* of some sort there must be; and therefore first and foremost, as the most important item in its economy, a word or two concerning French marriages.

Probably most of our readers have heard of the term *mariage de convenance*, and have a general idea that a

French marriage is more or less a matter of business. But it requires to be intimately acquainted with, and to have both seen and heard the details of the manœuvres and gossip of such events, to understand to what a length female diplomacy in such transactions is carried. In France, be it understood then, that for a young lady to attempt to marry herself is accounted shocking; such a thing as any "attention" being paid by the unmarried of the one sex to the unmarried of the other is quite contrary to all good morals. The state therefore of a young unmarried lady in France is one of perpetual constraint. She can scarcely stir from her mother's side, or converse with one of the opposite sex, without infringing the etiquette of society, and even compromising herself in the eyes of the jealous matrons who surround her. In her pleasures and enjoyments, even in her dress, she is barely allowed a choice, and as to venturing to shew a preference in her affections!—"I should have a small opinion," said an indignant old lady, to whom we drew what we thought a charming picture of an English courtship—"I should have a small opinion of the modesty of a young lady, who could encourage a man before she was given to understand he was to be her husband." But then on the other hand it must be allowed that the young lady's chances, as far as merely getting married is concerned, are not in the least degree prejudiced by this suspicious decorum; rather the contrary; for, for a French mother not to find a *parti* for her daughter is a disgrace, a slur and a discredit at once both upon her management and her family connections; and the stern necessity of success at any price is but too forcibly demonstrated by the fact that for a demoiselle remaining permanently in that state, it is almost impossible to occupy creditably or comfortably any position whatever in society. The natural consequences of such a feeling on both sides is that desperate mothers and desperate daughters will do desperate things, and that anything is preferred and accepted rather than remaining single. To escape from maternal thraldom and its manœuvring, to be mistress of her own time, toilette, movements—too often to be able to indulge concealed affections—becomes the great object of maiden ambition.

Mutual preference and affection then being out of the question, the essential requisite for marriage on the part of

the lady is money, or what amounts to the same thing, family interest; while on the part of the gentleman the object of the sacrifice nine times out of ten is to find means to pay his debts. Without one or other of the above attractions, the matter is regarded on the lady's side as desperate; nothing in the shape of a man, not even *un pantalon rouge* from a marching regiment is to be had under less than one of these conditions.

And even supposing the gentleman to be not yet quite so far gone as to be *criblé de dettes*, he is certain to have, at least, *mangé la fortune*, and to be prudently looking out either to replace his own patrimony by his wife's *dot*, or procure himself a place by the interest of her connections. To supply one or other of these wants to her future partner for life, to pay his debts, set him on his legs again, find him employment, and as is very constantly the case a home amongst her own family—such is the exacted qualification for matrimony, the almost invariable fate of a French demoiselle; and when after infinite toil and difficulty her destiny is accomplished *on appelle ça en France se faire une position!*

The first suspicion, therefore, which flashes across the minds of the parents when they have found a young man, who presents himself as willing to be married to their daughter is, that he is in debt; and one grand reason why so many young Frenchmen are in debt is the following.

To have taken the bachelor's degree, and to have *fait son droit* (something like eating terms) is indispensable to all public career in France, whether in Government offices, the magistracy, or the learned professions; without both, the position of *fonctionnaire* so much courted in France is unattainable; and as all parents wish at least to have themselves open to such promotion for their sons, the custom of educating them for it has become almost universal, far below even the middle class of society. A wealthy cotton-spinner of Muhlhaus assured us the other day that he had his counting-house full of bachelors, whose prospects as such, had become hopeless, especially since the late change in public affairs. To obtain these requisites for future greatness a residence in Paris is necessary; and at about sixteen years of age, the majority of the respectable youths of France are left for several years together pretty much their own masters in the capital. *Faire son droit*, is

a term of dismal sound to most French fathers: *il y en a qui mettent dix ans à le faire!* said an anxious father when discussing this painful subject. The natural consequence of such a position, in such a place, at such an age, and with such a chimerical pursuit, is—debt; and the usual resource against its pressure—marriage.

The anxious mother, therefore, when the man is found, sets about deliberately to take up his character! This is no exaggeration: we have heard the very term used a hundred times, "What is Madame so and so about?" *Madame est très occupée.* She is going to marry her daughter. *Elle prend des renseignements sur le futur.—Renseignements!* the very word in use for "a character." The family *notaire* is put on the scent; the young gentleman's tradespeople are sought out and interrogated; his cronies are pumped; no trouble is spared; but the task is difficult, and not always successful; for his creditors, if he have any, are equally interested with himself to keep his secret until the *dot* which is to pay them is secured. Should, however, the course of French wooing, such as it is, run smooth, the young people are made acquainted with each other, and with their fate; and the thing is consummated! that is, the lady obtains—what? a husband? pooh! that is the last thing she is thinking of! In her eyes—*une corbeille! un bal! la liberté! voilà le mariage!*

Une corbeille! would that our knowledge sufficed to give our fair readers a faint idea of what we have heard and seen, as necessarily comprehended under that expansive term! *Un bal!* The *bal de noces* is her first real introduction, not into domestic life, but into the world of pleasure! *La liberté!* that which begins on the wedding day too often degenerates, like all liberty in France, into mere licentiousness. Long has it been pined for by many a French girl in pupillage, and when at last it comes, there is a sort of desperation in the first recklessness of its enjoyments. What a change have we not witnessed worked by a few hours of married life! the timid girl, who previously seemed to have neither will nor wish of her own, from apparent gaucherie and embarrassment, steps at once into ease and self-possession, walks the streets alone with an air of confidence, chats and flirts with whom she pleases, as though now at last she had a right to do so, sets her mother

at defiance, demonstrates in short to the full to her friends, her husband, and herself, that *elle s'est fait une position.* The first burst of this delightful enthusiasm being over, and the new couple installed in their future domicile, let us take a look into its interior, and observe some of the details of the French domestic hearth.

If a Frenchwoman must, and does generally, furnish a large portion of the expenses of the *ménage*, she takes care to begin, not only by laying out a very considerable portion upon her own shoulders, but also by providing permanently and substantially for her own separate enjoyment and independence. If we step into the snug apartment of one of the edifices we have before described, with its cool polished oak floor in summer, its gay Beauvais or Aubusson carpets in the winter, upon what room within it do we find the greatest taste and sumptuousness displayed, the greatest luxury exhibited? In the drawing room where the lady receives her visitors, or the dining room where the master entertains his guests? On the contrary, the more public rooms are often left comparatively bare and scantily furnished, while the most expensive outlay is reserved for—what do you think? the lady's bedroom! That apartment cannot indeed be said to be her sanctum, in the same sense of the word as it is that of an Englishwoman; but it is fitted up to become the chosen retreat in which she receives her most favoured intimates both male and female. The sleeping room of a lady in France, not at all removed from the middle ranks of life, will present an appearance far above what either her fortune, or station, or general style of living, would otherwise lead us to anticipate. The walls of this sybaritish abode will be draped in delicate chintz or silk damask corresponding with the bed-hangings; the furniture of the room being commonly of inlaid work, or *marqueterie*, if not of still more expensive *bois de rose* or tulip wood. Elegant couches, *causeuses*, or the favourite *chauffeuses*, (low seats for lolling over the fire,) shew the lounging uses of the apartment and its service as a reception room; while all around on the walls and rich cabinets, will be arrayed paintings, bronzes, elegant nic-nacs, every cherished gift, marital or otherwise, bestowed upon the fair owner, by those admitted to her closest intimacy. *Le verre d' Eau* (that indispensable ap-

pendage to a fine lady's bedroom) of Bohemian glass, with its richly gilded stand, plate of antique mould and flacon of orange water, may plead perhaps in the eyes of a tee-totaller, the salubrity of its beverage in excuse for its costliness of material. Over the rich quilted silk counterpane of the diminutive bed, (no four posted monster could be admitted into such a retreat,) will be thrown a coverlet of lace, (point is not thought too good for the purpose,) while the chimney, if in summer, will be coquettishly concealed with curtains of the same rich material, or perhaps with hangings to match those of the walls and furniture. Who shall describe the elegance of the scene where,

> "Unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
> Each silver vase in mystic order laid:
> This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box!"

Or of the *secrêtaire* on which she writes her *billets-doux* or otherwise; or the soft light admitted through the lace window curtains, or the draperies over the doors which shut out all sounds, or the thousand and one little evidences of the sense of personal enjoyment, of the individual selfishness and love of luxury of the occupant. Now a French lady of comparatively moderate means and position will have this or something very near it, and that in preference to all display of a respectable establishment and comfortable way of living, as we should say, in the eyes of the world at large, or to the general ease and comfort of all the members of the family[a].

And this leads us to speak of another feature in French social life, and one remarkably developed in the present day; one too, which has always been accounted highly significative of the approaching period of decay in nations. We mean—and we think we see the degree of incredulity our remark excites—its luxuriousness. What! the comparatively poor French people luxurious! the assertion is difficult to believe or to prove!

Let us be understood. The word luxury has many

[a] When a fire took place recently in the *bed-room* only of Madame Persigny, the wife of the Minister of the Interior, and one of Louis Napoleon's wandering and penniless companions, the loss was estimated at some 200,000 francs, or £8000. But this is nothing compared to the estimate made of the same apartment of a well-known lady in the Rue Caumartin, where a similar accident took place about a year ago.

phases. Arthur Young long ago very truly asserted that the greater economy found in France consisted not so much in things being intrinsically cheaper as in a cheaper way of living. Just in the same way, there is, now especially, more luxury sought after and obtained at a less expense than with us. In England, luxury is pride—in France it is selfishness. In England, it is mainly developed in display—in France, it takes the form of self-indulgence.

But luxury proper, especially of the Sybarite kind, is carried to far greater lengths in the one country than in the other. A modern Frenchwoman might dissolve "pearls of great price"—a modern Englishwoman would be much more likely to be profuse in wearing them. The point to be kept in view in such a comparison is not how much money people spend, but in what way they lay it out. The Bas-Empire with its barbarous revels,

> "the scum
> Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp and drum,"

is far more nearly approached on the banks of the Seine than on those of the Thames.

> "Long since the stream that wanton Syria laves
> Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves."

The lines are applicable to other cities than the capital of the heathen world, and to other waters than those of the yellow Tiber. We have seen the circus, the hippodrome, even the bull-fights organized of late years upon a scale of unheard-of magnificence, and assume the title and dignity of national establishments under the immediate patronage and support of the government. One of the nearest approaches perhaps in modern times (unless it be the *Plaza de toros* of Seville) to the renewal of the Roman amphitheatre might be seen exhibited on Ascension-day last, at the hippodrome of the Barrière de l'Etoile, when thousands upon thousands, not of children, but of full-grown men and women, crowded to see the sports of the circus, if not with the same ferocity, at least with the same idle and greedy delight as the degenerate Romans. Another enormous pile in solid stone-work has lately been erected at the expense of the city of Paris, on one of the boulevards nearer to the great centre of the labouring population; where for the express convenience and edification of the people, shows

and sports of all kinds are to be exhibited, and where water can be introduced to display aquatic games and representations of mock naval engagements. The popularity of Louis Napoleon is mainly dependant upon the balls and fêtes which he gives himself on so gigantic a scale, and exacts from all who receive through him the public money; as well as upon the continuation of the stupendous but unfruitful and extravagant public works by which he feeds (for a time) the demand for labour[b]. A female friend amused us recently by the account of an enthusiastic washerwoman—we beg her pardon—fine washerwoman (a getter up of lace and such like frippery) who in a fever of gratitude to the emperor, produced by abundant employment in her own vocation, had sat down to calculate the beneficent results of ball giving as developed by the late entertainment of their majesties by the senate. Four thousand different vocations, according to the statistics of this patriotic female, (we don't vouch for their accuracy,) had shared in providing all that was essential for the presentation and reception of the 8000 invited guests! It is but necessary to recall the ease with which 8 or £10,000 will be voted and spent for the approaching fête of August to demonstrate that the public appetite for pleasure is as luxuriously extravagant as we have asserted to be that of private individuals. For encouragement given to spending money on costly presents at particular seasons, such as at the *Jour de l'an*, and *Páques* &c., and a thousand other trifles on which the government bestows its attention, are in its eyes serious matters of policy. Such seasons and customs are as essentially necessary in order to keep in good humour and find customers for the bourgeois aristocracy, as the carrying on of public works, wanted or not, is to provide labour for the multitude. For, another striking evidence of the greater luxuriousness of Parisian life, as compared with our own more substantial mode of living, is to be found in the nature of the commercial occupations, of the *industries* as they are termed, which prevail in the capital, and meet with the most decisive

[b] In a very recent article in the *Moniteur*, written in the most bombastic style, the restoration of what is called "the present national prosperity," is mainly attributed to the immense public works in progress, urged on "by the supreme will of the chief of the state, and amounting in Paris alone to the estimate of four millions sterling."

remuneration and success. Are these carried on in the warehouses of princely merchants importing from the four quarters of the globe, "the corn, wine and oil," the staple provisions of the country, the grand necessities of human existence? Mercantile firms of such magnitude are rare in Paris, and are confined almost wholly to those who deal not in goods, but in money alone; in other words to the branches of the great banking houses of the world. On the contrary, the greatest accumulation of wealth gained by trading will be found amongst the dealers in costly furniture, bronzes and works of art; or in that endless variety of elegant trifles comprehended under the name of *objets de Paris*, or, and though last not least, amongst those who cater to the almost universal appetite for delicate viands. The contents of the French department of the Great Exhibition were alone a decisive proof of the luxurious tastes of the people, and will explain much of the internal policy of the present government. The grand mercantile movement of Paris is one dependant almost wholly upon fictitious wants. From bronzes to bonbons there is hardly an article in its catalogue which is a staple necessary of life. The giving of great fêtes and balls, the erection and decoration externally and internally of magnificent public buildings, are but the illustration on a gigantic scale of the same expensive tastes. It has become a matter of policy and almost of necessity to find employment for the large population trained to such vocations, and to attract by every means an influx of wealthy strangers to aid in the consumption of their produce.

Such tastes, to turn once more from public to private life, are engendered with French children, who become in a greater or less degree habituated to them from their earliest infancy. In no country in the world is greater tenderness and indulgence lavished on children than in France, where they live with and as their parents, just as much as in England they do the contrary. Confinement to particular rooms of the house, appearance only at set times of the day, "coming in at dessert," and similar rules of discipline, all perhaps so valuable in inculcating the principle of authority, are restraints unknown to them. A French child takes its *déjéuner à la fourchette* with its parents at 12 o'clock, and dines, and eats, and drinks like its father at 6; it is habi-

tuated to hear all the gossip of its mother's visitors and to be especially applauded for whatever may be thought witty and precocious. Every one must have remarked the too forward manners of French children, their easy bearing and fluency of expression, so early free from shyness or timidity. Their home training and mode of life is exactly calculated to develope all this, and make them little epitomes of men and women; and when the period of education strictly so called arrives, it is to the cultivation of the head and the intellect that almost all its efforts are directed. But to enter upon such a topic as French education would lead us far beyond our present limits. We can but touch lastly, and for a moment, upon another of the most striking characteristics of French society.

What a seething cauldron of intellectual activity, or at least of intellectual restlessness, is this city of Paris! what a travail of mind and thought is perpetually going on around one within its precincts! The more remarkable, because here again that habit of out-door life which so distinguishes their domestic existence from our own is not found to be incompatible with intellectual labour. The privacy of his own closet would seem to cramp the energies of the French literary man; whereas in a public place and with a consciousness of the public eye upon him, he works with a sort of frenzy, which stands him in the place of the patient application of the German pedant. The feeling that he already attracts attention by his very labours, is necessary to sustain him during the continuance of his task; he cannot wait for its reward until its accomplishment. Thus in no city perhaps in the world do you find so many opportunities publicly afforded to, or so generally taken advantage of by, the student or the artist. No quantity of accommodation of this description, seems ever to keep a-head of the demand for it. We were particularly struck with this on seeing how immediately advantage was taken of a new locality recently opened for this purpose, to the left of the pantheon, close to the *Ecole du Droit*, where a magnificent building has been erected at the public expense for the reception of the books of the Bibliothêque S^te^. Catherine. But to collect books is of no use unless the contents are made easily accessible. To facilitate this a hall of most noble proportions has been erected, composed of two mag-

nificent aisles with cast iron roofing, and capable it is said of accommodating 10,000 students. Often as we have had occasion to enter this spacious hall since its erection, we have rarely, if ever, found it much less than full; and as often have been compelled to acknowledge in the eager faces around one, that a Frenchman attacks a book with much the same *fougue* with which he assaults a battery. Not but that with all this display of intellectual activity, there is mixed up much both of what is ridiculous and affected. No locality can afford better food for observation and often amusement than the halls which receive every morning these peripatetic literati, amongst whom are to be found not a few of the most striking whimsicalities of the French mind.

We remember one morning having occasion to enter the Bibliothêque Mazarine, that charming and venerable abode of learning, whose windows looking on to the almost silent and breathless Seine, nearly opposite the exquisite river frontage of the Louvre, afford in the very heart of Paris, a retreat as still and tranquil and almost as medieval in feeling as is to be found even within our own halls of Oxford. Its numerous habitual frequenters were dropping in about 10 o'clock, and taking up their accustomed seats, where use had seemed to make labour more easy. Many a well-worn hat and greasy collar may be seen at the Bibliothêque Mazarine, whose owner shews his worldly wisdom at least, by a wise preference of that splendid apartment over his own small garret. Amongst others there came in, we remember, an old lady, whose age, if we might venture to guess it, shewed signs of not fewer than ten or twelve *lustres*. With decent gravity she proceeded straight to her corner, removed her bonnet, asked for the required folio, and with spectacle on nose sat down to her daily occupation (as I was given to understand it was), though with what object and to what end, I could neither guess nor learn. A faded air of fashion, a reminiscence of Louis XV. about her toilette, made one suspect that to some decayed courtier old custom had at length "made this life more sweet than that of painted pomp." The crowded hall of the Salle S^te^. Catherine, of the Bibliothêque of the Sorbonne, or of that of the Institute, the public lecture rooms, or theatres of the professors, all alike

open gratis to a curious public, afford many a strange phase of Parisian individuality. Amongst the most curious perhaps of these assemblages, is that of M. Raoul Rochette, the celebrated archæologist, who lectures weekly during the summer months in the Salle du Zodiaque of the *Bibliothéque Royale*, we beg pardon, *Nationale*, no, we beg pardon again, *Imperiale*, to an audience as antediluvian in appearance, as the subject which he generally discusses. But the eagerness with which all these vocations and habits are followed up, is a wonderful evidence of the avidity of the French intellect and of the restless spirit of enquiry, which spreads itself through all grades of the population.

CABS AND CABMEN.

Of those who lift up their umbrella or their finger, or express their want with a look or a nod, or utter the short curt monosyllabic "Cab," the greater part are simply intent on getting on as fast as they can to the shop, the railroad, or the house whither they are bound. The shilling or the eighteen-pence is placed in the hand of the glazed-hatted driver and there the matter ends. The whole system, apparatus, mass of driving humanity called into existence by our locomotive wants, is seldom closely contemplated. Cabs and cabmen are to be had, thick too as blackberries in a country lane, and that is enough for most of us.

There is, however, a good deal to think about in this cab-system. Historically it is of mushroom growth; it is by no means antediluvian. The vehicle itself, (we are not speaking of the more aristocratic cabriolet with the small boy practising balancing behind,) has not long been known. Some five and twenty years ago, more or less, about half a dozen high-wheeled old yellow gigs, such as are still occasionally to be seen trundling the more primitive farmer

with the aid of the old blind mare into his primitive country town, ventured to appear on the "stands" amid the heavy artillery of the old hackney coaches. And a hard life of it had those half-dozen gigs. They were novelties, innovations, revolutionary inroads upon the locomotive Constitution, shabby contrivances which had the wickedness of being cheap. And accordingly at corners of streets or wherever there was a crowded part, they had to endure many a bump and thump, many a jolt and jar, many a broadside from their weighty antagonists, many a malicious charge by the angry contemptuous "jarvies," who thought of course that the country was ruined, the world turned upside down, the deluge close at hand.

Besides damage to paint and varnish, besides dislocation of wheels, besides panels smashed in by invading poles, the drivers had their share of persecution; they were cut, cast off, disowned by the driving race, sneered and jested at, altogether ill-used.

Nor was the vehicle itself a very desirable affair for the passenger, as he had to sit side by side with a somewhat greasy driver, subject to all the odours which worn-out great coats on hot or on rainy days usually emit. As, however, the public began to see the advantages of economy and speed, so those who noted public wants began to think of removing the disadvantages which checked the desire for cabs. With wonderful rapidity the whole cab system was improved, re-modelled and enlarged. With wonderful rapidity cab appeared after cab upon the stands; increasing customers brought increasing trade; more cabs and more passengers, more passengers and more cabs, were the principles admitted in the world of wheels and whips; fresh capital was embarked, money invested in steed and turnout; coach-makers' wits were at work to improve the vehicle; the driver was quickly turned from his friendly seat with the passenger; experiment was made for his better location; first he had a seat outside the cab to the right of the passenger; after this we saw him put on the top of the cab, then behind, then in front, so he has been shifted to every imaginable place, and has occupied in turn every position except that beneath the cab.

Then too as cabs were multiplied their old antagonists gradually pined away and decreased; jarvies disappeared;

the long lines of moving lumber, of crazy carriages, passed from the accustomed scene; the despised invaders usurped the stands; and now the old wheels of the old coaches have altogether ceased to rumble with expensive slowness through the streets; this quick rattling age would have steam cabs if it could, to shoot like lightning from place to place.

To come to the statistics of the matter it appears that at present there are no less than 3,300 cabs whisking about London day and night, about double the number of horses are employed, that is 6,600, and 6,673 drivers; if we take into account the stabling and provender required, we have some notion of the amount of capital embarked in the cause of metropolitan locomotion. Inquisitive minds going a step further and finding out the average mileage in an hour would be able to make up a sum total of the daily restlessness of London, as far as cab motion is concerned, that is, the total number of miles daily traversed by cabs. Financial minds, feeling the pulse of this system, might deduce some facts concerning social prosperity or the contrary from the extent in different periods to which cabs are used, after making deduction for the growth of population; for doubtless in bad times cab fares droop and men become their own steeds when they cannot afford to make use of horses' legs.

But now let us pass from cabs and horses to the drivers, to that peculiar tribe, those Arabs of the London streets, who devote themselves to this driving life. The cab "force," as it may be called, is a large peculiar body, a large tribe of charioteers; many of them would have been men of renown in the Olympic games of old, crowned with laurel instead of whisps of hay, skilful in short cuts, apt in turning corners; they have quick observation too, knowing when to loiter as ancient and timid dames sit within, knowing when it is perilous to be slow, as some sharp bustling man of business skips hurriedly into the cab. Consider too the craniological view of the subject, the almost monopoly of the bumps of locality which these 6,673 drivers must enjoy, the growth and development of so many skulls at one and the same given part. Name to your cabman an obscure terrace running out of an obscure street, name some Brown's Place, the third turning out of Judkins' Row, and off he starts by the shortest route, as if he had lived there all his life. And

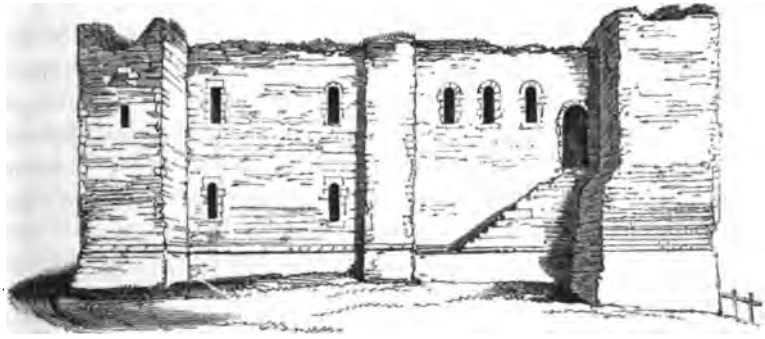
the wonder is, how rarely we come across a tyro, a novice ignorant of the less known and less important parts of the town. One might have almost thought that there was some cabman's college where examinations were passed in London topography; and truly were such the case, there would be much more appropriateness in the employment of the terms "little-go" and "great-go" now in vogue at the learned Universities, for those who are "going" all their lives.

Truly the cabman's is a peculiar mode of life, sad in sunshine, joyous in the rain, living mainly on his cab, sometimes sitting on the step, sometimes lounging by a lamp-post with his fellows. What are his hopes, and joys, and fears? Is all centred in fares? There is little outwardly attractive in the cabman; in wet weather he is a dank, unpleasant looking creature, muffled about with old coats that do not seem to belong to him; in the finest weather, never trim or neat, without any mark of prosperity, and with no look of tidy well-darned poverty, the public-house most probably draining off no small portions of honest gains, and making inroads too on the over-fares charged to the ruddy country folks of green and verdant minds. A general acquaintance with various "Marquis of Granbys," and "Duke's Heads" and "Dragons," is generally formed by this wandering tribe, who are in a thousand parts of London in a day, and live it may be truly said every where; the exposure to cold and wet, a restless, homeless life, sharpens the edge of the temptation to drink; and when on a fine sunny day it is a walking world, and the cabman takes his place at the end of a long disheartening line of expectant cabs, it is a great trial to stand out in the street, a great temptation to regale himself at the Turk's Head with its well-known stout.

It is remarkable that they have no outward mark or token of their calling, no common corporate air in their dress and manner. The stage coachmen of old were wont to have, and grooms every where have still, a generic resemblance, a way, an air, a mode of dress, peculiar to themselves; they have their fashions, their ways, their own cut in their apparel; their tailors have to know what is "the thing" among them, what is worn by the class. The cabmen, however, seem a disjointed, disunited, isolated set, a body without class feeling, catching no manners from each other.

After all, it is a lot little to be envied, a restless, whirling life. This large mass of men in the midst of us, seem to be a sort of driving nomads, who have little care, little thought, bestowed upon them by others. We are not aware that even the busy philanthropists who are ever buzzing about to get up "causes" for Exeter Hall, have troubled themselves much about them. Perhaps, if they were thieves they would get some consideration: there is however something worth thinking about in the cabmen's condition; they are not parts of self-acting machines framed for our conveyance; they are not automatons with artificial hands for whips and shillings. We use them, but that is all; we pay them, and then,—why that is all; they go off to their stands. Can nothing be done to improve their condition? Are the pot-houses to have them? Are those spider publicans to spread their cobwebs without let or hindrance, or any endeavour to provide some comfort, some advantages, some good places of resort and rest? Something surely is practicable if prudent men would but set their wits to work. There is something besides six-penny fares which the public have to care about.

COLCHESTER CASTLE BUILT BY A COLONY OF ROMANS AS A TEMPLE TO THEIR DEIFIED EMPEROR CLAUDIUS CÆSAR. The substance of a Lecture delivered before the Colchester Archæological Society. By the Rev. H. Jenkins, B.D., Rector of Stanway, Essex. With eight Illustrations. London, Painter, 1853.



WE have transcribed the title-page of this extraordinary book in full, to satisfy our readers that we are not about to hoax them, and that such a book really does exist. If it were not actually lying open before us, so that we have the evidence of our senses to convince us of the fact, we should have thought it absolutely incredible that in the year 1853, a gentleman of mature years (as indicated by attaching B.D. to his name) could venture to print and publish such a wonderful affair as this. We can conceive the case of a worthy man, who has not had the opportunity of learning the Latin language, being unable to translate a page of Cæsar's Commentaries, without any disgrace attaching to his ignorance, but we cannot conceive that such a man should be induced to publish a Dissertation upon the work which he could not read. Yet this book is precisely a similar case.

Every nation from the Assyrians downwards, which had acquired any degree of civilization, has left behind it records of two kinds, the one in writing, the other in its buildings, either of stone or of brick. These two kinds of records require a different key to understand them; either we must know something of the

language in which the one is written, or we must know something of the general history of the art of building to understand the other. It is just as absurd for a man who is entirely ignorant of architecture to attempt to explain a building, as for one who cannot read to attempt to explain a book. We have not space to examine Mr. Jenkins' absurdities in detail, each page seems to contend with its predecessor as to which shall be the most absurd. Fortunately for his readers, the eight illustrations, though not of the best, do give a fair idea of the actual building; four of these are plans, the rest are views. To the eyes of any one who has seen half a dozen out of the hundreds of Norman castles which remain to our days, these plans and drawings are as palpably those of a Norman keep as that two and two make four: there is no room for the shadow of a doubt upon the subject, it seems impossible to make any thing else out of it; compare it with the tower of London, Rochester, Dover, or even Hedingham Castle, only a few miles from Colchester, or any other Norman keep, and no sane person can hesitate for a moment in saying that this is another example of the same class of buildings. Yet has Mr. Jenkins the assurance to call it a Roman temple, to which it does not bear the slightest resemblance; as if a Roman temple were not just as distinct from any other building, as the Latin language is from any other. But, says Mr. Jenkins, it is built of Roman tiles. Even if this were true, it proves nothing more than that the Norman builders used up the old materials which they found on the spot, which is likely enough; but it is much more probable that in those districts where stone is not to be had, the people continued to make bricks after the Roman fashion, long after that people had left our shores, probably down to the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The earliest example known in this country of the employment of bricks of the Flemish or usual modern shape, occurs within a few miles of Colchester at Little Wenham Hall, and seems to be merely a change of form in that material which had always been in use. Every early church in Colchester and the neighbourhood, is more or less built of brick. St. Botolph's priory is a mass of brickwork. Nor is there any thing remarkable in this; on the contrary, in all similar districts where stone is inaccessible, brick has always been used as a substitute; in Flanders, as at Bruges and Ghent, in the south of France, as at Alby and Toulouse, in many parts of Italy and Spain, brick buildings of all periods have come down to us in perfect preservation. In the face of these plain and notorious

facts, Mr. Jenkins has ventured to put forth his strange hypothesis. He begins by saying,

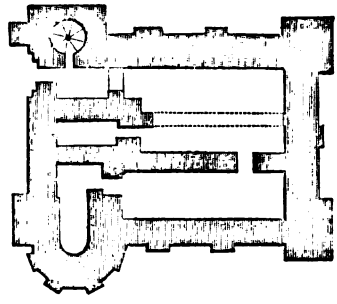
"Although many writers have delivered their opinions on the antiquity of Colchester castle, yet have they regarded it solely as a fortress. They have not considered, whether from its want of a keep, (*the whole building being in fact a keep,*) and the singular arrangement of its internal communications, (*which are exactly the same as those of other Norman keeps,*) it might not at first have subserved other than a military purpose." (*It is calculated for this and nothing else.*) He backs himself by the authority of the obsolete Fosbroke, and quotes with approbation this absurdity: "To exemplify its antiquity he referred to a bronze boiler found at Herculaneum, which he thought from the similarity of its outline, had been designed by its maker to represent this castle." p. 5.

Was any thing so preposterous ever imagined before? Such trash may have passed muster a hundred or even fifty years ago, when the difficulty of travelling limited the range of people's observation and consequently of their ideas also, but in these days we have a right to expect an author to exercise a little common sense, and go to see a few other castles before he presumes to publish an account of one drawn entirely from his own imagination.

The argument to prove that this was a hypethral temple is so extraordinary that we must give it in full.

"That Vandal was John Wheeley. In 1683 he purchased the castle with intent and on condition to demolish it entirely, and make money of the materials. For this purpose he unroofed all the rooms that were not vaulted, removed all the timber and the floorings—broke up all the pavements—destroyed all the upper stonework of a fine well—forced down with screws or blew up with gunpowder the tops of the main walls and towers; and to be brief, of two parallel walls, which crossed the interior of the castle lengthways, he totally demolished one, and indented the top of the other. In the midst however, of his work of destruction, he desisted from the task, on account of its difficulty and expense. But this imperfect demolition has led to an important and unlooked for result; for strange to say, both by what the speculating spoiler destroyed, and by what he spared—by leaving the apsis of the chapel and the vaulted bema, on which it rests, untouched, and by pulling down one of the two partition walls which supported the habitable apartments, and thus opening a large hypethral area, he has unwittingly developed the original plan and design of the building." p. 10.

Strange indeed, if it were only true!



We have copied the plan and a view of the castle (which we have placed at the head) in order to enable our readers to judge for themselves whether it is a Norman castle or not. One of the most remarkable features of this book is that almost every argument which is brought forward to prove that this is *not* a Norman castle, does in fact prove the very reverse.

If any one well acquainted with Norman castles were called upon to describe their general character in a few lines, he would say, "They are massive structures calculated both for defence and for habitation, with very thick walls on solid foundations; the ground rooms vaulted and having no internal communication with the upper stories, the principal rooms on the first floor, with a separate entrance opening to an external staircase, or a drawbridge." This description applies as clearly to Colchester as to any other Norman castle; the plan shews the usual arrangement, and the thick walls; the view we have chosen shews the entrance doorway, and remains of the external staircase. Some of the turrets are solid, as at Knaresborough in Yorkshire, Coucy in Picardy, and many others, yet each of these features in succession is brought forward by Mr. Jenkins as a proof that this is *not* a Norman castle! Another argument is that Roman remains have been found near to it, and it seems to have been built on the site of a Roman villa, but the very evident contempt with which these foundations were treated by the Norman builders, who have built their walls without the slightest regard or attention to them, and crossing them obliquely, (as shewn by Mr. Jenkins' plan,) is a proof that the Roman villa had been destroyed long before the Norman castle was built. The existence of Norman fireplaces and chimneys in the walls presents no difficulty to our author, who discovers again, on the authority of Fosbroke, that the Romans also had chimneys in their temples.

The absence of a moat is considered by Mr. Jenkins as another proof that the castle is not Norman; but many Norman keeps have no moat: there is none round the keep at Dover for instance. The existence of excellent arrangements for drainage is brought forward as another proof, but the Normans were nearly as careful in this respect as the Romans—every Norman castle has excellent

contrivances for drainage. These drains are connected with a large culvert "arched with brick, which passes beneath the ramparts on the east side of the castle, and discharges itself into the river Colne." This culvert Mr. Jenkins of course calls the Roman culvert, and it may possibly be so, as it may have belonged to the Roman villa on the site of which, and perhaps on the foundations also, the castle was built. But the Norman culverts are frequently nearly as fine, and as well built, as those of the Romans themselves, and the material being that most readily obtained is in itself no evidence either way.

The real history of the castle appears to be remarkably clear; it was built by Eudo the steward of the household of William Rufus (*Dapifero meo*), the charter is preserved in the British Museum, and is printed by Mr. Jenkins, who strangely converts the title of his office into his sirname, and calls him "Eudo Dapifer." This is the history given by Mr. Morant, a diligent investigator, and confirmed by the unvarying tradition of the country.

In conclusion we must do Mr. Jenkins the justice to acknowledge the learning, and the diligent research, which he has brought to bear in support of his untenable theory. If he has failed it was only from the nature of the case, in which mere book-learning is entirely misapplied. If there had been an Architectural Society in his University at the time he was resident, he would not have attempted to prove by books those facts which can only be proved by observation, and a comparison with other similar structures.

SPIRIT RAPPING.

"We must have knocks: ha! must we not?"

Richard III.

For forty years M. Jourdain talked prose without knowing it: and for more than forty centuries who can say that the world has not been unconsciously communicating with spirits? It has been reserved for our own times to make this discovery, or rather to develope it; but we must say that in a minute investigation of the past may be traced the existence of those same relations between ourselves and the spiritual world, which are said to be the glory of the century. America existed, but only lacked its Columbus: steam blew off pot-lids, though the steam engine was not: children used Indian rubber before Mackintosh arose: and puss's coat crackled and amber attracted straws, before Franklin flew his kite, or Faraday lectured. So it may be with the spirit rappings. The spirits are now the rappers: but how remarkable is the amount of intercourse by this medium which the world has been unconsciously cultivating. Hitherto we have rapped to the spirits, now the spirits rap to us. The poet raps his forehead to summon the lurking muse. The abstruse student taps his brain-pan for the fugitive intelligence. The convivialist invokes the spirit of revelry by knocking his knife-handle into the tavern-table. The senator thumps the parliamentary red box as he appeals to the phantom of patriotism and eloquence. The patient husband as he mechanically performs the tattoo on the tea-table during a homily from his wife, is only unconsciously communing with the domestic sylphs of good temper and non-resistance. We rap a school-boy's knuckles only to awaken his spiritual nature: the pulpit cushion is thumped for other than material objects. Sir Plume taps his box; and what depth of meaning is conveyed by this appeal. Why should a knock mean, "May I come in," in all languages? Why should clapping the hands signify applause? Why should tapping the forehead with the forefinger be connected with argumentative demonstration? Why should the street door knocker be so polyglottic? Why should it be capable of producing such a variety of significant inflections? The knock decisive, as of the tax-gatherer and postman; timorous, as of the poor relation; sly,

as of the dun; pragmatical, as of the tailor; insinuating, as of the physician; defiant and insolent, as of the footman; stern, as of the master; voluble, as of the mistress? Why, we say, should all these things be, unless the world has been unconsciously carrying on spiritual communications by this infinite variety of rapping? Can we venture to conjecture the amount of knowledge, refinement, perception, enquiry, and emotions, moral, material, spiritual, physical, which have hitherto been conveyed by the simple and unconscious medium of knocking? Yet so it is: the world goes on ignorant of its greatest men. Generations of men have slammed the door, kicked the table, stamped on the floor, beat their breasts, and seriously rapped their own and their neighbour's heads, eyes, and noses, ignorant that this was a spiritual manifestation and not an outbreak of earthly temper. The lover's heart has palpitated and throbbed, yet how seldom has he been aware what angel was tapping at his ribs. Had Mr. Spicer lived ten centuries ago, science might long since have resolved *tic douloureux* into the unfriendly rappings of a perturbed and malignant spirit; and who knows but "the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree," and Pompey energetically bobbing his tail on the floor, may not be conversing with their kindred spirits, rather than as dull fools suppose, engaged with sublunary flies and fleas? But to be serious.

We shall not insult our readers by supposing them ignorant of the "mystery of the day." It has found its hierophant in one Mr. Henry Spicer, who in a work entitled "Sights and Sounds," thus summarily announces it. "Mysterious noises denominated 'spirit-rappings,' which commenced four years since, in Rochester, U. S., which embody communications from those who have passed into another sphere of existence .... conveyed by the agency of sounds .... somewhat resembling slight raps, or pecks, through a clairvoyant or peculiarly impressible person, easily susceptible of magnetic influences, whose mere presence suffices to secure rapping replies; and who, as the connecting link between the human querist and the supposed spiritual respondent, is called the *medium*." The usual mode of consulting the oracle we find (p. 209) to be for "the medium" to take the head of a dining table, and the postulants to range themselves round it. A pause occurs: a rap is heard: the medium asks, Is our circle properly formed? Silence, or a knock, signifying a negative or affirmative. Then the

querists begin. Will any spirit communicate with me? Rap [Yes]. On any subject? Rap [Yes].

Now here, be it observed, that all that the oracle pretends to do directly, is to reply yea or nay by simple rapping, or by simple silence. To get other answers a very complex process is resorted to. The table is furnished with an alphabet like that used in infant schools, and the querist wields a pencil. Suppose the question to be, Who robbed the jeweller's shop in the Strand? The querist passes his pencil down the alphabet and on arriving at J a distinct rap is heard. Alphabet over again, rap at O, which process is repeated till JOHN SMITH is spelled out. Tedious this; and it is no great wonder that at present this exceedingly cumbrous mode of intercourse with the unseen world has not very materially enlarged the cycle of human knowledge. Were each particular tap as pregnant with meaning as Lord Burleigh's shake of the head, the information conveyed would be circumscribed. We have looked through Mr. Spicer's work chiefly with the one object to enquire what new truths, reserving the question of fact, have been gained by these dealings with spirits. The old-fashioned book says something about "proving the spirits," which among other meanings at least has this, that it hints at the lawfulness of a testing process. It is impossible to conceive that a spirit disembodied can be less wise, less intelligent, less informed, than when in the flesh. The American necromancers have summoned the spirits of the dead. Southey and Coleridge and Franklin have answered the appeal, and with what answers Mr. Spicer informs us. An American "medium" has been favoured with an interview with the spirit of Percy Bysshe Shelley, who favoured the pythoness with the following delectable lines:

> "We have no Word of God save holiest page
> Of Nature's book, spread out in panoramic view.
> Here I am blest. My mind can search o'er all
> Of Beauty, and drink in a freedom
> That on earth I was denied. Earth's sons,
> With souls of clay, would have despoiled me," &c., &c.

At p. 442 of Mr. Spicer's book we find a dialogue on the future:

"Q. Are there any spirits in a state of misery or pain, so as to feel their existence a burden?

"A. There are some who have mental suffering, because they did not improve, or misused their advantages while on earth.

"Q. Are there any who despair of ever attaining the condition of the blest?

"A. They may at times, but not lastingly."

Now the old Greek oracles were said occasionally to Philippize, i. e. to serve the interests of those who paid them. Two or three things, then, we have learned from the rapping spirits: first, that the future state is to every man but an expansion of what his previous life was on earth; the unbelieving poet is a poet still, with only the total loss of his poetic faculties; and next, that there is no future state of rewards and punishments by, but only an apprehension of God; and, in a word, the result of the spirit revelations, as far as we can collect, is the glorification of progress in general, and of American progress in particular, and the revelation of a new era in which old forms of belief and truth are to become extinct, and a religion compounded equally of pantheism, Swedenborgianism, and universalism, is to take its place.

This is all very well, and is of course theoretically possible; not possible to any Christian apprehension, but polemically and theoretically possible. If any alleged new revelation proffers itself to the acceptance of mankind, we may fairly enquire whether it is new, whether it comes fresh from the invisible world, or whether it is only a new attempt to revive an old error. For example, it would be quite enough to discredit any new revelation, if it pretended only to revive the worship of Jupiter or Thor. What, therefore, we have to object to the spirit rappings is, first, that as a fact wherever they have been tested in this country they have resulted in the most egregious failure, and have either made no answer at all, or answer entirely beside the question; and secondly, that when, as in the United States, a considerable amount of testimony has been produced in proof of revelations of a higher order, such revelations have always had some political or sectarian bias, which at once proves their human origin; especially when it is remembered that in more ways than one, and in the very same scenery and under similar conditions, and even employing the very same agents, analogous attempts have been made to enlist supernatural proofs in furtherance of this very same combination of political and sectarian views. Such attempts have failed, and spirit rappings are only a new scheme to resuscitate them.

Of the results of spirit rapping in this country, whether in the

case of the notorious Mrs. Hayden, the pythoness of the oracle set up in Upper Seymour Street at the charge of 10s. 6d., or in the case of the far more culpable persons moving in fashionable society who exhibited her at their soirées, we intend to say nothing. Mr. Spicer gives up Mrs. Hayden: "she is a *medium* of less than average power." "Confessed media have been induced to eke out partial success by grafting false effects upon it." It is notorious that not a single instance of "manifestations" occurring in England has been brought forward, authenticated by a respectable name. It is significant that one case, and one alone, p. 456, of a "rapping" attended by any consequences, is detailed by Mr. Spicer, throughout his 500 pages; it is said to have occurred to a "Mrs. Lauriston (the name is slightly altered), a lady residing in London." We take the whole subject then on a separate ground, and not on the admitted failures of "spirit rapping" in London, but upon the ground of their antecedent impossibility, which Mr. Spicer admits to be the most important test. We are not going to argue the question on the alleged and probably alleged instances of collusion. We are not about to insist on the combination of ventriloquism and toe-manipulations which may or may not be the secret of the trick employed by the medium: for that rappings are heard there is no question whatever. We admit with Mr. Spicer that the alleged failure or imposture of Mrs. Hayden is not a conclusive argument against the whole thing. Spirits may communicate with us by rapping even though the success of Seymour Street was a humbug.

Nor are we desirous to endorse that convenient mode of disposing of the difficulty which to save the trouble of enquiring admits the facts and sets it down to Satanic influence. Now—and we say it with reverence—if Satan were at the bottom of spirit rapping he certainly would have made much more of it. We have too much belief both in the reality and power of the spirit of evil to suppose that if Satan could communicate with and influence Christian men by spirit rappings, he would be content with the exclusively trumpery results which are cited as its fruits. How monstrous to suppose for one moment that the fearfully wise and subtle enemy of man should dictate the trash which in Mr. Spicer's pages is seriously recorded as the revelations proceeding from the spirits of Washington and Franklin, and Southey and Calvin. If spirits, or things of heaven or hell, talked with the sons of men—if there were any

sensible communication between disembodied souls and ourselves, be it that the rappings are either of angels or of Satan, can it be thought for one moment that their faculties and power would be less than when upon earth—that their mode of discourse would be abridged—that they would be confined to moppings and mowings below the intelligence of beasts—that the proud archangel who once soared to the very gates of heaven, and once sat in heaven itself, now plays such a degraded part as this in the great angelical economy of the spiritual world, and entangles men's souls by an agency possessed by the cricket and the death-watch? We are not saying that the guilt of those who summon the rapping spirits is not the same as that of the necromancers. All that we say is that the communications are not spiritual, and therefore not Satanic: because if they were, they would have a much more awful and dignified character than the shabby folly with which they are at present invested.

What we say is, that spirit rapping is only a new form of an especially American plot, concocted by certain individuals well known, and marked for the keenness and avidity with which they seek to propagate their own religious and political views. The United States, the birth-place of Mormonism, has been fertile in these attempts to invent a fictitious supernatural evidence in favour of certain opinions. The Poughkeepsie seer and his revelations, "the Voice to Mankind issued by and through Andrew Jackson Davis," was one of these attempts, and, on its failure, the spirit rappings were invented for the same purpose, and, as we believe, by the same parties. This work appeared in 1848, and purported to "reveal the exact truth on the subjects of cosmogony, astronomy, geology, ætherology, archæology, mythology, theology, psychology, history, metaphysics," &c. The "inhabitants of the spirit world, the associated spirits and angels of the second sphere," dictated one hundred and fifty-seven lectures to this Davis, whose "scribe" was a "Mr. Fishbough." By way of seasoning to this sublime production we were introduced to the inhabitants, both human, animal, and vegetable, of the planets. Jupiter was tenanted by immortal phantoms who "inhabit houses built of a blueish bark." Saturn was blessed with "a rudimental man having scarcely arrived at the stage of ourang outang." Other stars produced "telescopic minds;" in some "the analogue of man" was to be found: in others a realm of "monads" only. These, however,

were but the garnish of the revelation, which consisted in an elaborate attempt in two large octavo volumes to recommend to the world on supernatural authority, a combination of Swedenborgianism in religion, of Fourierism for its social system, and of the moral philosophy of Comte, and the materialism of Mr. Cross and the author of the Vestiges of Creation as a divine revelation. Since the days of Ephraim Jenkinson never were the speculations of "Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus," and the ancient cosmogonists, so plentifully illustrated. We are bound to say that this insolent and pretentious attempt to impose upon the credulity of mankind failed. Only those who were too intellectual to believe the Bible, swallowed Andrew Jackson Davis. With the exception of a few English Deists none believed in the "Voice to Mankind;" and the bubble burst, although it was ushered to the world on the authority of Mr. Fishbough the Magnetizer, and Mr. George Bush the Swedenborgian and Universalist Professor of New York.

Now what we desire to remark is, that these very persons appear in the scene in connexion with spirit rapping. The Poughkeepsie seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, is among the most successful *mediums* in America: and Mr. Spicer, in his "Sights and Sounds," produces this very Professor Bush (p. 156) as the witness, and this very Mr. Fishbough repeatedly (pp. 391, 406, 456) as the philosophical exponent of spirit rapping. Davis, we find from the "Spiritual Telegraph," the Rappists' Journal, advertises his "Chart of Destiny;" the "spirit spheres" of the "Voice to Mankind" are reproduced in the "Sights and Sounds." Robert Owen, as in the Poughkeepsie revelation, now favours the world with his rapping communications with the invisible world (Household Words, No. 163). Swedenborg, to the elucidation of whose doctrines on angelology so much of the revelation to Davis was dedicated, is clearly adopted by Mr. Spicer (pp. 444, 445,) and the very same purpose, object, end, and, as we believe, conclusions, may be detected in the revelations of the Poughkeepsie seer, and in those of the rappists. Let anybody who has the patience, compare the "Voice to Mankind" by Davis with Mr. Spicer's "Sights and Sounds," and with the "Spiritual Telegraph," "the Shekinah," and the other American publications of these miserable impostors and they will be at no loss for the origin of spirit rapping. When the Poughkeepsie revelation failed, spirit rapping was invented for the very same

objects and is worked by the very same parties. In 1847 Poughkeepsieism faded away: in 1848 spirit rapping appeared on the same congenial transatlantic soil; and for the same purpose, of preaching Swedenborgianism.

We have accepted Mr. Spicer's own challenge in reference to the abstract principles and genius of spirit rapping. He has (p. 452) the blasphemous temerity to refer us to the text, St. John iv. 2, "Hereby know ye the spirit of God," &c. We admit the appeal and the authority. We have seen that spirit rappings, whenever they profess to declare moral and spiritual truths, only repeat and reproduce the revelations of the Poughkeepsie seer. It is undeniable, as a glance at his book will shew, that the seer Davis denied all revelation, treated the Gospel as a fiction, proclaimed the freedom of humanity in the total proscription of forms, creeds, and dogmas, and all existing religions. The new oracle Swedenborgianizes, Owenizes, Fourierizes. The conversation related by Mr. Spicer, p. 441, as revealed by rapping to Mr. C., is identical, verbally identical, with pages of the Poughkeepsie revelation. Now having furnished this proof of the identity of the two impostures, and accepting Mr. Spicer's scriptural test, we ask him to reconcile the Poughkeepsie revelation with the Bible revelation? When he has shewn their consistency, we will go into the facts of the rappists.

As to the mode in which the rapping is produced, we hold it to be of the least possible importance. The Cock-lane Ghost, never thoroughly explained as to its details, was exactly equivalent. The feats of Houdin are infinitely more inexplicable. There are in Mr. Mackay's History of Popular Delusions cases much more mysterious. A good deal of it may be accounted for by collusion; much by unconscious self-delusion; much of it is a simple failure; something, as in the Culver confessions, is effected by mechanical means; something by ventriloqual. When the spirits tell us any thing new it is the old Poughkeepsie cabbage hashed up again; when they tell us any thing true it is guess-work. What is new is false; and what is old is worthless.

As to its connexion with Mesmerism, the creditable professors of that science, in which there are facts clearly indisputable, and which only require time and induction to rank at their proper value, have been among the foremost to scout the wicked folly of rapping. The Zoist is among its chief and ablest opponents: and

we have yet to learn that Elliotson, or Reichenbach, or Gregory, are defenders of spirit rapping.

One fact the rappists have impudently appropriated as a branch of the manifestations. We allude to the phenomenon of table-tipping. This we hold to be an undeniable fact in nature. It is indisputable, and no physical fact has been better or more thoroughly authenticated, that tables, and indeed any common moveable article, can under certain circumstances be made to exhibit an apparently spontaneous, but really imparted, motion. There the fact stops: at present it is single and isolated. To exhibit it requires the presence of at least one individual, who is either susceptible of the magnetic influences, or has educial muscular or nervous powers, which only a minority of persons have, and these in various degrees. In this particular alone spirit rapping claims connexion with the table phenomenon, viz., in the alleged necessity of a magnetic medium, that is, of a person of a certain nervous temperament. The table movement is a physical reality, very curious, and at present unexplained. It is supposed to have some connexion with magnetism, or electricity, or galvanism (whether these are or are not distinguishable), or with Reichenbach's odyle. But this is pure theory. The fact at present is small and insignificant, but it may lead to great discoveries. At present, however, the matter is in a very rudimental and monadic shape. Real connexion with the alleged rapping manifestations it has none whatever. It is simply physical. The table is not vocal: it utters no fatidic voices. When the physical influence is withdrawn, the motion ceases: the table stands still or topples over. There it rests. At present the thing only looks grotesque and insignificant; it seems only to illustrate the nursery tradition that the dish ran away with the spoon—and it has been suggested, the motion of the tables may not be inherent at all. By some connexion of volition with muscular power the operators may in fact and unconsciously be actually moving the table while they believe themselves to be passive. The mystery, as in the analogous and familiar experiment of the ring suspended over a glass vessel from the fingers, which knocks the hour of the day, may depend on the subtleness of the connexion between the will and the muscles. But we do not dogmatize on a matter which at present is very unimportant.

But we especially desire that this table-tipping phenomenon, or any thing else which has at first a supernatural look, should be treated in the right spirit. If it is a fact, and the testimony to its reality is incontestable, let it remain as a fact. It is nothing to be afraid of. It is not to be set aside in that vulgar contemptuous spirit which is ready, and which would, were the trial to come, be glad to set aside all historical testimony. Nor is it to be treated in a superstitious spirit. It makes no appeal and professes no connexion with the spiritual world. Table-tipping, if it is not a harmless self-delusion, is no more mixed up with Satanic delusions than is the electric telegraph. Religious people ought to remember that if they substantially believe in the power of evil spirits, they must be aware that Satan has powers a vast deal too awful and terrible, fascinations and occupations too serious, and influences on our souls too real and tremendous, to amuse himself with feats of twirling hats and tables, which would be vulgar, contemptible, and useless, in the meanest and tricksiest Puck of the realms of Fairydom.

THE LAY OF THE HERO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

1.

Of the dauntless man raise high the lay,
As clash of bells, or organ's tone,
Whose lofty deeds gold may not pay,
But the thrilling voice of the lyre alone.
Yes, his gallant soul shall find its reward,
And a deathless name in the song of the bard!

2.

The thaw-wind comes, from the southern sea,
And moaning sweeps o'er Italy,
The clouds drift on before its might,
Like a scatter'd flock with the wolf in sight.
It sweeps o'er forest, it sweeps o'er plain,
And the ice-bergs burst in a roaring main.

3.

The avalanche starts from the mountain's side
Where a thousand waters roll their tide,
The blooming vale becomes an ocean,
The river rocks with restless motion,
The waves rise high, the track is lost,
And masses of ice on their breast are tost.

4.

Where pillars and arches clust'ring stand,
A slender bridge its form uprears,
Of free-stone fashioned on either hand
And a single hut in the midst appears.
Here dwells the Bridgeward with child and wife.
"Oh Bridgeward, Bridgeward, fly for thy life!"

5.

Heavily heaves the flood around,
And the Bridgeward springs to the roof in haste,
As the tempest groans with a hollow sound,
He breathless looks on the watery waste.
"All-pitying Father have mercy on me!
I am lost unless Thou my Deliverer be!"

6.

Billow on billow leaps the flood,
From shore to shore, from side to side,
Like the storm-tossed boughs of an Alpine wood,
Rages and rushes and eddies the tide,
And now it nears that lonely dwelling
While a prayer for aid on the air is swelling.

7.

The ice is rending crash on crash,
From side to side, from shore to shore,
On the awe-struck gaze the breakers flash,
Foaming and whirling the arches o'er,
But above the strife of the tempest wild,
Rise the shrieks of the Bridgeward with wife and child.

8.

High on the distant beach there stands
A crowd of gazers small and great,
Some shout, some weep, some wring their hands,
And some in mute expectance wait,
And louder than wind or water's roar
That agonized voice is heard once more!

9.

As clash of bells or organ's tone,
Why thus my lay dost thou aspire?
He tarries still, that dauntless one,
Ring louder, louder yet my lyre!
"Oh now thou noble heart prepare,
The flood sweeps on and death is there!"

10.

Who hither comes with furious speed?
What do his trembling hands uphold?
'Tis a noble Count on a gallant steed
With a weighty purse of shining gold.
"Two hundred pistoles I offer to thee,
Whoe'er of my Bridgeward the rescuer may be!"

11.

Is he the hero? Shall he save?
'Tis thou my ringing lyre shall tell.
By heaven's light, the Count was brave!
Yet a braver heart I know full well.
"Oh now, thou dauntless one appear,
Fearful the torrent rages near!"

12.

And ever higher rose the flood,
And ever louder sobb'd the wind,
And ever fainter sank the hope
Of rescue in the Bridgeward's mind,
And pillar by pillar snapp'd and fell,
As the struggling waves through the arches swell.

13.

"Forward!" again, Count Luigi, cried.
"On, on, my friends, for God's dear Son!"
And each man heard, but look'd aside,
And of the thousands stirr'd—not one;—
While ever above the element's strife,
Rang the voice of the Bridgeward, with child and wife.

14.

But see with firm, undaunted step,
A lowly serf moves on the scene;
With pilgrim staff, and homely garb;
Stately his form, his glance shone keen.
He hears the Count, his prayer attends,
While his gaze on the coming destruction he bends.

15.

And straight into the nearest bark,
In God's high Name he boldly sprung,
Fearless of storm and billows dark,
Came the deliverer safely on.
But vain is every hope they cherish,
With skiff so frail he too must perish!

16.

But thrice his bark he onward urg'd,
Fearless of tempest, wind, and wave,
And thrice in safety hath he pass'd
To shore, with those he came to save,
But scarcely the third time the land he near'd,
'Ere the hut's last fragments disappear'd.

17.

Is he the hero? Can it be?
Ring out my lyre with tones more free!
The peasant his life has stak'd and sold,
And all for the sake of Count Luigi's gold;
Save for that rich and tempting gain,
He ne'er had dar'd the raging main.

18.

"Here," cried the Count, "my gallant friend,
Come hither, and receive thy part!"
And does the hero thus intend?
By heaven, the Count had a noble heart.
But a higher, and holier, and heavenlier glow,
Warm'd the heart of the peasant his doublet below.

19.

"My life for gold I may not sell,
Tho' poor my lot, no more I crave,
The Bridgeward thy treasure shall value well,
Whose all has sunk in a watery grave."
He thus in simple wise did say,
And grasp'd his staff, and turn'd away.

20.

Of the dauntless man raise high the lay,
As clash of bells, or organ's tone,
Such lofty deeds gold may not pay,
But the thrilling voice of the lyre alone.
Yes! his gallant soul shall find its reward,
And a deathless fame in the song of the bard

THE

National Miscellany.

A TRIP TO LEIPSIC FAIR.

GREAT is the difference between modern and mediæval shopping. In modern times the customers go to the shops, in old days the shops came to the customers. First of all there were the pedlars, with their little shops upon their backs, wandering from castle to castle, the newspapers of the day, and carrying on a brisk retail trade in gossip, which added considerably to the value of their other wares. Then there were the fairs, to which companies of traders and merchants, in wholesome dread of freebooters, flocked together for the disposal of their goods, and which formed one of the principal modes of ancient traffic.

But fairs are like other things, mortal; and the march of science and intellect is fast diminishing their number and importance. Some cattle, wool, and cheese fairs are all that now remain, except where a few sleepy country towns are still periodically awakened by an influx of shows and gingerbread—the mere ghost and shadow, into which the ancient fair has degenerated. On the continent, however, where the march of improvement has not been so rapid as in our own country, many more ancient customs remain, among which the Leipsic fair shines with all its pristine glory and greatness undimmed. It stands alone in the trading world, and as centuries ago it was the central market of Europe, so at the present day merchants and traders from all parts come with all kinds of goods, and form a scene quite unlike any other in the altered world.

With respect to the town of Leipsic itself, though endowed with much historical interest, we confess that it presents few existing remains of art or antiquity to arrest the traveller; its appearance is like any other German town, its streets rather narrow, its roofs rather high, and dotted here and there with numerous garret windows. The architecture for the most part is of modern date, and very ordinary, though now and then a house of the seventeenth century displays fine specimens of a mongrel renaissance style of carving, or perhaps more often of plastering. Pavements are gradually creeping into the principal streets, but the *pavé* is still the most popular; and the stranger pursuing his way is much impeded by the frequent occurrence of entrances to cellars, which lying some twenty feet or more below the level of the street, are descended to by means of extremely precipitous stone steps: in these low regions beer and other refreshments are usually served, though at this busy time many are used entirely as warehouses. One cellar above all is remarkable, namely, "Auerbach's keller." Those who know Goethe's Faust will descend with beating heart to this deep and magic cave, but will now in vain bore holes in the tables. It may have struck Goethe as more poetical to extract wine from the marks of the gimlet, but we believe that on the very spot which he introduces as a scene in his grand tragedy, he oftentimes found the more practical way to be to demand the bottle from the landlord.

Tradition at any rate fixes this cellar as belonging to that magician whose wonderful feats are so warmly cherished by German youth, the celebrated Dr. Faustus. The waiter who serves the beverage in this lower region will probably place into the hands of the stranger, if he be an Englishman, the following document, which we think to be so characteristic of German ideas, as to be worthy to be transcribed, with all its idiomatic errors:—

HOW

D. FAUSTUS

AT LEIPSIC BROUGHT WITH LITTLE TROUBLE A CASK FULL OF WINE OUT OF THE CELLAR, AND THUS WON IT BY A WAGER.

THERE studied at that time at Wittenberg some Polish noblemen, who kept much company with D. Faustus, and were good customers of his. There was just now the Leipsic foir, and they desired very much to go

once to see it, partly, as they had heard often of it, partly as some amongst them thought of raising some money from their countrymen, or to borrow for some time, to go thither. They communicated therefore their wishes to D. Faustus, that he might, as they were well aware, that he could, bring about and procure so much by his art, that they could go and arrive yonder.

D. Faustus would not let them beg in vain, and consented henceforth; procured by his art, that a peasant's vehicle and four stood the other day outside the town, which they mounted of good cheer and drove on rapidly. But they were scarcely so far advanced as a quarter of an hour, as they saw, all of them a hare, running across the fields, which induced them to conceive timorous thoughts, and that it might be a bad sign for their journey, and so they spent some hours with such and other conversation, that they arrived to their great astonishment before sunset in Leipsic.

The day following they took a view of the town, gazed at the valuables of Commerce, and performed partly their business; and as they came near the inn, they stopped, they observed, that in a wine-cellar, opposite to it, the wine or beer porters (generally called shooters,) were going to roll or to get out of the cellar, a cask full of wine, containing seven till eight buckets, but they could not execute it, for all the trouble they took, until there might come some more men, to assist them.

In the meanwhile D. Faustus and his men stood still, and looked on, now D. Faustus (who would likewise be known by his art at that place) said nearly sneering to the shooters: How do you set so awkwardly about it, yours are so many, and you can not force such a cask out of the cellar? yet an only one might do it, if he managed it properly.

The shooters, like useless knaves, were very angry at such a language, used foul words, as they did not know him; amongst other things: if he then knew better than they to lift up such a cask, and to bring it out of the cellar, he should do it in all the devil's name; what he had much to vex them? This going on, the master of the wine-cellar appears, and soon hears the cause, and particularly that the one (Faustus) had said; an only one might bring the cask out of the cellar, he says therefore half angry to him: Well as you are such strong giants, whosoever amongst you will bring the cask alone out of the cellar, his it shall be.

D. Faustus was not idle, and as some students just approached, he calls them up for witnesses, to what was promised by the master. He forthwith descended into the cellar, and put himself right upon the cask, like on a buck and rode it, properly to say, not without every one's wondering, upwards; whereof the master much aghast, and though he objected, that such was not done naturally, he was still obliged to keep his word and promise, would he not have otherwise the mockery with the loss along.

Thus he let deliver the cask with the wine to D. Faustus, who gave it up to his men, as well as to the students, his witnesses, who soon aided the cask to be brought into the inn, whither they invited some more friends, and rejoiced of it several days, as long as a drop of wine has been in the cellar.

The artist will look in vain in Leipsic for picturesque houses; the amateur in vain for galleries of paintings; the antiquary in vain for old buildings: but when he ascends the lofty tower, and beholds the plain beneath him, rendered

so celebrated for that fierce and bloody struggle, which, arresting the haughty steps of the victorious emperor, in all probability decided the fate of the rest of Europe, he will gaze and still gaze on and find interest in every spot; he will see that small and narrow rivulet, and will picture to himself its waters changed to red, its stream fighting with the bodies of the dead and dying; he will see the bridge destroyed, and brave Poniatowski, with his few men, thus cut off from the main army, plunge into the water, his wounded horse struggling with the crimson stream, but alas in vain: a small stone monument, with a short inscription, alone stands to mark the spot where the body of the brave man was found.

And now for the fair. During this congregation assemble together merchants from all parts. Into that one square mile are squeezed manufacturers from every imaginable place. In the street one sees Grecks, Russians, Turks, Tyrolese, Jews, Dutch, and men from many other nations: the first with their bright red jacket; the second with their large warm coats, lined and bound with fur; the next with their white turbans and long robes; the Tyrolese with his high tapering black hat; the Jew with his long black satin cloak, or rather gown; and the Dutch, with their enormous boots, their dirty appearance, and sleepy heavy countenances.

The stalls are as variegated as their owners. Here is one containing some hundreds of truly German pipes, with ladies' figures brightly painted on their white bowls. Next to it is a depot for "travelling pouches," we mean that little leather bag which suspended by means of a strap to the side of the wearer, proclaims him "a traveller," and which the German considers as necessary an accompaniment to his voyage as an Englishman his umbrella; here branching to the left we perceive a complete street formed by the stalls on each side; on the one perhaps naught meets the eye but crockery of all descriptions, on the other naught but sticks and parasols. Pass on farther and we stand before a shop well stocked with the new leather purses and cigar cases (the latter clearly predominant); here is a stall filled with cheap jewellery, there one for the sale of stationery, with many tastefully arranged boxes of steel pens, which on examination expose the word "Birmingham" stamped in plain let-

ters on their surface. Neither in this large market are the children entirely forgotten. The toy-stalls, though comparatively few in number, are not wanting, and the "sweet" stall oftentimes presents a goodly array of sugar transformed into every shape and of every colour. All kinds may be seen there; and it is curious to observe the same "barley sugar," the same "drops," the same "sugar-plums," attracting diminutive Germans as cause gazing children to open their mouths in our own land.

But we must still pass on. We see stall after stall, avenue after avenue. We have now arrived at the outskirts. Here is a large square devoted entirely to the exposure for sale of pots and pans of all sizes; probably not all belonging to the same proprietor, but to some six or seven, who find it to their interest to be together in one quarter, that their customers may know where to find them. In the same manner we enter upon a large plot of ground bedecked with baskets of as many shapes as the art of man can design. Next to the basket possibly we find the furniture market, and the gay sofas, with their luxurious springs, meet one's gaze in every direction. That sofa whereon the deputy store-keeper and his friend are now lounging and pouring forth from their respective pipes volumes of tobacco smoke, may before many hours grace some nobleman's drawing-room.

It is now time to return, and passing a corner of the fair, where a few children's games and some half-dozen shows are arranged, we again find ourselves entering the midst, and again we are surrounded by booths on every side. Here are piles of handkerchiefs, there of shawls; farther on caps and lace in abundance; here gloves, shoes, leather and skins of all sorts, oftentimes too forcibly demanding attention by their odour; scissors, knives, kettles, pots, ladles, lanthorns, spoons, glasses, bottles, mirrors, silks, furs, umbrellas, sticks, musical instruments, lamps, stockings, socks, clocks, watches, candlesticks, matches, cakes, fruit, carpets, rugs, hearth-brooms, brushes, stocks of ready-made clothing, which would do credit to Moses and Son, and many other articles of all kinds.

And when we are asked "Where are all these goods stowed away in comparatively so small a town as Leipsic?" we answer "everywhere." There is not a square that is

occupied by less than three or four rows of stalls, hardly a street but whose thoroughfare is considerably narrowed, sometimes by simple tent-like stalls, at others by temporary wood-built shops.

Nor is the merchandise confined only to the streets. Every available house has the landing of the staircase piled up with huge packages, and on every side placards meet the eye, announcing that Herr So-and-so, merchant of such and such a place, is to be heard of on the first, second, third, or fourth story, as the case may be. Many a court-yard is rendered impenetrable, many an entrance impassable, by the large packs piled one above the other. Many a first floor is hired at an enormous rent for show-rooms, many a cellar for warehouses: and when we consider that during the fair business is transacted in the town of Leipsic annually to the amount of ten millions of pounds sterling, it is not to be wondered at that every square foot of ground should be of consequence.

Having thus disposed of the goods, there is still an important matter remaining, namely, their owners. Suffice it to say on this point, that the hotels are more than literally overflowing. The rooms are generally all engaged before the commencement of the fair, but the provident landlord takes the precaution of hiring what rooms he can in the neighbouring streets, and thus finds room for his guests, which generally number at the table-d'hôte dinners from 300 to 400 persons. Besides this, many merchants make arrangements with their friends to board and lodge them during the fair, and thus in every house the rooms contain double the number of beds they are intended for. It is not in place here to speak of the beds, which are sometimes of the most extemporary nature, and the German bed at best, we all know, is little made for comfort.

Before we conclude we have to mention an important feature in the Leipsic fair, namely, the bookselling business. Leipsic has for years borne the reputation of being the chief mart for books; in fact, in comparing the German trade with the English, it forms as it were the Paternoster-row of Germany. Every German bookseller, as well as some from other countries, possesses an agent at Leipsic. Here then is the central depot of the book trade, and the town possesses a fine building called the "Bookseller's Exchange" (Buch-

händler Börse.) During the Easter fair, in the large hall of this building, the year's accounts of all booksellers are settled; and on a certain fixed day, towards the end of this fair, in this hall the booksellers meet, and discuss the events of the preceding year, each member being permitted to speak, subject to the approval of the president. Beneath this hall is a large room for the display of newly published books; and though, from the nature of the German business, it is not of so much importance to them, we cannot but think that its introduction into our own country would prove beneficial both to the trade and to the public. The advantage of being able to view at one glance single copies of all books published in England during the past quarter is apparent; and if our principal publishers would come forward in the matter, there would we think be little difficulty in its arrangement. For the curious in statistics it may be as well to mention that the booksellers' accounts settled at the Easter fair amount to nearly half a million sterling.

Now that the introduction of railroads is becoming more and more general throughout Germany, it is difficult to say if this fair will last; in a few years it may be spoken of as a thing of the past, and recorded only in the pages of history. The town is separated from London only by the space of two-and-forty hours, and if our ingenious reader will solve for himself this problem, we refer him to the pages of Bradshaw, and affording the data—departure from the London-bridge station at 8.30 P.M. on the Monday—leave him to pursue his course on some six different lines of railway till he arrives at the conclusion both of his problem and his journey, viz. at Leipsic 2.30 P.M. on the Wednesday.

WHO DESERVES A STATUE?

OR,

THE NURSE'S TALE.

I WAS in a very ill humour: I will neither deny it nor defend myself. I had missed the express, which would have brought me to my journey's end in three hours; and after waiting three hours, had now taken my place in a "government train," which, in six or seven hours more, (if we should run into nothing, and nothing should run into us,) would land me at sunset where I ought to have been at noon. And this on a soft grey day, a southerly wind blowing, the may-fly just appearing, and the trout (I know that, as well as if I had seen them) rising like mad!

"What! a fisherman and impatient?" exclaims the judicious reader,—visions floating before him the while of that patience-trying weapon, which has been represented as having a frog at one end and a fool at the other,—"a fisherman, and impatient?" Certainly, my friend: I keep my patience for the river side; and there I have an inexhaustible stock of it; which is an outrage upon nature. And so elsewhere I am free to confess that if there be one thing which I do hate, and abhor, and detest, and abominate more than another, it is the odious, horrible, detestable, intolerable nuisance of being kept waiting by anybody, or having to wait for anything. The fact is, I have some little property of my own; am a single man; am unused to contradiction; and in early life had a very affectionate grandmother.

But all this by the way. Thank my stars we are off at last! Off? yes, but only to stop in three minutes for five, and then in five minutes for three, and so we go on,—the most wearying, vexing, irritating mode of travelling, to which that stupid, much-enduring beast, the public, was ever exposed. I wish to goodness I had walked! I've half a mind to turn out at the next station! What, another halt! Why, Guard, what upon earth is the matter? Deaf as a post! What a great lumbering idiot! Well, I'll let myself out.

How many of the foregoing remarks I had uttered aloud I cannot take upon me to say. I thought I was venting my spleen in solitude, and was unconscious of having made an audible out-pouring of my griefs till I had addressed

the guard who had calmly ignored my existence, and had tranquilly suggested to myself an act of suicide.

"Surely, Sir, you had better not attempt it: the train is moving. I once attended a gentleman in the hospital that jumped out of the carriage: both thighs broke: compound fracture: double amputation: sank the same night."

And I too sank,—sank back on my seat in a state, not exactly of collapse, but quite resigned, resolutely determined to run no risks with my legs: for is there not the race-ball on Tuesday? and did not Fanny Parker say she should be there?

I sank back, and looking round, perceived for the first time the object from whom the words of cautionary advice proceeded. I suppose the station is dark, or I was bothered, or put out, or something, but certainly I had not gone beyond a dim and hazy conception of an uninteresting-looking bundle in the corner. The corners of railway carriages have always bundles in them, animate or inanimate. I take them for granted, and shut my eyes to keep the dust out.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," I replied, with my civilest bow, "I beg your pardon, but I...."

And there I stopped short, for I didn't know how to finish the sentence.

Fanny Parker? No. Well then, some one else of the same sort of attractiveness? Blue eyes with dark furniture? teeth like pearls, lips like, (what are lips to be always like? Cherries. Thank you:) lips like cherries? Cheeks like, like peaches or some other beautiful green-grocery? No, not at all. Only a pale, spare, middle-aged woman in a dark stuff gown, with a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable, yet unremarkable shape and colour.

A quakeress? No. A nun? No. The affectionate mother of nine children? No; evidently none of them, but just a mingling together, as one should imagine, of the pleasantest ingredients of all of them. There was the intense neatness of the quaker race, the thorough gentleness and good nature, yet active decided manner, of the mother of a family, accompanied by a calm and spiritualised look.

It was the voice that first attracted me, so soft, and yet so clear; and then it was the expression which lit up very ordinary, not to say plain, features with a kindness that I

never saw surpassed, which riveted me. I felt almost awed by a manner which had nothing whatever of awe in it, nothing but simplicity and quiet self-possession, and that refinement which comes of experience in the school of suffering. Is she a gentlewoman by birth? I asked myself. No: one ungloved hand shewed that it was accustomed to rough work. At any rate, she is one of nature's gentlewomen, thought I:—aye, and something more.

"I am very much obliged to you, Madam, for your advice. I was about to do a very foolish thing. I happen to be in a hurry, and I fear I am somewhat impatient. I dare say," I added smiling, "that you hardly know what impatience is."

"May I ask why you think so, Sir?" inquired my companion, smiling pleasantly in her turn.

"If I may say it without impertinence, I think I can read it in your face."

"Would that you could read it there truly! but if my face wears any such expression, it plays the hypocrite sadly. I am more impatient at this moment than I know how to express."

"You are in a hurry to get to your journey's end?"

"Not on my own account, Sir, for I have probably a very anxious time and wearying duties before me. I was summoned this morning by the electric telegraph to attend a lady who is about to undergo a terrible operation which must not be delayed, and which awaits my arrival. I am one of the nursing sisters of the ——— Institution."

"What! you don't mean, Madam, that you go to people when they have their legs cut off, or have got the small-pox, and the yellow-jaundice, and all those horrible things?"

"Such is my life, Sir, from year's end to year's end," was the quiet answer.

"Can't imagine, Ma'am, how you can stand it. I know I once saw a boy blooded when I was at Eton, and I fainted."

"Probably you were taken by surprize, Sir. If you had resolved not to faint you would not have fainted. And use, and the desire to be useful, soon enables a person to get over these kind of trials."

"Why, to be sure, Ma'am, they say the eels get used to

being skinned. And I could fancy that, after a while, a sort of stern interest in such scenes might grow up in the mind. There is no accounting for tastes."

I spoke thoughtlessly, and gave pain; but my companion gently replied:

"I do not find that I have less amount of feeling, Sir, now, than when I entered on my profession; but the weight has been changed from one scale to the other. I fear I began by feeling most for myself and least for my patients. I trust that now self is kept pretty well out of consideration."

"But it must have been horrid work at the outset. I wonder you could have induced yourself to undertake it."

"I was alone in the world; had no means of my own; and was not without the feeling that such an occupation might be very profitable to me."

"Quite natural, Madam: a very reasonable expectation. And I trust your patients do pay you well."

"They do not pay me at all, Sir," replied the nursing-sister,—a momentary tinge of colour passing over her pale face. "I was not thinking of money when I spoke of finding the occupation profitable."

I suppose I stared very much, for my companion added very quickly:

"But you must not suppose, Sir, that I am unpaid. The Institution gives me a yearly salary: and the patients make whatever recompense they may think fit to the Institution. If the sufferer is in comfortable circumstances he will make his payment accordingly. If, as often happens, he is in utter poverty, the Institution is well content to forego all claim for remuneration."

"I suppose there are two classes of nurses,—one for the rich, and the other for the poor?"

"God forbid, Sir!" exclaimed the sister. "Were such a plan adopted, the efficacy of the Institution would be at once deteriorated. We make it the discipline of our lives so to train ourselves as to be ready for all emergencies, and to adapt ourselves to all classes. I may be sent for to a ducal mansion one week, and find myself in a lodging-house in St. Giles's the next. And I feel this to be a great privilege. Each class has virtues of its own. The gentry, the trades-people, the artisans and labourers, all have their

different ways of shewing faith, and patience, and self-restraint. From all I am daily learning lessons which greatly increase my own responsibility, and I feel it to be a happy thing for me that through my connexion with all, the frequent passing from one to the other, I am able to do something towards making these various virtues more known and appreciated, towards making each class respect the other more, and thus towards drawing those together who, till of late years, have been so unhappily sundered from each other."

"Well, at any rate," I exclaimed, "there seems to be no sundering here! What a crowd we are coming into! A fair, I suppose. Where are we?"

I put my head out of the window as the speed of the train rapidly slackened, and comprehended at once the cause of the excitement; for huge placards in all the dignity of letters a foot long and of all colours of the rainbow, announced a great gala at Bobbinley,—"Inauguration of the Statue of the late Sir Jonathan Skinner,—pleasure trains from the potteries, and the collieries, and the cloth and cotton districts,—deputations from the corporations of Liverpool, and Manchester, and Leeds, and Birmingham, and Stoke, and Hanley,—opening of Hazely Park to the public,—Grand Pyrotechnic display on Hazely Head."

And Bobbinley station lay in the valley, the town of Bobbinley covering a gentle rise to the right, while on the left, stretching far away, were the demesne and woods of Hazely Manor, the residence of the Skinner family; and at no great distance, the abruptly rising rock of Hazely Head, on the summit of which, behind a screen of scaffold and canvass, (the removal of which at a given signal, was to be the event of the day,) stood on its pedestal of granite, the colossal statue in bronze of the great Sir Jonathan.

And towards that point, under arches of evergreens, and amid the ringing of bells, and the clamour of drums and trumpets, and the waving of flags, a long procession of municipal dignitaries, the Odd Fellows, the free and accepted Masons, attended by a vast crowd of cheering spectators, was wending its way.

So much as this the eye took in at a glance; but before any further information could be gained, there came the shrill whistle of the engine, the bump that knocked my

head against the window-frame, and then piff-puff, piff-puff, piff-puff, piff-puff, the rattle of the train's accelerated speed, and a cloud of steam, which obscured hill and valley, and all the crowds that thronged them; while the noise of bells, and shouts, and bands, were all drowned in the monstrous rumblings of the heavy vehicles which our giant's strength was dragging along inexorably.

Another minute, almost before I had ensconced myself in my seat again, and we were cutting our way through solitary meadows, no living creatures near us, save the cattle and the rooks.

"What a mad, absurd hubbub!" I exclaimed, for my head still smarted, and I could not but think of the possible contingency of having to exhibit a black eye at the race-ball. "But that's just the way with us Englishmen. If a man grows rich, we think that we can't do too much for him."

"Well, it does look sometimes as if when a man had made money his idol, we felt it to be our duty to make an idol of him. But I have understood that Sir Jonathan Skinner had many of those qualities which make Englishmen popular. He kept open house, and took a lead in all matters relating to county business."

"Yes, Madam, and he died worth a million of money."

"He built a very magnificent Town-hall at Bobbinley, and gave the site for the Literary Institute."

"Yes, Madam, and he died worth a million of money."

"I have understood that it was through his exertions that the railway was brought through Bobbinley."

"Yes, Madam, and he died worth a million of money. Do you think that but for that million we should have seen what we have seen to-day? Why, it was mentioned in yesterday's Times that the statue which is being inaugurated will cost five or six thousand pounds!"

"Is it possible?" asked my companion.

"O yes, money can always be raised to an unlimited extent where the object is to do homage to money-making. I remember it was stated that almost the whole sum was raised in the county, and a large portion of it was contributed by the people employed at his mills."

"Poor things!" exclaimed the nursing-sister, "some

better return might have been made of their money for them than this."

It was said so sadly and earnestly that I hazarded the inquiry,—

"You seem, Madam, to know something of Bobbinley?"

"Oh yes, I was there last year for some weeks. The small-pox was raging in the low part of the town, near the water-meadows."

"I suppose epidemics are always prevailing in such places?"

"I have understood, Sir," she replied, "that they are never absent from Bobbinley, but that does not prove that their presence is inevitable."

"Of course not. But Bobbinley always seemed to me a clean smart town."

"Your knowledge, Sir, is perhaps confined to its High-street: mine has extended to its alleys and courts,—to the part of the town which belonged chiefly, as I understood, to Sir Jonathan Skinner, and where the families employed in his mills chiefly reside. I believe if half the sum which that statue is to cost were to be spent in improving that part of Bobbinley, Sir Jonathan's memory would not be less honoured, and death would not make more havoc there than at any other town of its size in the kingdom."

When my pale-faced companion had concluded her sentence, I began to have a glimmering of the meaning of the Duke of Wellington's words—"When my papers come to be read, many statues will have to be taken down." Perhaps, methought, that saying may hold true of civil as well as of military effigies. The judgment of posterity may be found a rather awful court of appeal. And what if there be one which will be more awful still?

"I remember seeing at the time an account in the papers of the ravages which the small-pox was making at Bobbinley. It was however, coupled, I think, with an announcement of a munificent donation on the part of Sir Jonathan to the Infirmary,—£500 I believe, towards its enlargement."

"If he would have spent that sum on his own work-people's dwellings," observed the nursing-sister, with some sternness, "the Infirmary would not have needed increased accommodation."

"Are the dwellings you allude to so very bad?" I inquired.

"I will tell you what I have seen, Sir, and what I have lived amongst for weeks," was the reply. "Our Institution was applied to for a nurse, because in one house in that town disease had assumed so virulent a form that none could be found in the neighbourhood who would undertake the office of nurse. And no wonder. The medical attendants assured me that in that court all disease of whatever kind had, for years, invariably assumed a typhoid form, the result of an atmosphere always filled with exhalations from putrefying animal matter. The leakage from the cess-pools and such-like accumulations of filth was stagnating in a slimy pool, on whose reeking surface were streaks and bubbles that reflected prismatic hues,—sure evidence of the deleterious vapours that were continually hanging over it, and forming beneath it. This in one corner. In the other was a row of pigsties never cleaned, the occupants of which were fed, it was said, solely upon the blood and offal, often putrid, from the neighbouring slaughter-houses. One side of the court was formed by the wall of an over-filled churchyard. At a short distance from the other ran 'the town ditch,'—never emptied, it being a disputed question on whom the duty of clearing it out devolved. The house to which I was summoned originally contained a family of eleven people: three had died before my arrival; four died afterwards. The father of the family was a tenant of Sir Jonathan Skinner. The rent was very high; and yet I believe that neither in that house nor in any other in the same court, was there either door or window at the back, and the stench in front was so great that in summer it was impossible to open a window. Even the water in the wells could not be used, so tainted was it with animal matter[a]."

"But do you mean, Madam, that you nursed that wretched family through their illness?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"But how could you live in such a place?"

[a] Lest any one should think the above description is an exaggeration, it may be observed that in the report lately made to the General Board of Health (by their superintending inspector) with respect to the condition of a *non*-manufacturing town in one of the midland counties, a state of things even more horrible than that given above is revealed.

"Others did so," answered the nurse simply.

"Nay, rather they died."

"And of course I might have died too: but one is more likely to be preserved while one walks in the path of duty, than when one turns aside through cowardice."

"Well," I exclaimed, for the meaning of the great Duke's words had now become very clear to me,—"if any one ought to have a statue on Hazely Head it should be yourself!"

"Sir?" said my companion in a tone which shewed that she thought she had not heard aright.

I repeated my words.

If the late Sir Robert Peel's definition of wit be a correct one, I had delivered myself unconsciously of as witty a speech as ever was spoken, for it was followed by a convulsion of laughter on the part of the person to whom it was addressed. The staidness of her character seemed to have vanished. She laughed till she was fairly exhausted, and only recovered herself to laugh again.

Certainly the poke of that bonnet, made colossal in bronze, and the gauntness and angularity of my friend's own person, if transferred to a pedestal of granite, would be sufficiently startling. I saw the comicality of the vision which had presented itself to her mind's eye, and could not forbear smiling myself.

"Excuse me," I said at last, "if I did not pay my tribute of admiration to your self-devotion in the best way. What I wish to say, and I do say it from my heart, is that such labours of love and mercy as yours deserve the very highest rewards your fellow-men can give."

"It is well for us, Sir, that we neither receive them nor look for them from that quarter. But indeed your kindness of disposition, or perhaps the dissimilarity of our way of life to your own inclines you to exaggerate what you call our self-devotion. Nursing, Sir, is my profession. I am paid for it. And I have no more merit in discharging my duty faithfully than your medical attendant has. No, Sir," she added, laughing, "I do not deserve a statue; but perhaps you will allow me to tell you the history of one who I think did; if at least there is any honour in having one's figure carved in stone."

I at once intimated my desire to hear the tale.

"Well, Sir, about three years ago a servant-girl was brought home in a cart, very ill, to her parents,—poor people, who lived in a little out-of-the-way village in Gloucestershire. She reached her father's house after nightfall; the person who brought her thither being the bearer of a note from her late mistress simply saying that she had been ill for a week, was getting worse, and that the doctor said that the sooner she was sent back to her friends the better. True enough, poor thing, so far as she was concerned! for small was likely to be the amount of care which such a medical attendant and such a mistress would bestow on her: but to others the consequences were fearful enough.

"Not a word was hinted as to the nature of the complaint; and the object of the mistress being to get her out of her own house as quickly as she could, an old mattress was laid at the bottom of a cart, and the poor child (she was only fifteen) being unable to lift herself, was lifted into it, and in that condition was brought a distance of twenty miles. When the cart arrived at Newton (that was the name of the place) the girl was insensible.

"The parents, as I have said, were poor people, had a large family, and occupied one of a cluster of small cottages, lying together in a hollow, close to an undrained fold-yard, with its pigsties and dung-heaps, and not far from a sluggish weedy stream, that creeps and oozes over some marsh-land. The mother, a helpless dawdle, was so overwhelmed by the sudden distress that she became quite lost and bewildered, and seemed, I was told, as if she could do nothing even for her own child. Happily, at the next door she had a neighbour whose kind heart and self-possession were equal to any emergency,—a young woman, lately married, no other than my heroine, though bearing the very unromantic name of Sally Smith."

"Certainly," said I, smiling, "one's preconceived opinions would not lead one to expect to find the name of Sally Smith carved on a pedestal of Aberdeen granite: yet I think it is quite as euphonious as 'Sir Jonathan Skinner, Bart.'"

"Deeds like poor Sally's will make any name attractive. The Smiths have the reputation of being a large family; but the proudest of them may be proud to bear her name.

Well, Sir, it was too late at night to think of arranging a separate bed for the sufferer,—a separate room was out of the question. So she was carried up stairs, laid beside one of her still-sleeping sisters, and Sally Smith watched over her through the night, bathing her burning forehead with vinegar and water, and doing all that she could think of towards alleviating the pain which her dark, flushed face, shewed her to be suffering. The village doctor was summoned betimes the next morning, said little beyond the observation that 'sending her home in an open cart that way, was downright murder.' He would send medicines, and her hair was to be cut off. Who was to nurse her? 'I can do that' replied the mother. 'You?' was the rejoinder, in a tone of contempt, 'my good woman, you don't know what you're talking about. She will need some one to sit up with her, and watch her night and day for weeks. No; you must get some one to help you. And hark ye, can't you send your children away to some friend for a bit? It will keep the house quieter.'

"Then, as he went through the yard, and looked at the heaps of manure, he shrugged his shoulders, and turning to the woman who was holding his horse, said, 'The less you any of you go into John Wood's house the better. I expect we have got fever there.'—'Lord help us, Sir, you don't say so. Is it catching?' 'Mind what I say to you, and keep out of that house yourself, and keep the children out.'"

"Easier said than done. Alarm was taken, certainly. Mothers volunteered no service, and bade their children keep away from Jack Wood's; but who was to prevent the little Woods from coming and telling their school-fellows that Mary had come home 'bad,' that she raved and muttered, and all her hair was off? Meanwhile, Sally Smith continued her good offices, and staid by the sufferer night and day till she died. 'And now my good girl,' said the doctor, 'you must take care of yourself, and have good support. That girl is dead of typhus fever; and we shall be lucky if none of us take it.' 'I judged so much,' replied Sally, 'when I heard what you had said to the other women. And so I thought it my duty to stay here and save them from risks, for they have all got children, and I have no family'—'You have a husband'—'Yes Sir, and a good one.' 'Well then, take care of yourself,

and bid him take care of himself too.' However, of this last direction there was no need, the man was so eager to take care of himself that it was not without considerable difficulty that he was induced to re-admit his wife into his house."

"A newly married man too!" I exclaimed, "Why, what a brute!"

"Ah, Sir," replied my fellow traveller, "you are not much in the way of seeing the workings of selfishness in connexion with disease. The natural instinct of preservation is strong in us all; but to see the manner in which it sometimes developes itself in cases of infection,—extinguishing for the time all trust in Providence, and the ties of human love,—this, I do assure you, is among the most painful trials to which persons in my profession are exposed. But to proceed. For about ten days there was a pause, and then one of the children (the girl in whose bed Mary had been placed on her arrival) sickened, alternated for some weeks between life and death, and died. Then a boy took the distemper, resisted it with all the energy of a plough-boy who was resolved not to be mastered; but he resisted it in vain; it mastered him; and another, and another; and, last of all, an infant just weaned. Of six children who were attacked between July and October, one survived. There was no more havock to be made. New victims must be sought elsewhere.

"Meanwhile, the manure in the fold-yard was wanted for some agricultural purpose, and the exhalations caused by its removal at this critical time changed the character of the fever. It had been bad enough before. It now became the sort of disease,—that 'black fever,' as the poor people called it,—which has devastated the most pauperized districts of the south-west of Ireland. 'I was in the tropics many years,' said one of the medical attendants to me, at a later stage of the visitation, 'but no fever which I ever saw there exceeded this in malignity.' And indeed nothing could be more appalling than the closing scene of this terrible malady. The very tissues of the body seemed to give way. From eyes, ears, nose, mouth,—from every mucous surface, in short, blood poured forth in streams,—and even before life was extinct, the patient seemed to be in a state of putri-solution.

"Such was the form put on by the disease in the second household that it attacked, and there, out of a family of seven it swept away four, a father, and three promising sons. About the same time it broke out in two other houses, in each of which (together with other members of his family) resided a young man, aged respectively 20 and 22. These youths were looked upon, and were, the most powerful men in the village. Within a few days before they sickened of the disease they had been amusing themselves in trials of strength, lifting heavy sacks, and the like. In such feats none of their companions could come near them, and it was quite doubtful which of the two was the strongest. Awful were their wrestlings with their destroyer: but they had to fight against one who is irresistible, and when I saw them, the one was lying without power to raise a finger; the other could just ask for water in a whisper which was all but inaudible. They died within a few days of each other."

"And was Sally Smith engaged in all these sad scenes?" I asked.

"I was about to tell you, Sir. I mentioned the unwillingness of her husband to receive her home after the death of the first patient. When other children of the same family fell ill he forbad her to offer her services, and for a week or ten days she remained at home. At last by some means—we never knew exactly how—she induced him to forego his opposition. A subscription was being raised in the village for the relief of the wants of the sufferers, and when it was understood that the nurse was to be well paid, Jim Smith saw no reason why his wife might not chance it as well as another. It was no use paying strangers when there were folks on the spot who were ready to do the work. But he could do no good, and so he should move to his mother's till the risk was over. So he went."

"I trust he caught it!" I exclaimed in my indignation.

"O no, Sir, you do not!" answered the nursing-sister gravely. "He was in no state for such a visitation to fall on him. However, let his motives have been what they may, he left his cottage; and from that hour his wife gave herself up to the work. 'She was among us like an angel,' said one of the survivors to me in after-times. And the

praise was hardly exaggerated. As each day the distress deepened, her character deepened too. She had undertaken to nurse her neighbours, was her answer to one who expostulated with her as to the risk she was running, and with God's help she would go through with it. 'We can but die once,' she added, 'and I may never be so fit again as now.' This was the only allusion she was ever heard to make to herself, or the peril to which she was exposed. But every thing shewed that she was looking it steadily in the face, while to those to whom she was ministering, her language was invariably that of cheerfulness and hope. She seemed intuitively to know how to say that which would best support the sufferers' spirits, and prevent their giving way to that despondency by which so many a patient has signed his own death-warrant. The consequence was that each face brightened as she approached it. No one but Sally could smoothe the pillow, or raise the head aright; from no one but Sally would the sick child receive its medicine. Sally was all in all to them.

"The clergyman of the parish was not slack in giving what aid he could; the farmers were very kind in supplying wine and all the 'kitchen physic' so much needed; and two elderly females helped to sit up at night, and washed the patients' linen. But even thus, the *stress* of the work fell upon Sally, and on two occasions, when, in consequence of a fresh outbreak of the disease, a complete panic seized the village, she was left for many hours without any help whatever beyond that which the clergyman could give. Between them on those occasions they did all but wash the linen. That they left in soak till other help could be found.

"Yet all this while, when a timid or a selfish person would have given way altogether, and thrown up her charge, Sally dauntlessly persevered; still ready for every call upon her, shewing a bright contented face, and making the best of every thing. I believe that for several weeks she never went to bed, and only took off her clothes to put on clean linen. A very few hours of sleep, often taken on the outside of the bed of a sick child, sufficed her; and for the remainder of the day and night her whole time, and care, and thoughts, were given to the sufferers round her.

"Nor was this all. Through the complaints of her worthy

husband it was discovered that almost every shilling of her wages she received was spent in buying comforts for the sick, or securing the more decent burial of the dead; and at length, when the frightful hemorrhage (which terminated the disease in several cases) soaking through the bedding, had made mattresses scarce, she surrendered her own, thus literally leaving herself without a place whereon to lay her head. She knew, she said, when it was accidentally discovered, that the gentlemen would make it up to her by and by; and that she had not felt the want of it; she had laid down on a rug before the fire at John Burgess's and had got a comfortable sleep.

"Alas! she had forgotten that through her own excessive care to keep the dwellings clean, she had 'swilled down' and mopped the lower room of the cottage, and that she had, in fact, laid down to sleep on a very damp brick floor.

"The next day she went about her work as usual, though feeling chilly and uncomfortable; but she had not time, and it was not her way, to think much of herself. In that house of John Burgess's, lay, at that time, his eldest son dying; his wife, near her confinement, in the low muttering delirium of typhus; and five or six children in various stages of the malady. On all of these Sally Smith was attending: how could she think about herself?

"Providentially others were thinking of her. It had been by her own earnest request, and from respectful delicacy in interfering with one who was labouring with such self-devotion, that a nurse had not been already engaged from a distance. But the clergyman had all along blamed himself for yielding to her wish, and had already made application for aid from our Institution. We never send *young* nurses into the midst of fever, and it happened that all who were advanced in life were at that moment employed. This circumstance caused a delay of three or four days. But I arrived at Newton on the evening of the day after that on which poor Sally had begun to feel so cold and chilly.

"The cold taken from the damp floor was destined to render her susceptible of the influence of the disease in the midst of which she had been so long living; the spark that was to set her blood on fire was at last to be kindled. Every bone in her body was now aching, her head was confused and painful, noise in her ears, failure in her sight.

In short, the poison was in her veins, and she knew it well. As long as she could, she kept her own counsel, yet quickly getting everything into order so that whoever succeeded her would find the medicines and all other things required by her patients ready to hand.

"She gave one look at herself in the glass, recognised but too plainly the brown, dry tongue; sent one of the old women down to the vicarage with a message to the clergyman that 'she was but poorly, and would be glad to see him,' and then sank into a chair by the fire-side.

"And there we found her. 'Thank God for that! Thank God for that!' she exclaimed, when it was explained to her who I was. 'I am so glad you are come. What would Mary Burgess and all these children have done without a nurse?' And she wept tears of joy; her last thought for others, even as her first had been.

"Of course, Sir, you will anticipate the result. A constitution so worn by previous exertion had no chance whatever against so virulent a disease. But her illness was far more lingering than could have been expected.

"Very severe suffering was followed by long delirium, in which all her muttered ravings referred to those whom she had tended so faithfully and at such a cost. And then came a day or two of silent stupor. And then she was at rest."

Tears filled the speaker's eyes at the recollection of the scene; and a lump came into my own throat which prevented my utterance. So we were both silent for a minute or two.

My fellow-traveller was the first to renew the conversation.

"Well, Sir, if statues are the appropriate recompense to the benefactors of mankind, do you not think that poor unknown Sally Smith has a claim to be set upon a pedestal?"

"Indeed I do," was my earnest reply. "I trust the people at Newton have, at any rate, erected a monument to her memory. Her grave should not be unmarked, were it only for the sake of example."

"So thought the Vicar of Newton," replied the nursing-sister; "and after her funeral he offered to erect a headstone at his own cost; but her husband declined it."

"Declined it?"

"Yes, he said he should put one up himself. But within

six months he married again, and a grassy hillock is all that now marks Sally Smith's last resting-place."

"But the best is," writes old Fuller, "that God's calendar is more complete than man's best martyrologies; and their names are written in the Book of Life, who on earth are wholly forgotten."

MODERN SPANISH POETRY—ZORRILLA.

SINCE the palmy days of Spain, when she took high rank among European states, when her poets enjoyed an extended reputation, and Lope de la Vega, Calderon, Garcilasso, Ercilla, Gongora, Manrique, and the Argensolas, were known and honoured far beyond the limits of their native land, the waters of the Spanish Helicon seemed for a long time to have dried up, or to have trickled unseen through shallow channels. Wars foreign and intestine, factions, corruption, the discouragement of learning, and the perplexities of entangled politics, have formed an atmosphere very unfavourable to the muses. But the spring of poesy, though hidden like a fountain that has been covered by moss and fallen leaves, has not been exhausted; the soil that has been trodden by the romantic races of the Moors and ancient Spaniards is not arid though neglected; the ghosts of departed chivalry and liberty still linger there, and whisper the inspiration of their traditions to some high-souled mourner for the past, or aspirant for the future.

During the last quarter of a century the poetic mind in Spain has been awaking from sleep like a giant refreshed; and the names of Zorrilla, Jovellanos, Larra, Martinez de la Rosa, Espronceda, Quintada, &c. have claimed and obtained respect and admiration. In the foremost rank among these resuscitators of Spanish poetry Zorrilla is worthily placed, both from the power of his genius, and from the abundance, as well as the beauty, of his effusions.

Don José Zorrilla was born February 21, 1817, at Valladolid, where his father, an eminent lawyer, held an official situation under the Spanish government. From Valladolid

the elder Zorrilla was moved to various other cities in succession, and at last to Madrid; and there he placed his son for his education in the academy of the nobles: but in his scholastic career the youth in no way distinguished himself from his compeers, save by his predilection for writing verses, to the great annoyance of his father, whom, like Audrey, "the gods had not made poetical." The lawyer having, by some means, lost the favour of the government, and with it his place, retired into the country in the province of Castille, where he was joined by his son, on whom he laid his positive commands to devote himself to the study of the law, a profession for which our embryo poet had an invincible repugnance. Strongly against his will therefore, was he entered in the university of Toledo, where his progress as a student during the year that he remained there, was so unsatisfactory to his tutors and his parent, that the latter thought it advisable to change him to Valladolid; for Toledo with its romantic traditions and historical associations, its fine Gothic edifices and its mediæval air, had but fostered the poetic inclination which was considered his besetting sin. But at Valladolid the case was no better; the young José read nothing but poetry, shunned society, addicting himself to lonely walks and dreamy solitude, and was considered half mad by the work-day world, and at last fell in love—with *whom* we are not informed; but from the internal evidence in some of his poems we infer that the object of his first attachment died young.

The elder Zorrilla now despairing of his son as a member of any learned profession, sent for him, intending to employ him in the agricultural business of his estate. But the young man, though an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, had none of the bucolic genius of Virgil. He had no taste for cultivating the fields and the muses at the same time. He sighed for rural scenes to dream, but not to work in. To have attempted bowing down a wild and fervid spirit, like that of José Zorrilla, to farming, would indeed have been to realize Schiller's pleasant apologue of "Pegasus under the Yoke."

On his way home in the charge of the persons whom his father had sent to escort him, Zorrilla contrived to escape from them, by the help of a relative of his, at whose house

they had halted for the night, and returned to Valladolid, which he soon after left for Madrid, where he supported himself on his emoluments as a writer in the periodicals. The talents of Zorrilla were, however, at that time eclipsed by the genius and reputation of Mariano José de Larra, whose poems, plays, and essays, (written at first under the name of Figaro,) full of originality, brilliancy, and ease, were received with universal admiration. But the tragical death of Larra formed the stepping stone on which Zorrilla rose at once into fame. Larra, rash, impetuous, and eccentric as intellectual, had experienced some unexpected disappointment; and giving way to frenzied feelings, shot himself through the head, on February 13, 1837. On the following evening his body was placed on a funeral car, in a coffin adorned with a crown, and escorted by crowds of sorrowing admirers through the streets of Madrid to the cemetery of the gate of Fuencarral, where he was laid in his grave, over which an oration was pronounced by Señor Rocca de Togores. At the conclusion of the oration, the assembly that filled the cemetery were surprised by the appearance of an unknown youth beside the grave, as suddenly as if he had arisen from it. This was Zorrilla, then but twenty years of age, and a stranger to the surrounding mourners. With a pale countenance and trembling lips he began to read from a manuscript an epicedium on the departed Larra; but his voice failing from emotion, Señor Rocca took the paper from his hands, and finished the interrupted reading. The enthusiasm of the auditors equalled their astonishment: as soon as they could learn the appellation of the stranger who had afforded them so much melancholy pleasure, they saluted him with admiration, rejoicing to see a new genius rise like a phœnix from the ashes of the one just departed: and they who had escorted Larra to the "silent city of the dead," returned from it bearing another poet in triumph to the world of the living, and proclaiming with applauses the name of Zorrilla[a]. From that hour he fixed upon himself the attention of his fellow-countrymen, and poured forth his poems with a rapidity and fertility rivalling those of Lope de Vega.

The elder Zorrilla, who had completely estranged himself

[a] We follow the account given by Nicomedes Pastor Diaz, in his preface to the first volume of Zorrilla's poems.

from his son, espoused the cause of the Carlists in the distractions of Spain; and on the failure of Don Carlos, lost his property, and was reduced to great indigence; a circumstance which, after long silence, he communicated to our poet, who promptly and dutifully assisted his impoverished parent from his own finances as long as his aid was needed. He was offered by the government the administration of his father's confiscated estate, which was equivalent to putting him in possession; but this he refused so long as the right owner should live. On the demise of his father, however, he has succeeded to his property as a matter of course; and has since lived in affluence, employed only in literature, having constantly declined to hold any office. He married a Señora Matilda O'Reilly, a lady evidently of Irish extraction. Several of the O'Reillys, of the county Cavan, (formerly princes of Breffney,) emigrated to Spain; Count Alexander O'Reilly was a general in the Spanish service from 1770 to 1800.

Shortly after the appearance of Zorrilla at Larra's funeral, he published a volume of poems, which was rapidly succeeded by seven or eight others up to the year 1840: since which he has published "Songs of the Troubadours" in 3 vols., "Granada," a very attractive work, being a series of lyrics embodying description, legend, and history, upwards of twenty dramatic pieces, and various other collections of poems. Judging from a portrait appended to a volume published in 1845, we should say that the poet was rather a handsome man, with an intellectual and mild expression, fine hair, and a truly Spanish face.

Zorrilla is fertile in ideas; he is often original and brilliant; and his versification is generally musical and flowing, but sometimes careless, and he is frequently unequal to himself in many respects. His poems are generally long for lyrics, but not tedious; for they exhibit different views of the subject-matter; and with each change the poet ingeniously alters his metre, so that the ear is pleased and interested, and the perception of length is prevented by the variety in the rhythm. His descriptions are clear and animated; he has studied the Scriptures, and learned therein a vigour and solemnity of diction. He has risen in great measure above the conceits, antitheses, and plays on words, to which the earlier

Spanish poets were too much addicted: but he sometimes indulges in sarcastic expressions, and in a vein of misanthropy which, in one so well treated by the world, we should deem to be merely an affected imitation of our Byron, but that considering the degenerate state of modern Spain, we may fairly infer he had seen much to shock and offend his feelings. It is Zorrilla's characteristic, and his boast, to be essentially a national poet: his themes are, with few exceptions, confined to Spanish subjects and scenery; and he seems purposely to avoid the history and mythology of Greece and Rome, which other poets have considered as ornaments to their compositions. He says himself in his preface to his second volume that he has kept in view two objects, the country in which he was born, and the faith in which he lives: that as a Christian he believes his religion contains more true poetry than paganism can boast; and he prefers its rites to those of the meretricious Venus, and the irreverend Bacchus; and that as a Spaniard he holds it unworthy to sing the praises of Horatius Cocles, Leonidas, or Curtius, and leave the heroes of his own land unnoticed.

For a paper confined within certain limits, as this must necessarily be, it is difficult to select specimens for translation from Zorrilla's poems. The best of his lyrics are too long for the present purpose; and we would not of course wish to choose those whose chief merit is their comparative brevity. Among those effusions which fall below Zorrilla's own powers and aim, we must include the epicedium on Larra, that very composition by which he rose so suddenly to fame. Much of the effect produced by the recitation was owing to the circumstances of the moment, the place, the hour, the state of feeling of the auditors; it was especially the poem of that present time; and the minds of the hearers were tuned in unison with any voice that should descant on the subject by which they were engrossed. Nicomedes Pastor Diaz owns in his preface to Zorrilla's works, that if these verses had been read calmly, and in another place, to each of the auditors individually, they would not have been considered so beautiful and so striking as they were when there recited.

Zorrilla looks with great liberality on the memory of the Moors, so long the brave and successful competitors with

the Spaniards on their own soil. He has written some very pretty ballads, *à la Morisco*, which he calls "*Orientals;*" and in which he represents in glowing colours that rival race as magnificent in habits, refined in manners, chivalrous in feeling, and tender and delicate in love. We here translate a specimen.

MOORISH BALLAD.

(Corriendo van por la vega,
A las puertas de Granada,
Hasta cuarenta Gomeles
Y el Capitan que los manda.)

With forty horsemen in his train,
A Moor of visage brown
Came spurring o'er the sunny plain,
On to Granada's town.

Before the gate his courser grey
He rein'd, and thus spake he
To lady in his arms that lay
Weeping so bitterly.

"Beautiful Christian, grieve me not!
But dry thy streaming eyes:
For thee, my Princess, have I got
A second paradise.

"Within Granada's walls have I
A palace, gardens, flowers:
A gilded fountain casting high
In thousand jets its showers.

"I have a tower by Genil's[b] side,
The queen of towers 'twill shine,
When cherish'd in its arms with pride,
It holds such form as thine.

"O'er river's bank, by vale, by hill,
My lands lie far and fair;
Nor Cordova nor proud Seville
Can with those lands compare.

"There with majestic palms unite
Pomegranates blossom'd red;
And fig-trees broad o'er plain and height
Their leafy honours spread.

"The hardy walnut darkly green,
The nopal's yellow glow,
And mulberries 'mid the shady screen
Around my castle grow.

[b] A small river in Granada.

"Mine are tall elms whose boughs have met
To form my close arcade;
And mine are birds that sing in net
Of silk and silver made.

"And thou within my Harem's walls
Sultana sole shalt be;
No fair ones grace its vacant halls,
No songs are sung for me.

"I'll give thee silks from orient lands,
And Araby's perfume;
And veils, the work of Grecian hands,
And shawls of Cashmere's loom.

"I'll give thee graceful plumes so light,
O'er thy smooth brow to play;
Soft downy plumes, as purely white
As eastern ocean's spray;—

"Pearls for thy hair, its braids to deck:
For rest, a cool alcove:
And jewels for thy swan-like neck;
And for thy sweet lips—love!"—

"For me thy treasures have no charms,"
The Christian maid replied;
"Torn from my father's loving arms,
My friends', my sisters' side.

"Bring me but where my father dwells,
Restore me to his home;
His tower in fair Leōn excels
Granada's proudest dome."

The Moslem strok'd his raven beard,
Like one in thoughtful mood:
The maiden's words he calmly heard;
Tears in his eye-lids stood.

He spake—"If more thou dost esteem
Thy turrets than *my* bowers:
If in Leōn thy flow'rets seem
Sweetest because *thy* flowers;

"If Spanish knight thy love has won,
Young Houri! cease thy tears:
Thou shalt go back to dear Leōn,
Home to thy cavaliers."

He gave her half his armed men;
He gave his courser grey:
And he, the Moorish captain, then
Turn'd silently away.

Zorrilla's poem "The Clock" has many fine impressive thoughts.

THE CLOCK.

(Quando en la noche sombria
Con la luna cenicientia.)

When haply at the midnight hour,
Which scarce the moon's pale beams illume,
We hear a clock from some high tower
With measur'd tones speak through the gloom,
We cross the space between to view
The hand that gliding slow and true
Around the dial, leaves behind
A solemn sign to thoughtful mind.

There, while above our eyes are cast,
The soul recalls, with sudden thrill,
That time, increasing in the *past*,
Is in the *future lessening* still:
That while the hand is moving on
Life with it moves, and soon is gone;
Life that doth shine with fairer ray
Because so soon to pass away.

Oh! 'tis a solemn thing to hear,
'Mid night-winds howling fitfully,
The stern loud chime that meets the ear
From some dark pillar'd niche on high;
The clock that smites its full-voic'd bell,
With its shrill stroke the hour to tell—
"*One*"—with a deep and mournful sound
It loads the heavy air around.

Lo! yon mysterious circle, trac'd
In emblem of eternity,
That on the massive wall is plac'd
Like some anathema's decree—
Or like the face of one unseen
Who looks from out the Gothic screen
Of sculptures quaint, while dark amid
The fret-work close, his form is hid—

It seems an angel that doth wait
To break the world's securing tie;
Silent he bides the time of fate,
And counts the moments fleeting by;
With tongue of bell, shrill, startling, slow,
He tells the slumb'ring world below
How much *the less* of hours remain
For all when next they wake again.

It seems like Time's instinctive eye,
That full of light and life surveys
The passage to eternity
With meditation's tranquil gaze.
For man's rebuke, like solemn seer,
Omnipotence hath plac'd it here,
And for its light the sun hath given;
The sun is truth, and shines from Heaven.

Yet e'en beneath that light that glows,
Like beacon on its heavenly hill,
The more and more man's folly grows,
While time is lessening, lessening still.
The sun gives to the hours its light,
And the clock counts them in their flight;
And never more returns the day
That sped with hasty step away.

Oh! 'tis an awful thing to see
A people rising from their sleep
To sing and laugh in thoughtless glee,
And in the cup their senses steep;
Oh! 'tis an awful thing to mark
The clock upon the turret dark,
Pointing to hours that, fleeting fast,
In frantic revelry are pass'd.

II.

Strange! to see existence,
As decreed to all,
In mysterious circle
Trac'd upon a wall.
Strange! to see in cyphers
Writ, how brief, how mean
Is our prideful being—
What *shall* be *hath* been.
Sad! to hear the measur'd
Beat of pendulum,
Like the sound of fleshless
Feet that onward come.
'Tis the hollow echo
Of death's slow firm tread;
On he comes to sever
Life's slight-woven thread.
Sad! to hear repeated
"*One—two—three*"—with chimes
Sharp, perpetual, equal,
For a thousand times.—
Still the sun arises,
Still it sets; and night
Glooms around, then yieldeth
To returning light.

Rugged Winter passes;
Spring-tide—Summer's heat—
Autumn strews the wither'd
Leaves beneath our feet.—
While the clock still counteth
With its steady tone,
Hours no more returning
Hours for ever flown;
Still the mournful sentence
Are we doom'd to hear;
Still the pendule swinging
Murmurs to the ear,
"*Never—never—never!*"
Never more shall be
Time that has been reckon'd
In eternity.

There is, in some particulars, so much similarity between Zorrilla and Longfellow's poems on a clock, that we incline to think the Spanish composition to have been the inspiration of the American. Yet, as between parent and child, there is a difference in the family likeness: Zorrilla's ideas are more solemn and more grand; his subject, "The Clock of some high Tower," is more majestic than Longfellow's "House Clock upon the Stairs:" but the latter has more domestic, more pathetic feelings.

We now proceed to give a translation of one more specimen of Zorrilla.

THE MOON OF JANUARY.

(El Prado esta sin verdura &c.)

No verdure hath the dreary plain,
The garden hath no flowers;
The nightingale no loving strain
To sing in wintry bowers.

No softly murmuring breeze we hear;
The winds roar hoarsely now;
No tender tinted buds appear
To deck the sapless bough.

The fount with slender jet that rose,
And gently purl'd along,
Now swell'd to angry torrent flows
The foam-fleck'd rocks among.

O'er all the loaded sky is flung
A cloak of funeral hue:
In glittering icicles are hung
The drops of morning dew.

The light that peeps, uncheering, pale,
With slowly struggling rays,
Is lost within the sombre veil
Of dense and heavy haze.

Vex'd by the Winter's rage, that shakes
Nature so ruthlessly,
Earth casts up mists, and fogs, and lakes;
Mountains of foam the sea.

The peasants crowd round wood-heap'd fire,
And mark with gazing eyes
The bright and cheerful flames aspire
Up to the cold grey skies.

As flows the turbid river fast,
Upon its waves are borne
The branches that the cruel blast
From moaning trees has torn.

II.

And now comes forth the silent night,
To spread o'er all the heavens her sway;
There is no cloud to dim her light,
She comes, adorn'd in fair array.
On *her* awaits no envious shade;
But on her footsteps following soon
Thousands of stars her realm pervade,
Bright courtiers of the queenly moon.
Lo! on night's brow how beautiful
Yon moon of silvery radiance is!
Now, after day so drear, so dull,
In season so ingrate as this.
The city's massive towers, that stream
With the dark rain so late that fell,
Like soldiers on their post they seem,
Each an unmoving sentinel.
The restless iron vanes on high,
That creaking on their pivots grind,
Emit a louder, shriller cry
With each rude gust of sudden wind.
The lattic'd panes that lucid gleam
In all the stately dwellings near;
Reflect the lamps[c] of twinkling beam,
That from their shelter'd niches peer.
There is no shadow darkly spread
But *there* some phantom we descry;
And night, as to increase our dread,
Its size doth vaguely magnify.

[c] Alluding to the lamps placed before the images of the Virgin, and of saints in niches at the corners of streets, and in the houses of devout persons on the continent.

How skilfully doth night deceive
With shows of unreality!
Things that the eyes behold, believe,
How different from the things that be!
Crystal appears the sky's dark blue;
Silver the current's rippling play;
A shower of amber is the dew;
And pearls and gems the fountain's spray;
And far away the mountains shew,
Instead of rocky peaks, a band
Of warriors, that in martial row
Guarding the dim horizon stand—
And yet 'tis sweet, meanwhile, to sing,
With love's own voice, some tender lay
That floats upon night's breezy wing,
And is but breath'd to die away.
'Tis sweet to deem amid the glooms
Some waving robe its folds hath shewn;
Fancy a graceful form assumes,
A slender waist in silken zone,
A neck of snow, but scantly seen,
That airy veil doth half conceal:
We seek behind the gauzy screen,
With eager glance, some fair profile;
Within the veil a sudden light
We catch—two sparks—two eyes appear,
Like twin-born stars that glittering bright
Illumine all within their sphere.
Sorrow itself doth sometimes know
A lessening, light'ning of its pain;
And night more beautiful doth grow
The more protracted is her reign.
For truly doth the tranquil sky
(When still and calm is night's deep noon)
Seem like eternity's clear eye—
Its glorious pupil is the moon.

III.

Queen of the stars! O moon! where streameth
Light that can compare with thine?
Dappled dawn with crimson gleameth,
Noonday sun in splendour beameth,
But their rays too fiercely shine.

Light and heat (the sun's bestowing)
Weary oft from their excess:
Though the dawn bright hues be shewing,
Bright the noon with ardour glowing,—
Too much light doth but oppress.

Gentle moon! thy temper'd splendour
Hath a sweet fantastic sway;
Empty shadows that dost render
Forms mysterious, with the tender
Magic of thy silv'ry ray.

Oh, return with all your treasure,
Nights of bland enchantment's spell!
Fair are hours that soothe to pleasure
Thoughts subdued by sorrow's pressure,
Thoughts in mourning heart that dwell.

Nights, unrivall'd charms displaying!
Nights unshaded! lo! how soon
Come (your summons proud obeying)
Thousand stars their hosts arraying,
Courtiers of the queenly moon.

In choosing the foregoing specimens we have not been able to take the best, or the most national of Zorrilla's poems, on account of their length, and the difficulty of abridging them without injury: therefore our selection has been made among those of more general interest than purely national subjects would have been, and we have found them more suitable to our limits. We regret we could not offer translations from "Boabdil el Chico" (the last Moorish king of Granada), but its length deterred us: and the same reason militated against "the Restless Night" (*La Noche inquieta*), a composition of much originality and beauty, in which the poet describes the contending thoughts that arise during a restless night, the phantasmagoria created by a candle dying in its socket, and the welcome appearance of the dawn. Among those pieces in the early volumes which merit particular notice, are "Recollections of Toledo," "A reminiscence of the river Arlanza," "Withered leaves," addressed to Zorrilla's mother: "Verses on a Scull," "The Tower of Fuensaldana," "The Margin of the Rivulet," "The Statue of Cervantes," and some "Orientals."

The dramas and long poetic legends of Zorrilla form subjects for consideration in themselves, and do not come within the province of this paper, which is confined to the lyrics of the Spanish poet.

JOURNAL OF A CRUISE AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC. By JOHN ELPHINSTONE ERSKINE, Capt. R.N.

London: Murray.

THERE are few among us who do not welcome tidings of the island groups of the Pacific with somewhat more of interest than we bestow upon the other far-off lands, of which the traveller ever and anon brings homeward his experiences. It is indeed true that there is always something within us—something of the savage possibly—still, or at all events, of the wanderer, which prompts us to listen with hearty attention and deep sympathy to every narrative of adventure, whether it be Mr. Gerstaecker who speaks of his reckless gallop across the Pampas, watching always for the cloud of dust on the horizon which bespeaks the approach of the keen and relentless Indians; or whether we follow Mr. Palliser over the wild prairie ridges, or push our way with Mr. Galton across the trackless sands, and up the rock-bouldered rivers of western Africa. There the tale may be of the daily struggle with nature, and with the lion and rhinoceros, myrmidons whom nature puts forth to dispute the ways to her fastnesses with man civilized, her enemy. Among the ocean-kissed isles of Hawaia and Tahiti, on the contrary, the savage element presents itself in no more offensive shape than that of the slender and flower-wreathed maiden bearing the yam and banana, or reclining under the nodding cocoa palm, moved by the sleepy, spice-laden breeze. For these Polynesia is dear to the imagination of the voluptuary, who murmurs with Bon Gualtier:

> "I'll off where the golden Pacific
> Round islands of Paradise rolls."

But *not* for these does every man who reads and thinks linger over the account of each successive visit to its tiny bays and inlets. From his old nursery days, even, when Robinson Crusoe and Sir Edward Seaward were household names; when, a little later, he pored over the sad fate of Cook, and the mysterious disappearance of La Perouse, or read of the wild vengeance of the mutineers of the Bounty, he has loved them; in his maturity of commerce and gold, of Australia and California, he realizes the trade importance of the islands which the Americans are already beginning to call the "West Indies of the Pacific." But they have also for him a higher and a holier interest as the region where three distinct forms of Christianity are striving, without concert, if without actual and open hostility, for the conversion of the Gentile.

Let us first call to mind for a moment its physical and geographical divisions. The vast ocean which sweeps from pole to pole,

and about which the islands are dotted, covers upwards of ten millions of square miles, and embraces about eighty thousand, which may be taken as the whole extent of island and island continent, to the exclusion of New Zealand. Of these however, the various island groups contain but forty thousand square miles, with a population of something less than five hundred thousand souls.

The whole of this "Oceania," as our cousins across the Atlantic have called it, has been divided by them, and by the later French geographers, as follows:

1. Australia.

2. Melanesia, including all the islands inhabited by different negro or negrillo races, and comprising New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, the Feejees and Solomon islands.

3. Malaisia, the islands inhabited by the Malay race, Sumatra, Borneo, Java, the Celebes, the Philippine isles, and the Sooloo group.

4. Micronesia, the smaller islands and coral reefs running north of the equator and east of the Philippine isles, including the Pellew and Kingmill groups.

5. Polynesia, inhabited by yellow or light-coloured races akin to the Malays, and all speaking in dialects of one general language.

Polynesia includes,

1. The Navigator's islands, or Samoa, with a population of fifty-six thousand.

2. Friendly or Tonga islands, population eighteen thousand.

3. New Zealand, population one hundred and eighty thousand.

4. Society or Tahitian islands, population eighteen or twenty thousand.

4. Hervey islands, population estimated by Mr. Williams at fourteen thousand.

6. Austral islands, containing only about one thousand inhabitants.

7. Gambier group, population two thousand.

8. Paumotu group, population eight thousand.

9. Marquesas or Washington islands.

10. Sandwich or Hawaian islands, population by census of 1849, eighty thousand, six hundred and forty-one.

The well-written and interesting volume before us deals only with some of these groups which are less purified or polluted, as the case may be, by civilization, than the Hawaian or Tahitian islands; but before following Captain Erskine in his cruise, we propose setting as shortly as possible before our readers the present state of the latter groups, in order that they may form some judgment of the probable future of the different portions of the island world.

Could one of the old navigators who knew Owhyhee as it was before it had been made Hawaia, and what it now is, by Yankeeism,

be carried once more through the natural channel which pierces the coral reefs, the insect-built mole protecting the anchorage of Honolulu, how he would stare and rub his eyes at the evidences of another state of things which would meet him wherever he turned. Guides and porters would throw themselves upon his luggage, if he brought any with him from the land of shades, in the most perfectly civilized fashion. Hotels would contend for the honour of his custom, as they do only in the most civilized localities; livery stables, bowling alleys, and billiard rooms, would offer him the most civilized diversions. And, should he lose his money or his head, and incontinently thereupon commit a breach of the peace, a numerous police force, the acme of civilization, would take him into custody on the shortest possible notice. Were it not for their dark complexions and their soft brilliant eyes, he would find it difficult to recognise his old friends, the island nymphs, so great has been the increase in the article of clothing. The men, too, no longer wear only the scanty *maro* round their loins. Those even who pull the missionaries' wives about in hand-chairs have been obliged to adopt some covering, for the European residents began to talk about it, and public opinion has great weight in Honolulu.

The missionaries are however great people there; and, in spite of this little episode of the hand-chairs, deservedly so. They have become part and parcel almost of the first estate of the realm—an *imperium in imperio*. But to describe with any accuracy the form of government in Hawaia is no easy task. "Native rulers, native chiefs," says Mr. Frederick Walpole in his amusing work on the Pacific, "English and American odds and ends, missionaries interlopent, Yankees dictatant, and anomalies triumphant, that perhaps would puzzle even themselves to explain." The greatest of these is the existence of a female hereditary première or assessor, who is the king's peculiar counsellor, and all whose acts are considered as his. The king has the power of a veto upon her edicts, and the compliment is returned by her sanction being necessary to his. The government was a rude feudalism, the most objectionable parts of which have been left untouched by the missionaries, who framed the laws at present in force, and were not powerful enough to interfere with the chiefs, by whose sufferance they existed. This jumble of the extreme of barbarism and the height of civilization cannot be expected to work well. One example of this will be enough. The chiefs have the right of appropriating a part of the profits of the labour of their dependants, and of levying a poll-tax payable in labour. "This," says Mr. Walpole, "cramps the energies of the labourer, and as children but increase the burden, few marry, and fewer still are prolific when married. The '*totem ourii*' or natural children, increase in number, and crime multiplies to a fearful extent." What a picture! And this, it must be remembered, when missionaries are, so to say, the motive power of the state. It is calculated

that nearly seventy-five per cent of the births are natural children. If however the missionaries are from their unskilled meddling in legislation, indirectly answerable for the bringing so many into the world whom society has always voted to have no business there, it must be confessed that they do their best to make amends for the blunder by bestowing on their protegées as excellent an education as possible. In 1849 there were throughout the whole Hawaian group no less than 426 Protestant schools, with 16,407 scholars, and 101 Romanist schools, with 2,631 scholars. The whole number of scholars was therefore 19,038. Of these we are told 9,855 could read, 5,728 could write, 8,747 could perform various processes of written and mental arithmetic, 6,186 were conversant with geography, 312 were students of moral philosophy, (Dugald Stewart had never such a class!) and 1,446 could sing. The "chief's school" is worthy a moment's notice. It was originated by the missionaries in 1839 for the benefit of the children of the higher chiefs. The pupils are well and carefully tended, every method possible being practised to prevent them from becoming acquainted with the superstitions and vices of the natives, while religion is made the basis of their education. The heir apparent, his brothers and his little sister Victoria, the future première, were educated there.

By our list of the schools, the reader will have been reminded that there is a third element in the society of Hawaia, and therefore, we may be sure, in its government; we allude to Romanism. Let us refer again for a moment to Mr. Walpole's account of Honolulu.

"By the treaty with France, the Roman Catholic missionaries are admitted to an equal share of all benefits with the Catholic ones; this is an advantage they profit by,—and from the talent of their members, it is to be feared, not without considerable advantage. Most earnestly it is to be hoped, that by strict purification of themselves, and more strenuous exertions towards the natives, the teachers of the pure Gospel will endeavour to regain the ground they have lost."

Elsewhere he says,

"The missionaries are Americans, and it would be wrong of me to speak lightly of those who, at all events, are the successors of the worthy fathers who first shed the warm light of the Gospel over these islands; but the great interest I feel for the natives, and my heartfelt desire for their well being, leads me to deplore much that the missionaries have done: and happy indeed should I be to have the grave aspersions they labour under disproved. The bitter persecutions, even to death, of natives who, for conscience sake preferred to die rather than betray their Roman Catholic faith, and the undenied monetary dirtinesses they are accused of, are grave charges indeed. There is a very large church, a fine stone building, which speaks well for the people who raised it. But in another portion of the town now stands a Roman Catholic cathedral; and I fear much the congregation of the one tends daily more and more to the other. Of the abbè, who is at the head of the Roman Church here, no eulogy would be too high."

The advent of the Roman Catholics, as may be expected, tended woefully to confuse the unseasoned and unsystematized Christianity of the natives. The discovery of California has pretty well addled their incipient civilization.

Let us turn now to Tahiti[a]. We shall find there the same thin crust of nominal religion and imperfect civilization, spread thinly enough over the dark and dissolute practices of heathenism. There is however a fresh ingredient to give a piquant dash to the melange, the presence of a French military garrison at Papetee or Papeite, the chief place. The temporal rule of the missionaries has disappeared, and it is to be feared that their spiritual influence will not long survive it. The immorality which was the plague-spot of the community here, as at Honolulu, has not, it may be imagined, been much lessened by the presence of the intruders. The wholesome restraints which the missionaries had laid upon the natives' gratification of their taste for intoxicating liquors has been overlooked, if not removed. "Frenchman very bad, but French wine nui, nui mitè, very very good." The missionaries have long since been straitened both in their funds and their opportunities of doing good by French opposition. It must not be supposed however that the missionary rule, before the French appropriated Tahiti, was completely *sans reproche*. It was indeed impossible that it should be so. Missionaries are after all but men. In this case they were men with a task set before them, in which success, though it seemed so easy, was in truth most difficult to reach. The natives had already, at the first arrival of the missionaries, wearied of their own superstitions. They were ready to accept almost anything in the place of gods of wood, which they treated as they would naughty children. They were therefore up to a certain point the most docile of converts. They renounced their gods, for they did not care for them. But their sins were another affair, and these they retained. A Tahitian would give everything that he has for a glass of spirits: most of them would throw their wives or sisters into the bargain. Even now marriage is a farce. Taking a wife in Tahiti is a very different thing from marrying her. The liaison may last only a few days, and the young lady will walk off to her relations with a new frock on, and with her old one under her arm, and think herself a gainer by the transaction. Yet there is probably no place in Europe in which the outward signs of religious observance are so frequent as among the Christians of Tahiti and Hawaia. To what depth the principles of Christianity have penetrated we leave our readers to judge.

Unluckily in proportion to the difficulties of success has been the facility of altogether neglecting the hopeless task. "The missionaries," says the author of Rovings in the Pacific, "have endeavoured

[a] Tahiti, Papiti, Figi, &c. are the names according to the native etymology. But the English in writing these names substituted e or ee for the Italian sound of the i.

to check it (incontinence) by the institution of sumptuary laws, making the crime a marketable offence, to be atoned for by the payment of so many dollars. This system of punishment is eluded and laughed at; or if the parties are detected, the paramour pays the fine, and the crime continues. Nor is this all. I will not sully my pages with recording the details that have been given me, both by natives and Europeans; but if one tithe of them be correct, and unfortunately I have seen corroborative testimony to certain instances, instead of improving the native character, the missionaries have superinduced upon their other bad qualities, hypocrisy of the blackest dye."

We are compelled therefore to believe that the Christianity of these more "civilized" groups of the Pacific is but little more satisfactory than their civilization itself. We may have an opportunity, as we accompany Captain Erskine, whom we have too long neglected, of ascertaining what hope we have of laying the foundation of a more heartfelt faith in the less frequented islands.

We have certainly been much more indifferent to the chances of establishing settlements in the Pacific, or even to the acquisition of some knowledge on the subject, than either the Americans or French. The former fitted out in 1840 an exploring expedition, which under the command of Lieutenant Wilkes visited all the principal islands, and the proceedings of which are chronicled in a cumbrous but by no means valueless narration, published at New York, and treating of the situation, productions, capabilities, and resources of Polynesia. The most important results however of this voyage of inquiry are a perfect conviction on the part of the Yankees of the advantages which would ensue to both parties from the annexation of Hawaia, and a sincere determination to annex it accordingly at the first fitting moment. About the same time, or rather a little earlier, M. Dumont d'Urville was performing much the same service for France. What she has done since in the Pacific every one knows. Our own efforts have been, with the exception of two or three men-of-war trips from Sydney, confined to an almost piratical trade, carried on principally from the same place, in sandal wood, trepang, tortoise-shell, and cocoa-nut oil, and to the unconnected attempts at conversion made by different missionary societies.

In 1849, however, the officer in command of the Australian station was enabled to lay down a plan for a periodical inspection of the different islands within his limits, and the first cruise with this object was made by Captain Erskine in H.M.S. Havannah in 1849, with the salutary resolution so to conciliate the natives as to dissipate the idea they had too justly formed, that the visits of "big ships" were paid simply for the purpose of exacting satisfaction for imaginary offences.

After touching at the island of Niue, the "savage island" of Captain Cook, the first group which Captain Erskine visited was the Samoan or Navigator's Islands, consisting of four larger islands,

Tau, Tutuila, Upolu, and Savau, and several smaller ones. Here we have at once a different state of things from that which we have just described as the condition of Hawaia and Tahiti. Still wearing mats and feathers as dresses of ceremony, and less advanced in many of the useful arts than their neighbours of the Society's Isles, the Samoans are far their superiors in morality, as well as in general cleanliness and habits of decency, which they carry to a higher point than the most fastidious of civilized nations. "However low," says Captain Erskine, "the morals of both sexes may have originally been, not an example of an indelicate word or action came under my notice during my stay." They are polite too even to punctiliousness. This probably arises from their dividing each tribe into independent communities, and so necessitating frequent discussions upon all matters of common importance. Like the Hawaians, they readily abandoned their superstitions at the teaching of the missionaries, but unlike them they did not gain their first impressions of Europeans from runaway seamen or convicts, or even from men engaged in purely mercantile pursuits. There is also another circumstance which has had its influence upon the religious state of the Samoans. The missionaries have not attempted to make laws as well as converts. They are moreover by the rules of their society (the London Missionary Society) forbidden to hold property upon the scene of their labours. To these facts, and to the no less important one of the mild and conciliatory spirit in which these gentlemen have worked, it is not difficult to trace much of the distinction between the Samoan Christian and his Hawaian neighbour. The missionaries have, and deserve to have, great influence over all the natives; and this has been exerted not only in increasing the number of professed adherents, but in "softening the manners and purifying the morals even of the heathen portion of the community." It is impossible not to regret that the population of the Samoan group, which at the time of Captain Erskine's visit was about 37,000, is slowly but certainly decreasing.

Upon leaving the most easterly of the Samoan group visited by him, Captain Erskine shaped his course to the S.S.W., and reached the Tongan or Friendly Islands, which are composed of three groups, Vavau, Hapai, and Tonga-tabu, or Sacred Tonga. Of these the Wesleyans have succeeded in almost entirely Christianizing Vavau and Hapai. In Tonga-tabu there still however exists a heathen party, strong indeed, but decreasing on account of the energy and talent of George, the present chief, who is fervent and probably sincere in his profession of Christianity. He seems to be at once king and priest, occupying himself both as a teacher and a preacher, and governing despotically and without any written code of laws. Those which have been promulgated against such offences as adultery, &c., probably by the influence of the missionaries, are well known and submitted to. The established punishments are fines, and labour on the roads or in the house of correction. The latter is well enough. The exaction of a fine is only useful, where public

opinion has voted the offence a scandalous one, as judicial notice of the culprit's having been convicted of the offence; but where the paramour can pay the fine, as in Hawaia, and walk off to repeat the offence without suffering in character as well as in purse, the punishment is worse than nugatory.

A common blunder of the missionaries in their intercourse with the natives, is stigmatized by Captain Erskine in the following paragraph:—

"I am indeed bound in justice to remark, that in respect to their treatment of the people here and at Vavau, the gentlemen of this mission do not compare favourably with those of the London Society in the Samoan Islands. A more dictatorial spirit towards the chiefs and people seemed to shew it, and one of the missionaries in my presence sharply reproved Vuke, a man of high rank in his own country, for presuming to speak to him in a standing posture, a breach of discipline for which, if reprehensible, I was probably answerable, having encouraged the chief on all occasions to put himself on an equal footing with myself and the other officers. The missionaries also seemed to live much more apart from the natives than at Samoa, where free access is allowed to them at all times. Here on the contrary the gates of the inclosure were not only kept closed, but sometimes locked, a precaution against intrusion, which although perhaps warranted in some degree by the custom of fencing their grounds, and by the greater propensity on the part of these people to theft, I never saw adopted elsewhere, and which must operate unfavourably to that freedom of intercourse so necessary to the establishment of perfect confidence between the pastors and their flocks."

There is one other drawback, not at present a very serious one, to the perfect success of missionary enterprize among the Tongans, the intrusion, namely, of French Romanist missionaries. We think that the Romish Church might in its zeal have chosen to send its missionaries into those islands where heathenism reigns in all its midnight darkness, without the slightest glimmer of the most imperfect form of Christianity. As it is, with the Church of England, with Romanism, with the imperfect system of Wesleyanism, and other Dissenting missions, there is much to confuse and bewilder the heathen mind, and to check the formation of high Christian character among the natives. Whatever the "progress by antagonism," there are many evils.

"To those," says Captain Erskine, vaguely classifying the various systems at work under the general terms Protestant and Romanist, "who believe that the substitution of any form of Christianity with improved morals and civilization, for the former heathen superstitions and barbarities, is a desirable consummation, it would seem almost superfluous to urge that the rivalries and enmities of two sects, which the natives necessarily take for two distinct religions, cannot but weaken their confidence in both, and retard materially the wished-for change. If this cause was found sufficient, in the case of two societies whose tenets differ so little as the Wesleyan body and that of the London mission, to induce them to form, and scrupulously regard, an arrangement, with respect to non-interference with each other's fields of labour, it ought to operate much more strongly in the case

of Roman Catholic and Protestant sects, whose zeal in behalf of their respective creeds must almost invariably lead to unseemly collisions, directly opposed to those principles of charity and good will towards all men, by the inclination of which alone can they hope to make any lasting impression on the minds of the natives."

The Feejees, the next group visited by the Havannah, consist of nearly a hundred inhabited islands of all sizes, with a population which has been variously estimated at from 75,000 to 300,000, fiercer and more addicted to cannibalism indeed, but at the same time more energetic and intelligent, and in Captain Erskine's opinion, more capable of civilization, than any of their ocean neighbours. Here too, among some of the smaller islands to the east, the Wesleyans are rapidly proceeding in the work of conversion. There were in 1848 as many as 3,280 professing Christians among the Feejees. The day-schools were 47 in number, with 2,064 scholars. The missionary success is most important, even with regard to the lower ground of the increase of trade, when we learn from Captain Erskine that the Feejee islands will probably be the most important of the intermediate stations between the western coasts of America and our Australian colonies.

New Caledonia has, however, a future of greater interest in store, as regards its commercial, probably, as well as its religious prospects, than any of the islands we have enumerated. About 200 miles in length and 25 in breadth, it is surrounded almost entirely by a barrier of coral reefs, which, while it is pierced by many openings allowing the largest ships of war to enter, forms a continuous anchorage of from four to twenty-five fathoms in depth. This circumstance, and its position to the north-west of New Zealand, give it the command of the communications of Australia with India, Panama, China, and California. How great an emporium of commerce therefore some one of its numerous harbours is destined even in our own time to become it is impossible to say. Settlements, which in the other hemisphere spring as quickly into sturdy and teeming life as the ever-expanding products of a tropical forest, now exist in many places where even within the memory of men of middle age, the almost solitary savage slept and vegetated through existence.

The natives of New Caledonia are poor, cannibals, possibly from having no other flesh to eat, and had a generally bad character till Captain Erskine went among them. He had by this time joined the Bishop of New Zealand, who had embarked some time before at Auckland in the Undine, a little schooner of scarcely more than 20 tons, and manned by four men, to visit one or two stations in the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, which the London mission had left in the hands of a few Samoan teachers, and to begin an extended system for the planting of Christianity among the islands of Melanesia. Bad as the reports of the Caledonians were, Basset the chief of Yengen, who had been described as a confirmed cannibal, but who had also travelled to Sydney, and

spoke a little English, received the white men civilly, and was most urgent with the Bishop to send an English missionary to settle among his people. May his request soon be granted! The stay of the excellent Bishop was of necessity most short. He parted at the Isle of Pines from Captain Erskine, who notes his last glance at "the commanding figure of the truly gallant Bishop of New Zealand, as steering his own little vessel, he stood surrounded by the black heads of his disciples."

Yes! upon this figure of the good Bishop we may well fix our attention, those of us who are interested in the progress of England, of civilization, of Christianity, in the vast ocean realm over which his ministrations extend. Upon him it rests to reduce the precarious and varicoloured successes of the missionaries into the sure and steady advance, during this generation, of the Church. Upon him it rests so to regulate the intercourse between the native and his teacher, that the latter may be taken as a guide instead of the drunken and dissolute reprobates who form the advanced guard of civilization in the Pacific; that the wharves, and docks, and quays, which will ere long spring up, may be thronged by an orderly, intelligent and Christian population, instead of a nation of emasculate idlers whose religion is but the thin coating of ignorance and self-indulgence. He is equal to the task.

Since writing the above, we have been allowed to refer to some papers and letters addressed by the Bishop of New Zealand, and by clergymen attached to his staff, to their friends in England, and printed for private circulation, which strongly confirm the impression we have derived from the perusal of Captain Erskine's work, as well as from the accounts of the visits of Lieutenant Walpole, Mr. Gaerstacker, &c., to the islands of the Pacific, that there is "no surer way," to use the words of the Bishop himself, "of spreading the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth, than by building up the Colonial Churches as missionary centres."

We shall proceed to make such use of the documents to which we refer, as will illustrate more clearly than we have been able to do in the preceding pages the nature of the work the Bishop of New Zealand is now doing, and the means he has at his disposal for doing it.

The diocese of New Zealand extends from the Auckland isles to the Carolines; i.e. from 50 south latitude to 34 north latitude, upwards of 80 degrees of latitude by 20 of longitude. It has been said that the vast extent of the diocese was occasioned by a clerical error in the bishop's patent, by which the colony of New Zealand was made to extend so far north. If this is so, we look upon it as one of the happiest errors ever committed by the whole fraternity of clerks; for the Primate proceeded upon it at the Bishop's con-

secration, to charge him to watch over the progress of the Gospel throughout the coasts and islands of the Pacific, and well has he obeyed the injunction.

Let us first see how New Zealand itself has fared at his hands. We find that since his consecration he has made the tour of the larger settlements at least once in every year, instead of once in three years, as directed by the canons, and that he has visited every mission station three times, during as many journeys on foot of upwards of 1000 miles each. He has made St. John's college, Auckland, the central seat as well of missionary education as of missionary enterprise under his auspices. There are educated children both of the settlers and of the Maories. And thither are brought all those nations of the far-off islands, who, won either by the first sound of the great tidings he has to communicate, or by a mingled suavity and nobleness of demeanour, and by a tact in dealing with the uneducated rarely equalled, abandon at once their cherished dirt and independence in order to learn the strange tongue, the unknown arts and the new religion of their guide. They are instructed in farming, ploughing, carpentering, baking, shoe-making, weaving. They learn English and arithmetic, and occasionally a little Latin, (this is probably confined to the children of the settlers and to those of the natives who have become thoroughly Anglicised), book-keeping, navigation, singing, and especially religious instruction. "Without all these qualifications," says one of the workers at St. John's, "no man is fit to be a missionary to the heathen." Thus instructed, many of them have already returned, the precursors of an army of teachers, to instruct those of their own kindred and tribe in the true faith. Here is a short description of one of them, the successor of the leading chief of the Chatham isles, who had been educated at the college and departed thence to assume his chieftainship. "He is a lad of about 25, and a thorough nobleman in the best sense. I never saw a finer countenance than his now. A year ago, before his illness, he used to look so proud and savage, but very handsome; now he is softened and subdued, and will go back determined to set an example of steady adherence to the faith, I hope, and to introduce civilization as well. We have made him a present of a south-down ram, and several implements of agriculture, so I hope he will acquire considerable influence among his people." We elsewhere learn that the young chief was an excellent practical farmer.

The Melanesian recruits to St. John's college consist entirely of those who accompany the Bishop back from his various cruises. Captain Erskine introduces us to him as he stands boldly out to sea in the little "Undine," with a freight to him more precious than all the merchandize which the white sails of the trader ever sped across the Pacific; that was in 1849. We find him again in 1851, bringing home with him in the "Border Maid" (for the poor little Undine was condemned as too small, and had to be sold) thirteen youths from six different islands, for such instruction as would in

time qualify them to return as teachers to their own countrymen. Seven of these were from the Loyalty islands, five from the New Hebrides, and one from the Solomon islands. During this voyage the Bishop visited five islands in addition to those he had already previously touched at. Its duration was however shortened from the insecure state of the rigging of the Border Maid, which had been purchased at Sydney for the use of the Bishop, but the gear and spars of which turned out to be so rotten that they did not dare go too far down the trade-wind lest it should be impossible to get back. In 1852 the Bishop, after another walk of 1000 miles through his mainland diocese, again visited the islands and returned with an additional troop of twenty-four native boys and two girls for education at the college; "the Bishop," it is said in one of the letters to which we have referred, "might have carried off the population of whole islands if he would. The competition was, who should come." This, it must be remembered, was not the effect of mere curiosity, but of the return of some of those who had been residing at St. John's college, and who brought home with them a different morale and a higher standard of action. At Maré, where had already been residing some Samoans, converted by Mr. J. Williams, the Bishop had left a teacher, Mr. Nihill. At his second visit we hear, "It is quite wonderful how rapidly the Christian community in this island seems to rise in the scale of social life. All are at once clothed in some way with mats or leaves, and anxious for English clothing; they give up all heathen customs and cruel ways, and even all fighting. There is a congregation of 800 or 1000 people every Sunday, coming a long distance with bare feet over coral rocks; and an inner centre still of young men under training, who live close to the church and the teacher's house and attend daily school; and of children innumerable. Mr. Nihill lived in the Samoan teacher's house, and was well received and entirely made the head of the station, conducting the services in conjunction with them, organizing the schools on a better system, and translating and printing all his spare time. The four lads whom the Bishop baptized before he left them, Siapo, Cho, Haiwat, and Napai, (George, Solomon, Mark, and Charles,) were his steady assistants."

We cannot conclude our extracts better than by the following truthful and nervous appeal by Bishop Selwyn, to the ever dormant sense of responsibility of our "hand to mouth" rulers; "Surely the present position of England, alone unshaken among the earthquakes of empires, must be an evidence of Divine favour, leading to an aggravation of the Divine wrath, if this stewardship be abused. I call upon England while she is rejoicing in the industry of all nations collected within the Crystal palace, and in the confluence of all nations to the only quiet spot of Europe, to think of children of her own maritime enterprise added to the list of nations by the skill and courage of her own navigators, and then neglected and forgotten, or remembered only to be visited with

a curse. I ask, why New Caledonia and the New Hebrides islands, peculiarly our own, have been so signally neglected, that more acts of violence have been committed in them by traders upon natives, and by natives upon traders, than in any other equal space of the earth's surface? All I ask for is a single officer, like Captain Erskine, expressly commissioned to watch over the vast mass of heathen population, inhabiting the islands to the north of New Zealand. We shall soon be able to supply him with interpreters, and our mission vessels, released from the necessity of caution in entering the harbours of these savage races or approaching their shores, will thus be enabled to carry on their work with confidence and regularity, and by God's blessing, with every promise of ultimate success. If, on the contrary, the present evils are allowed to go on, and then the discovery of a mine, or the advantages of position, lead to the hasty colonization of these islands, let England look to it; for she will most surely have to pay ten times the sum which would now be sufficient to secure the advancement of every one of these island races in religion and in the arts of peace."

CASTLE BUILDING.

As I have no castle upon earth, I think I had better at once begin to build one in the air; such as would not be altogether out of keeping if it were by any strange chance dropped from the clouds on solid land.

And first, with the ancient gentlewoman in the story, I would be content to limit myself to "£400 a year;" imitating further her discreet desire that the same should be "paid quarterly." Being in a state of single blessedness—never mind whether one of Adam's sons or Eve's daughters, I would not be troubled with the cares of house-keeping, and its multifarious plagues of servants. I would rather arrange myself in the house of some pleasant people unblessed with babies, and in that house I would have my own suite of rooms all on the same floor. As to their aspect I must own myself greatly perplexed, for just as much as I love sunshine in the winter, spring, and autumn, do I dislike it, and it dislikes me, in the dog-days. And unless my nest was on a pivot, I must make up my mind either to be roasted one half the year or frozen the other. I have often thought what extraordinary facilities those old-

fashioned wooden windmills that are made to wheel round to every quarter whence the wind blows, would present to people like myself, ill to please in the matter of temperature. Perhaps in the present imperfect state of things, and assuming my residence to be stationary, a southern, or south-eastern frontage would be the best. For in summer the morning sunshine is the least oppressive, and in winter it is delightful to bask in it at breakfast, and even till the early sunset. While for the rest of the day, I must try what good sea-coal will do for me. In summer, I should of course have green venetians *outside* the windows: mark that, *outside* if you wish for a cool room in July: and whenever the sun fixed upon me his broad gaze down they would come in his face. Some people like a verandah. But I do not. It excludes air, of which I have a high opinion for the sustentation of animal life.

I would have a good garden, with the practical management of which I would by no means concern myself; as I should very likely sow seeds wrong end up. And I doubt whether the process would be favourable to that luxuriance of production, by which I should wish *my* garden distinguished. Lawn, and trees, and shrubs would be there. The first, smooth and soft, the next of I know not what kind; I have just arborological learning enough to know an oak from a willow, and that is about all. So I can only say that the trees (names unknown) should be well grouped and shaped, with round and fan-like masses of foliage; not scraggy and three-cornered; trees of that build have absolutely no meaning in them. Among my shrubs I would not care to have rarities. Plenty of lilacs and laburnums, peonies, hollyhocks, and such vulgar vegetables would satisfy my desires on this point. In the kitchen department I would grow ducks and green peas. By hook or crook, I would have a succession of the peas from June till October. Kentish cherries, white-hearts, strawberries, only now-a-days they never take the trouble to grow sweet; Jerusalem artichokes, (which a facetious friend calls "Hebrew roots!") and any thing not absolutely impossible that came into my head afterwards. Potatoes, in all well regulated families, I believe, come of themselves along with bread and butter, so I do not mention them. And as my own demesne must be very small, some nobleman should

have a charming park in the immediate vicinity, with a gate opposite my gate. Not his principal entrance, for his lordship's supporters to frown down upon his humble neighbour. But an inviting, friendly-looking sort of wicket, through which one might slip, almost unawares, and be at once among the ancestral woods and stately lawns studded with deer. The whole not more than four or five miles from a town. Not a country town: I do not love country towns. But a considerable, serious, mind-its-own-business-city.

And here I am concerned to know whether by any species of economy, however 'enlightened,' £400 a-year would keep any sort of vehicle. I have my doubts about it. Perhaps it might afford a very little one, about the size of a soup-ladle, drawn by a Shetland pony. In the neighbourhood of Croydon I have seen what appears to be the domestic clothes-basket placed upon wheels. If I could condescend to that, perhaps—or if not I must be within walking distance of the town, so that newspapers, new books, and new faces, may be readily come at. Without these, rustication is apt to degenerate into stagnation. And further, the said town should possess a glorious library of old books for reference: for with my moderate means I cannot pretend to be a collector, save in a very modest way.

Did I say a cathedral town? If not, I meant it. Because I love church music; and above all to hear it swelling through old arches, and losing itself in old aisles. Those are the places for,—

"The cloud-like sound of organs,"

and the rich harmonies of the choral worship. Besides, being sentimental, what should I do without a peal of bells, whose merry music should, by distance, be softened into plaintive cadence as I sat under my own trees, or those of my lordly neighbour!

Now to the furnishing of my small castle. Of the bedroom I would only say that it should have the softest of all possible feather-beds,—and every thing else to match. Hair mattresses deserve to be classed with hair shirts, I dare say those who sleep upon them deserve them, but I have no need to do penance. So much excellence seems

presumed in a hard couch, that I expect people will presently choose a 'soft plank' for their nightly repose.

Pass we on to the drawing-room. And yet not altogether drawing-room: it should be a compound of that and library. Its style should be, the comfortable; easy chairs of all shapes and sizes—really easy ones—should be found in it. One to meditate in by the fire-side, with my feet upon the fender. Indeed all the chairs, including arm chairs, for I cannot look upon their modern abolition with any thing of favour, should be easy ones. They should have cushioned backs, of an accommodating shape and incline, pleasant to lean against. Sitting bolt upright has, I believe, lost the merit which was once attached to it. Neither should the chairs be so abominably high as they sometimes are: constructed apparently for the use of Harry Long-legs and none other. They and the table should be well-fitted to each other in height. One is too often perched upon a high seat awkwardly towering over a low table: a combination inconvenient for every thing that has to be done at a table. Reading and writing, in such circumstances, induce most rheumatic grievances in the stooping figure. While at meal times, short-sighted people see every thing upon it as in a mist; they scarcely know their own plate from their neighbour's. The mere knife and fork work becomes one of painful uncertainty; and feeding oneself with any thing of grace, is utterly impossible.

I would have a largish writing-table: rather a professional one, as being most useful when books, maps, and papers, have all to be arranged so as to meet the eye at a glance. And it should have plenty of drawers to hold my invaluable manuscripts. Also I would have a reading-desk for large books, on a pillar, like a music stand, to be carried wherever it was wanted: to the fire-side in winter, the open window in summer.

One side of the room should be lined with open bookshelves. And thereon should be some precious volumes which I would collect myself by degrees; for that is the true way of enjoying them, bibliopolically speaking. You have a sort of friendly intimacy with each one of them that has passed through your own hands from the bookseller's counter to your library. Nothing that is usually found in a good collection of limited dimensions should be

wanting on those shelves; and in addition there should be some of my own especial favourites, of which few, perhaps, would care to deprive me. Somewhat intricate and crabbed I must confess them: such as would scarcely now-a-days be ranged under the head of '*useful* knowledge;' while still more certainly would they be excluded from that ordinarily deemed 'entertaining.' Folios, I would do my best to 'put down!' it is perfect misery to carry the eye down, and across such an expanse of type. I would have them mitigated into stout respectable octavos, to which a place on the reading-desk would be justly due. Not only should there be good store of history and philosophy; divinity should have a long shelf to itself, and that would present a worshipful array of old names, and some new ones, who 'want nothing but age to make them classical.' Nor should the old divines of the pagan world—the moral philosophers—be deemed out of place standing side by side with their more enlightened fellow men. They may be "lesser lights," but they illumined a thicker darkness than we can well conceive of, and their rays were derived from the same sun that has flooded us with light.

I am aware of the objection to open book-shelves; but, in the first place, it is most conducive to the health of the books to be exposed to the air; in the second, they look inexpressibly better than when shut up in glass, or even wired cupboards; and in the third, I confidently hope, nay, firmly believe that in castles in the air, *dust* is a nuisance unknown. I am not particular as to bindings; nay, I must own to something of an especial affection for the 'ragged regiment' that is gradually got together from the old book-stalls!

There is another earthly annoyance, in whose non-existence I would also fain be a believer: there should be no draughts in my ideal room! how to prevent them I do not see clearly. Perhaps double windows, and a full heavy curtain drawn before the door, might between them keep out December blasts, and March gales. The draperies should, I think, be red; not crimson, but that deep, full, rich red, which is sometimes seen, and that looks well against books. I have no choice about the material, any more than I have about that of my chairs and tables; cloth or damask would be all the same to me. In a corner

near the fire should stand one of Broadwood's finest-toned pianos, made to my own order with only five octaves; so that the horrible rumble-rumble, squeak-squeak pieces of music that so often affright my ears would be simply impossible—within my own precincts. And it would be a more civil way of preventing their perpetration, than declaring in what exceeding detestation I held them. I never want more than five octaves myself, and I don't see why any one else should. People who cannot make music out of them, would not do so out of a dozen.

Then comes the question of lighting. There are so many kinds of lamps, and gasses without end; and yet more, newer, and stranger still promised, that it is rather puzzling to decide which is the best. And yet I should not like to sit in the dark till this was settled. Only the room should be lighted from the ceiling; that throws so cheerful a light over a room; revealing even the kitten's gambols under the table playing with my—ah now, pen, or cotton-reel, which is it think you? A light at each end of the mantel-piece, is I should say exceedingly agreeable. But however disposed, I must have plenty of it.

A landscape or two of Danby's would I think enliven the walls. But with my specified income, it is clear that picture-fancying must not be one of my tastes. I console myself with the reflection that you get more real enjoyment from one or two good pictures, than from a room full. That too often distracts both eye and taste: at least it does mine. A kitten I have named as part of my furniture. And mine must be one that should never be anything but a kitten. Strange that a little beast all innocence and goodness, if you are to judge by its amiable face, should ever grow up into a fierce, mouse-eating cat! A large dog to walk out with me would be both pleasant and useful. And—I do not think of anything more just now. When I do, I will take care not to lose it for want of wishing for it.

MODERN FRENCH ART—ARY SCHEFFER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

June, 1853.

HAVING a sort of foolish presumption that we can point out in some degree what is good and bad in the matter, we are going to hazard a few observations upon modern art in this country and upon the annual exhibition of modern painters which is just opened. We are quite aware of the prejudices we shall have to encounter both in the subject and the opinions we may express upon it. Most English people regard the modern French school of painting as a school of horrors; and that it produces greater monstrosities than any other we are free to acknowledge.—But with the single exception perhaps of that of Paul de la Roche, the names of its best masters are little known to English visitors, nor are their works ever to be met with at the yearly exhibitions. Doubtless there is one general characteristic to be found in all modern schools of painting: in all of them alike there is much to reprobate, and comparatively little to admire; and we say this deliberately, after having witnessed exhibitions of modern painters in most parts of the world. To the above remark the French modern school forms no exception, rather the contrary; for it displays perhaps grosser exaggerations and deformities than any other. Still we are prepared to maintain that these are compensated for by superior excellencies; and that the traditions of a higher order of art have been better transmitted to present times by such men as Philippe de Champagne and Greuze, and are on the whole, better continued even now by artists of the modern French school than by those of any other similar school in Europe. Consequently what strikes one in their works, even in those most displeasing in point of taste and conception, is that they are more artistical than our own. They display more thought, and generally evince a higher degree of instruction, in the artist. The composition hangs better together and shews superiority as a work of art. The handling is almost always less loose and vague. In point of mere drawing, whether it be in the human figure, or in the disposition of the different planes of a landscape, their superiority is as evident as it is generally felt and acknowledged.

The best painters in France at the present moment may be said to be M. M. Ary Scheffer, Paul de la Roche, Ingres, and perhaps, though in a totally different style, Horace Vernet. Not one of these artists supply a single painting to the exhibition now open[a].

[a] It was however the intention of M. Horace Vernet, recently returned from Africa, to have exhibited, had time permitted, a painting of great merit, executed by him during his stay in that country. The subject is the children of Jacob en-

The consequence is, we are in it reduced to the works of painters either of a secondary or of a merely fashionable reputation—such as Eugene De la Croix and his imitators—Alfred de Dreux, the French Landseer, though at an immeasurable distance—Mad^lle^ Rosa Bonheur, another and more careful competitor for fame in the animal line,—Dubufe, the portrait painter, a great favourite with the ladies, because, whilst shewing himself often much more prodigal of charms than nature has been, he contrives to preserve an admirable likeness,—and a host of others, to criticise whose unknown works would be but to catalogue unknown names, and tax the patience of our English readers. We will but briefly allude to what appears to be the prevailing hobby amongst French artists of this class, and which has given a character to the present as it had done to recent exhibitions.

From the time of its origin, somewhere about the beginning of the 17th century, to the present day, the French school has never produced a single first-rate colourist. From Poussin and Le Sueur down to David and Girodet, the same inaptitude for and neglect of colouring has been remarkable. On the contrary, a facility for composition and drawing seems to be almost innate in the French character, as is evidenced by the superior tastefulness in design which is exhibited in the form of even their commonest articles of household usage. But since the invasion of the romantic school, colour, so essential to its compositions, has become the rage, the fashion, amongst the younger body of French artists. Of this attempt however to force nature, as it would seem, the only result so far appears to be, that, while the rising generation of artists are abandoning the excellent traditions of drawing and composition which have been handed down to them for the last two hundred years, they are shewing themselves totally incompetent to attain excellence in the new line which they have adopted. The great leaders, or more correctly speaking, mis-leaders in this revolutionary school are M. Eugene De la Croix (already mentioned) and M. Diaz, both clever men in their way, and with talents perhaps, sufficient to make endurable in their own compositions, eccentricities which become perfectly insupportable in their imitators. The former, who has pretensions to being an historical painter, seems to think the excellence of colouring lies between the glaring extravagancies of a Carravaggio, and the dirty tints of

gaged in dyeing with the blood of a slaughtered lamb the tunic of their brother Joseph. The brethren are grouped round the well in the foreground of the painting, eagerly occupied in carrying out their work of deception, while in the distance, in the desert, is seen the caravan of merchants to whom Joseph has just been sold. The whole scene is vividly impregnated with the character of the region in which it has been conceived and executed. Those of our readers who have seen the great painting of *La prise de la Smala d'Abd-el-Kader*, at Versailles, will know with what accuracy Horace Vernet depicts desert scenery. The great novelty, however, in the present composition is its purely Arab character and costumes, adopted in place of the traditional treatment of such subjects by Poussin and the French classical artists.

a Guercino. He is an example also of the influence which the colouring of the Spanish masters has exercised on the French school ever since the opening of the gallery of Louis Philippe. But whilst aiming at such questionable advantages, M. De la Croix appears to have entirely lost sight of purity of outline, or the necessity of making out the composition and drawing of his subjects. Hence his so-called painting of the martyrdom of St. Stephen in the present exhibition, is nothing more than a very disorderly sketch, in which the horrors naturally incident to the scene are rendered ludicrous and vulgar, rather than affecting, by the entire absence of purity of form and drawing. One of the holy women intended to be represented as dipping her garments in the blood of the martyr, is a figure more fitted for a scene in a slaughter-house! It is M. De la Croix's example which has mainly given rise to that exaggerated school whose productions have disfigured recent exhibitions. For instance, in the *grand salon* is hung this year a large painting of M. Morcan, an imitator of M. De la Croix, representing according to the catalogue, Darius flying after the battle of Arbela; but we would defy any one to have guessed the subject of such a piece of extravagance from the manner in which the artist has treated it.

It is as great a puzzle as the 'Limpet on the Rock,' or any other of Turner's vagaries; to whose paintings indeed this new French historical school of colour bears a strong analogy. The latter is in history very much what the former was in landscape; only instead of the gay tints of Turner, such painters as M. M. De la Croix, Morcan, Courbet and others, think they adapt the colour to the subject, when they blend together with a sort of sooty obscurity all the fuliginous reds and browns upon their palettes. M. Diaz is a colourist of a much lighter vein, whose works and meretricious style have proved yet more infectious than those of his sombre competitors. We recently found the demerits of this school so concisely summed up by an able French critic, that we shall both escape the charge of national prejudice and benefit our readers by giving the quotation:—

"These men," he says, "only incidentally occupy themselves with subject, drawing, or form in their works; what they above all aim at are harmonies of colour, which shall strike and enliven the eye like an artistically arranged nosegay. As to any well-defined idea, they hardly trouble themselves about the matter; all that they seek for are tints which shall strike the eye vividly, and to be more sure of success they exaggerate them. What should be rose colour is made red; what is greyish becomes blue; light olive turns to green, and a strong light is poured upon the general tonic colour in order to make it serve as ground for all these harmonies. M. Diaz is the grand master of these frivolities, and his imitators are far behind him."

Amongst portrait painters in the exhibition, the fashionable Dubufe reigns supreme; a full-length figure of the empress, and

of two other well-known ladies of the fashionable world, maintain the prestige of his ephemeral reputation. It cannot be denied that M. Dubufe paints pretty and pleasing female portraits. He contrives somehow or other, while preserving a likeness, to make every one look well. "Your portraits are admirable," said an intimate friend one day to Lawrence, "but might I take the liberty of asking why you make all full-length ladies standing upon their toes?" "It makes them look so genteel," said Sir Thomas, smiling, in reply. Mr. Dubufe bears some analogy to Lawrence. His portraits have the same soft, silky, fashionable, lady-like appearance. Without any pretension to depth or power of expression, he paints fine ladies' eyes, and hair, and hands, and dresses, remarkably well, and his drawing is invariably correct. His full-length portrait of the empress is far less flattering than his usual manner, and rather exaggerates that lachrymose expression and want of proportion in the features of her imperial majesty, which M. Nieuwerkerke has managed to get rid of so happily in his bust.

Of the more serious portrait painters, Henry Scheffer, brother of Ary Scheffer, exhibits a good and well-painted likeness of the archbishop of Paris.

Charles Laudelle, whose style in oil portraits is remarkable for good taste and feeling, has this year chosen to appear in pastel, a medium very unworthy of his talents.

The "Horse-market of Paris," an immense painting, by Mad^lle^ Rosa Bonheur, shews that clever artist struggling hard to throw off the timidity of a female hand. She began rightly by a careful and laborious finish of the heads and skins of the animals she painted. Her landscape too had that over clear look which takes off from reality; the very sods which her oxen turned over, looked as though they would on no account dirty you. In the present picture, greater breadth and freedom of handling is attempted, and not unsuccessfully. The huge diligence, horses biting, fighting and struggling with their riders and each other, are full of life and movement, and well drawn. Only the "broad handling" has made them look more shadowy and less substantial.

Alfred de Dreux has decidedly improved by his visit to England and Landseer. A small painting of a lady reclining on a couch, fondling two grey-hounds, entitled, "*la vie intime, Angleterre*," would be more meritorious were it less *à la Landseer*. It is too much a copy both in the gracefulness of the composition and the chalkiness of the colouring. His portrait of the emperor on horseback shews great improvement both in the drawing and colouring. The skin of the horses is painted in a way worthy of Landseer himself. But both these last-named French painters are destitute of the touch of poetic feeling which gives elevation to such subjects by our own masters. Of French modern landscapes the less we say the better. Their very excellent drawing and artistic choice of subject cannot atone for the too full and heavy tone in which they are invariably painted, which makes their rivulets look streamless, and

their foliage as though no breeze were strong enough to wave it. The shores of Lake Nemi by Viollette and Leduc, and a river scene by Le Gentile, seemed to us amongst the very few that were free from these drawbacks. We mention a large painting of the story of Florinda shewing her golden locks to her companions, by Winterhalter, because that artist's name is well known among our countrymen. The composition is Decameronic, nude, as the subject demands, and remarkable for the beauty of the heads of the group of females who sit round the water in which they have been bathing. The tone of colouring is heavy rather than rich, and has that blackness in the shadows peculiar to the productions of this artist. But we have said as much as, perhaps more than, they deserve of the exhibition and its contributors. We shall endeavour to convey to our readers some idea of the higher walks of French art, by inviting them to accompany us on a "visit to the studio of Ary Scheffer."

Ary Scheffer, though his name may probably be known to few of our English readers, is in many respects a very remarkable man and eminent artist. General estimation pronounces him the best French master of the day, and perhaps on the whole the first modern painter in Europe. He was the master, for he is no mean sculptor as well as painter, of the lamented and gifted princess Marie of Wurtemberg, and the favoured friend of Queen Amelie and the Orleans family. In a corner of his studio, collected with a sort of tenderness by her old master, and concealed by a skreen from vulgar eyes, stand arranged casts or originals of all the works executed under his own eyes by his royal pupil. Among them we noticed three statuettes presenting different epochs in the life of Joan of Arc, evidently a favourite subject; in the first she is represented as a peasant girl, feeling the first movement of inspiration—in the second, on horseback in the midst of her career, she endeavours to avoid trampling upon the fallen foe—the third is the original design of the well known figure in the Versailles gallery. Another conception of great beauty, very chastely executed in marble, represented an angel who waits to open heaven's gates to new comers; the face is wonderfully expressive of angelic earnestness, and concern that so few should seek to enter. In the centre of these memorials of the dead, are affectingly placed the cushion and *Prie-Dieu* of the princess. The character of the productions of her genius being essentially religious, there was something at once appropriate and touching in this apparent consecration of them to the source from which they had so evidently received their inspiration. The remembrance too of her premature death, and of that of the duke of Orleans, and the influence which these events, the beginning of troubles, exercised upon the mind and probably upon the fate of her father, gave to this little corner of M. Scheffer's studio an historic interest in addition to the intrinsic merits of its contents. M. Scheffer, whose countenance beams with *bonhomie*, displayed visible emotion when shewing us this spot, which he had

avoided doing until requested by the mutual friend who kindly accompanied us.

M. Scheffer is himself the most spiritual of painters. The embodiment of mind, of thought, the story told by the mere force of expression or attitude, without the assistance of the smallest materialism of detail, is the principle he works upon, and carries perhaps too far. He differs widely in this from Paul de la Roche, the other boast of the French modern school, who labours most devoutly and conscientiously to investigate and introduce every little incident or adjunct, which, without injury or confusion to the general effect, can aid in the illustration of his subject. Both masters, however, afford a great example to English painters of scrupulously correct drawing, of laborious and careful execution, totally free from all trick, or *chique*, as the French term it, or from that slap-dash, rough-cast style which misguided pupils of Sir Joshua Reynolds pride themselves upon as evidence of what they call "breadth of manner." Apart from their artistic excellence, which is very great, M. Scheffer's works are remarkable as the production of a combination of ideas, supposed not to be often met with in the same mind. Though a spiritualist in art, M. Ary Scheffer is a protestant in religion; at once mystical in his conception and treatment of a subject, and a professor of that form of faith which professes to be light as well as life. It cannot be otherwise than curious and interesting to observe what form of expression and development such a train of ideas would take in a protestant mind. The mysteries of the Roman school and religion, or the asceticism of the Spanish, were alike unsuited to it. Though an enthusiast in the old masters, M. Scheffer has never even been in Italy. "I did not dare," he said, "to go to Rome. I should have felt crushed (*écrasé*) before all the excellence I should have met with there. I should have lost the little originality I may perhaps possess, and become like the rest, a copier, not a continuer of the greatness I beheld." He was therefore compelled to find scope for his spiritual imaginings in another region of ideas. In what he has found this, we shall perhaps best shew by noticing some of the paintings which we were permitted to view in his studio.

Drawing the curtain from before a large painting, which stood yet upon its easel, M. Scheffer shewed us two figures in half profile in sitting postures, one raised considerably above the other. The more elevated figure represented an aged woman looking up to heaven; a dying joyfulness lighting up the expression of a face upon which death had evidently stamped its lineaments, though making its approaches in its holiest and calmest form. In her hand, on her left, she folds the left hand of the figure which sits beneath her, that of a man in the prime of life, into whose countenance the full expression of profound and manly religious conviction is sought to be thrown. There is nothing in the picture save these two figures; not another detail is given to aid in telling

the story, which must be spiritually discerned or not at all. It is perhaps too idealized. A back ground of sea dimly defined aids only in giving an appearance of vastness and grandeur to the conception; the simple dresses of the two figures speak vaguely of the east; yet when told that the subject (taken from the "Confessions") was the mother of St. Augustine, dying in full assurance of her son's conversion, we felt that the thoughts of such a moment could hardly have been at once more deeply and delicately depicted. Again uncovering another work we saw two angelic figures, Madonnas in beauty, but of a new race; not copies of Raphael, but the creation of an original mind. The one figure with raised eyes, tearful, but full of holy joy and gladness; faith, in short, wholly triumphant over the wonders and terrors of the moment;—the other awe-stricken and anxious at what she had witnessed, rather than unbelieving as to what she had been told. They seemed the offspring neither of religious nor artistic traditions; unconventional alike in features and expression. Perhaps the highest praise that can be awarded to the conception is to say that it is purely biblical. They are the two Marys quitting the empty tomb of Christ after hearing the angelic announcement, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Behind them in the back ground is seen in fine contrast the head of an old woman, evincing the common tokens of wonder and incredulity. This painting was executed by the order of Queen Amelie, and has been expressly reserved for her in the late sale of the galleries of Louis Philippe. It will be observed, the painter has chosen for his subjects the feelings produced by the incident recorded in Holy Writ, rather than any particular or striking moment of the action itself. A third painting, in a yet unfinished state, was of a more daring character than the two already mentioned. It represented the scene of the temptation on the mount—or rather we should say, the mere act of the temptation itself. Here again the spirituality of the painter was displayed. In the expression alone of the two figures of the tempter and the tempted, the whole history of the action was meant to be unfolded. No "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," no scenery or terrors of the mountain, are introduced to aid it. A bare rock serves merely for ground-work to the painting; the expression of our Saviour's face as He points to heaven, is that of rebuke and unshakable power, largely blended with serene pity for the fallen angel. The figure of Satan is an attempt to represent the spirit of evil, eager to persuade to it, and, in conscious impotency against such an antagonist, hardly able to refrain from the employment of the physical force, which he knows will be equally unavailing. We say an *attempt* to represent this, for "who is sufficient for these things?" It is only when we step from the loggie of Raphael into the Sistine chapel that we feel comparatively satisfied with even the efforts of a Michael Angelo.

Another large painting, only half finished, and likely to remain

so, we mention as an evidence of the strongly imaginative turn of the painter's mind. A dark troop of female furies seem to be rising from the earth and to become bright and etherial as they approach to heaven. "It was an idea which struck me," said the artist, "one evening when I saw the mists, rising thick and dark from the soil, become pure and transparent as they ascended higher and higher. I meant to depict human feelings and passions transforming and purifying themselves as they leave the earth for a higher sphere." But the work seemed fitted, and was probably intended, only to give vent to the reverie of an hour.

To shew how well M. Scheffer can deal with the realities of his art, we should mention a portrait of General Cavaignac, presenting as admirable a likeness of an individual as was ever transferred to canvass. But here again perhaps the intelligence had more place than the mere art of the portrait painter. The General was an old friend, and although M. Scheffer has pleasure in painting a gratuitous portrait under such circumstances, he can rarely be prevailed upon to employ his talents in that line for a stranger. Of his powers as a sculptor, the best specimen we saw was a full-length reclining figure of his mother, intended for her tomb. The head was slightly turned upon its pillow of stone, and the utmost softness was given to the expression of death. It bore the simple and natural expression of a tranquil end. "I wished," he said, "to avoid the hardness and rigidity of middle-age monuments, and convey the feeling of entire resignation and willingness to die."

After naming these works[b], it would be unnecessary to dilate further upon the characteristics of M. Scheffer as an artist. To spiritualize—the effort to read and express the inward thought and sentiment of the personage represented, is always his prevailing idea. The labour of thought is that which is most evident in the face of his compositions, and stamps them, if not with a character of the highest art, at least of the highest intellectuality. "I feel," said M. Scheffer with that *naive* and unaffected modesty with which he evidently judges of himself, "I feel indeed that I work upon a principle, which I believe to be a true one; but I feel also that I am too feeble to develope it fully or to become a master." The radical defect of M. Scheffer's paintings is a flatness of surface; a want of depth in the back ground, and of fulness of relief in the figures; especially in the draperies, which are apt to hang somewhat in a hard and angular way. He observes perhaps too strictly the rule of Ludovico Caracci, that draperies should be draperies and nothing more; they want colour and texture as well as pliability. Though laid on with an *impasto* that would delight the eye of a Waagen, his colouring displays the usual deficiencies of the French school in that particular. It is, however, entirely free from the extravagance of modern attempts, and is open to criticism only as too monotonous

[b] Other works of M. Scheffer, now well known by the engravings, are *le Christ Consolateur, le Christ Rémunérateur;* also *Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise*, &c. &c.

and deficient in depth of tone and richness. His great merit is his extreme purity and elevation of thought, and above all his strict originality; M. Scheffer is no Giorgio Vasari continuing the mere conventionalism of art in the nineteenth century. His expression of religious feeling is intrinsically his own, and even his flatness is something widely different from that of the Francias, Bellinis, and Peruginos, or those who imitate them. It is moreover a natural and unwilling defect, not an imitated one, and as such at once more endurable and more excusable.

To repeat what was said by this very able artist in the course of a long and interesting conversation upon other schools of art, and especially our own, would be a breach at once of confidence and good manners. But we were struck by an observation of a general nature made upon English art and artists. "I have always observed," said M. Scheffer, "that your great poets, Shakespere and others, have invariably taken their first impression of nature from reality; hence the power and truthfulness found in their descriptions, only idealized by the strength of a poetic imagination. On the contrary your painters seem ever to be labouring to work out and give reality to what at the commencement is no more than a '*fantaisie.*' To idealize nature and reality is the true field of art, to attempt to realize what is mere phantasy to begin with, is to persevere in a wrong road and can never conduct to excellence."

We have made the works of M. Ary Scheffer more peculiarly the object of our remarks, because at the present moment, in conjunction with the productions of a few other artists, they have great merit, and are also forming what may be called a purely protestant school of French modern art. For instance, if we have in M. Scheffer an able illustrator of the spirituality of protestantism, we have in M. Labouchère a most promising depicter of its historical realities. The paintings by this latter artist of "Luther translating the Bible;" of "A colloquy at Geneva," in which Calvin presents his confession of faith, here well known by the excellent lithographic engravings, are remarkable beside the ability of the compositions for a scrupulous accuracy of portraits and of historical detail, which it does one good to see in the present slovenly days of art.

An accomplished gentleman as well as artist, M. Labouchère's large fortune and position in society enable him at once to shew that he follows his profession from love of it, and to indulge in his ardent taste for artistic research. With a view to compose a series of drawings illustrative of the chief scenes and incidents of the Reformation, he has recently visited with a zeal and energy which shew how deeply he is imbued with his subject, every nook and corner of Germany which could throw light upon its history. Every historical portrait, each locality of any noted incident, has been carefully studied and copied, and a pile of original materials collected for composition and reflection before the work is begun, in a manner which reminds one of the good old times, when art, and

religious art especially, was approached with a laborious, an almost awful conscientiousness of its responsibilities[c]. This mode of proceeding, though not a guarantee for talent, is at least a great proof of it; and from the sketches of the forth-coming work which we had the pleasure of seeing, such as that of "Luther affixing his articles on the Church door at Wittemberg," or "Luther addressed by George de Freundsberg at the moment of entering the Diet," we feel the greatest confidence that the researches of the antiquarian will be turned to good account by the artist. But it is the new inspiration of this school which we would wish to point out above all as hopeful, at a time when modern art is required to develope a high and noble spirit, whether in the treatment of religious or historical subjects.

THE HISTORY OF THE HARP.

PYTHAGORAS supposed the air to be the *vehicle* of sound; and the agitation of that element occasioned by a similar agitation in the parts of the sounding body, to be the *cause* of it. The vibrations of a string or other sonorous body, being communicated to the air, affected the auditory nerves with the sensation of sound; and this sound, he argued, was acute or grave in proportion as the vibrations were quick or slow.

Aristoxenus of Tarentum, in opposition to the calculations of Pythagoras, held the ear to be the whole standard of musical proportions. That sense he accounted sufficiently accurate for musical, though not for mathematical purposes; and it was in his opinion absurd to aim at an artificial accuracy in gratifying the ear beyond its power of distinction. He, therefore, rejected the velocities, vibrations, and proportions of Pythagoras as foreign to the subject, in so far as they substituted abstract causes in the room of experience, and made music the object of intellect rather than of sense. Of late, however, the opinion of Pythagoras has been confirmed by absolute demonstration; and the following pro-

[c] "When I can," was the reply of Michael Angelo, on an impatient pope asking "when he should have done?" "I am painting for my God," was again his answer, when money was offered to urge his efforts.

positions, in relation to musical sound, have passed from conjecture to certainty. Sound is generated by the vibrations of elastic bodies, which communicate the like vibrations to the air, and these again the like to our organs of hearing. This is evident, because sounding bodies communicate tremors to other bodies at a distance from them. The vibrating motion, for instance, of a musical string, excites motion in others whose tension and quantity of matter dispose their vibrations to keep time with the undulations of air propagated from it, (the string first set in motion.) Lastly, the word *vibration* is understood to mean the time which passes between the departure of the vibrating body from any assigned place, and its return to the same.

From this prelude on the philosophy of musical sound, we are now about to open up an enquiry into the history, origin, and use of the musical instrument, which, *par excellence*, under different forms and denominations, may be traced to the very remotest ages of our race.

According to Holy Writ, Jubal, seventh only in descent from Adam, was the inventor of the harp; for he was the father of all such as handle the kinnor or harp, at least so the first holy historian Moses tells us. David, the second king of Israel, was an accomplished master of the harp; the instrument upon which he played before Saul was this very same kinnor. Frequently from the Scriptures we find the employment of the harp certified in the Psalms of David:—Psalm xxxiii.: "Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto Him with the psaltery, and an instrument of ten strings."

Here we may add that the most ancient instruments mentioned in history are stringed instruments played by snapping, such as the lyre, the cythara, and the harp. The monuments of antiquity afford us numerous models of them; but their forms are different, and characteristic among different nations. Thus the lyre and cythara belong particularly to the Greeks, the inhabitants of Asia Minor, and the Romans; while the harp seems to be the allotment of the inhabitants of Upper Asia, of Egypt, and of the north of Europe.

Fable, which is mingled with the whole history of the Greeks, ascribes to Mercury the invention of the lyre, which originally had only three strings. The number of these

strings was afterwards increased, but was never carried beyond seven, which made the lyre very limited in its powers, since it had no finger-board like our guitars, by means of which the sounds of these seven strings should be modified, and consequently the instrument could only produce seven different sounds. Hence the musician could not change his key without changing his lyre.

The varieties of the lyre were distinguished by the names of cythara, chelys, and phorminx. These instruments were played sometimes by snapping the strings with the fingers, but more frequently with a kind of hook, called a plectrum; this fact proves that only one of the strings could be made to sound at the same time.

We find the harp in India, in Egypt, upon the most ancient monuments, among the Hebrews, in Italy among an ancient people named Arpe, among the Scandinavians, and in ancient England, without being able to discover whether all these nations had received it by communication or invented it simultaneously. The use of the harp in the ancient nations of India and Egypt, raises a presumption that the Greeks and the Romans were acquainted with and made use of it; though the name which we give to it is not to be met with in any of the writers of antiquity.

Layard mentions its use in his second volume of Nineveh. "It is probable that the Assyrians, like the Egyptians, had various musical instruments: only one kind, however, is represented in the sculptures. It is in the shape of a triangle, is held between the left arm and the side, and appears to have been suspended from the neck. The strings, nine or ten in number, are stretched between a flat board and an upright bar, through which they pass. Tassels are appended to the ends of the strings, and the bar itself is generally surmounted by a small hand, probably of metal or ivory. The instrument was struck with a plectrum held in the right hand: the left appears to have been used either to pull the strings, or to produce notes by pressure. Like the Egyptian harp, it had no cross-piece between the upright bar and the flat board or base; it is difficult, therefore, to understand how the strings could have been sufficiently tightened to produce notes. There is a representation of this musical instrument in the bas-relief of the king standing over the crouching lion, now in the British Museum."

It is generally believed that the trigone or sambuque was nothing more than a harp. A learned commentator upon the poems of Callimachus has proved that all the instruments with oblique strings, such as the nablum, the barbitos, the magode, the psalterium, and the sambuque, of which mention is made in the Holy Scriptures and in the writings of antiquity, were varieties of the harp, and of Phœnician, Chaldaic, or Syrian origin. As to its use among the Romans the instrument which they called cinnara was nothing more than a harp, and its name only a translation of kynnor or kinnor, which, in the Hebrew text of the Bible, is the name of David's harp.

The number of strings to the ancient harp was originally thirteen, but this number was afterwards increased to twenty and even to forty. These strings were made of catgut, like those of our harps, as appears from a Greek epigram in the Anthology.

In a letter from Mr. Bruce, the celebrated traveller, printed in Dr. Burney's History of Music, a particular description is given of the Theban harp, an instrument of extensive compass, and exquisite elegance of form: it is accompanied with a drawing, taken from the ruins of an ancient sepulchre at Thebes, supposed to be that of Osmyandius. Mr. Bruce considers this instrument as the Theban harp, before and at the time of Sesostris, who reigned in Egypt 1485 years before Christ, and who caused it to be painted there, as a monument of the superiority which Egypt had in music, at that time, over all the barbarous nations he had seen or conquered.

It seems a matter of great wonder, with such a model before their eyes as the Theban harp, that the form and use of such an instrument should not have been perpetuated by posterity; but that many ages after, another of an inferior kind, with fewer strings, should have taken the place of it. Yet, if we consider how little acquainted we are at present with the use, and even the construction, of the instruments which afforded the greatest delight to the Greeks and Romans, or even with others in common use in a neighbouring part of Europe but a few centuries ago, such wonder will cease, especially if we reflect upon the ignorance and barbarism into which it is possible for an ingenious people to be plunged, by the tyranny and devasta-

tion of a powerful and cruel invader. War ever ruthlessly shatters the arts of peace.

About the time of Sesostris, if, as Sir Isaac Newton supposes, this prince and Sesas were the same, the harp in Palestine had only ten strings: but as David, while he played upon it, danced and sang before the ark, the instrument upon which he played must have been of a small size; we may suppose a little larger than the modern harp-lute.

The harp has always been a favourite with northern nations. The inhabitants of Finland for many ages played on an instrument called harpu, which had only five metal strings; it was tuned in A minor, the favourite key of the inhabitants of cold countries.

The poems of the celebrated Ossian, replete with just pictures of the time in which it is asserted they were composed, help to prove the antiquity of the harp in Scotland. Burns says, "The wandering minstrels, harpers, and pipers, used to go frequently errant through the wilds of Scotland and Ireland, and so some favorite airs might be common to both." From this intercourse, the itinerant minstrels of either country might widely disseminate their tunes, and each nation might gradually mould them to its own peculiar character.

In England the harp was known long before the invasion of the Danes. Historians relate, and the merest schoolboy is acquainted with the narrative, that Alfred the Great, scarcely fifteen years old, deprived of his crown, hidden in a cottage, and wishing to observe the camp of the Danes, disguised himself as a shepherd, and with a harp in his hands, gained admission into the tent of Guthrum, the Danish chieftain, before whom he played for several hours.

To this day the shepherds in Wales play on the harp in the fields and on the mountains; and the elegant form of that instrument and its brilliant tones, give them the air and pretensions of romance, and recall to the mind of the traveller the shepherds mentioned in Virgil's Eclogues.

The Welsh have three several kinds of harps, the single harp, with only one string to each note: the double harp, with two strings: and the triple harp, with three strings. On this last, the two outside rows are unisons; the middle row serves for flats and sharps; its compass extends to five

octaves. This instrument has been improved by the invention of pedals; by which, without fresh tuning, it can be played in all the different keys, and by which it is rendered less complicated and inconvenient, by reducing the strings to a single row. This has not only improved the instrument but the style of the music, which seems to have been totally confined previously to national tunes.

The Irish have always been partial to the harp: their bards or musicians were long celebrated for their knowledge and their military exploits. The Irish harp remained in the same state for several centuries. In the fifteenth it received some considerable improvements from a Jesuit, Robert Nugent, who lived some time in Ireland: he gave it a double row of strings, which made the instrument more sweet and more sonorous. One may observe that the arms of Ireland consist of a harp: Henry VIII., when he was proclaimed king of Ireland, took this escutcheon, either because the harp was a favorite with the Irish nation, or to perpetuate in some measure the state of perfection to which they had brought this instrument, or perhaps as an emblem of their military exploits.

On the continent the harp was early cultivated as a favorite instrument. Tacitus says, that amongst the ancient Germans, the Druids, who were their priests, and the only depositors of their knowledge, had no other archives than the chants of their bards, who were musicians and poets, and who, with their verses and songs, influenced the courage of the soldiers, and led them to battle to the sound of their harps. In the days of chivalry in France, the harp passed for the most noble of instruments, and on that account the romance writers have invariably placed it in the hands of their heroes, as the ancient Greek bards did the lyre. This instrument was in such general favour, that an old poet has made it the subject of a poem called "Le Dicte de la Harpe," (the ditty or poem upon the harp,) and praises it as an instrument too good to be profaned in places of pleasure, saying, "that it should be used only by the knights, esquires, persons of rank and ladies; and that its fine and gentle sounds should be heard only by the elegant and good."

The people of antiquity do not appear to have had any knowledge of steel or brass wires; but several authors

assure us that they made use at first of flaxen strings, a fact which it is difficult to believe, inasmuch as strings of that description could produce only a dull sound, if any at all.

The harp at first had no means of modulation, because it was impossible to put a sufficient number of strings upon it to represent all the sounds which correspond to the notes expressed by the sharps and flats. It was not until about the year 1660 that it was first thought of in the Tyrol to add hooks to the instrument, in order to raise the tone of the strings when it was necessary; but the necessity of employing the hands to move the hooks was very troublesome, and an instrument-maker of Donawerth, named Hochbrucher, in the year 1720, invented a contrivance for moving them by the feet, which was thence called a pedal. Though very imperfect, the pedals were useful. But the difficulty of moving the feet at the same time with the hands, to which the performers were not accustomed, threw many obstacles in the way of the inventor.

In 1740, the pedal harp was not yet known in France, but was introduced there by a German musician of the name of Stecht. Hochbrucher, a nephew of the instrument-maker above mentioned, and a good harpist for his time, brought the use of the pedal to perfection about the year 1770. But it was Naderman, an instrument-maker of Paris, who gave to the mechanism of the harp with hooks the entire perfection of which it was susceptible.

The principle of this mechanism being, however, still defective, and subject to many accidents, Sebastian Erard, the uncle of the present distinguished firm, determined to supply its place by a mechanism better contrived, in which a fork was made to pinch the strings, without drawing them out of the perpendicular line, as was the case with the harp with hooks. The success of his invention led him afterwards to complete the improvements of which the harp was still in want, by giving to each of its strings the power of producing three tones, namely, the flat, natural, and sharp. This he effected by means of a mechanism having a double movement.

As the harp became thus improved a higher class of harp music began to be introduced, and many most skilful performers appeared. Dizi, Bochsa, Labarre, and Mad^{lle}

Bertrand, carried execution upon the harp to the highest point of perfection to which it has yet attained. Madame Krumptolz, Madame Dussek, Count Newbourg, Parish Alvars, &c., &c., have added greatly to the importance of the harp by the excellence of their performance and powers upon that instrument.

Since the departure of Parish Alvars, and his subsequent death, there have been but few public performers on the harp in our own country, who have worthily illustrated its powers: latterly, indeed within these six months, a knot of professionals have essayed to gain public patronage by a series of matinées at Messrs. Erards in our own metropolis. This party, originated by Mr. T. H. Wright, are bent upon obtaining for the instrument its due position, and upon restoring the knowledge and practice of its powers to its original rank among the accomplishments of a polite education.

EVENING TWILIGHT.

Whether with Day or Night to side
Fails wavering Twilight to decide;
Lo, all confusion she doth stand
Each suitor having grasped a hand;
Now half her heart doth Night beguile,
Now half is gone when Day doth smile;
Thus in a doubtful mood she hears
Both lovers with bewildered ears,
Not knowing light or shade to choose,
Not knowing which 'twere best to lose.

Night pleads with low and plaintive voice,
Till soothed she almost makes her choice;
The thoughtful lover grave and calm
So gently leaning on her arm,
With earnest whispers, apt to move,
Pours forth his tender prayer of love;
Subdued she turns from giddy light
And melted loves the solemn tongue of Night.

That instant Day, when all seemed lost,
On high his sunny weapons tost,
And never of his skill bereft
Snatching quick his arrows left,
He fires—and sunbeams are his darts—
He fires, and fitful Twilight starts,
In beautiful confusion turns,
A double love within her burns,
Divided still, half grave, half gay,
With tokens both from Night and Day,
The eager rivals close between
She stands and makes a hazy scene;
A tender sigh persuasive Night pours in;
Off baffled Day—that tender sigh doth win.

THE

National Miscellany.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Some Account of Domestic Architecture in England from the Conquest to the End of the Thirteenth Century. By T. Hudson Turner. 1851.

Some Account of Domestic Architecture in England from Edward I. to Richard II. By the Editor of the "Glossary of Architecture." 1853.

Oxford: J. H. Parker.

Our houses write our histories; brick and stone have their way of giving the portraiture of an age as well as pen and ink. When we rear our walls and habitations, we create our biographers; and all the diaries, records, journals, deeds and documents in the world, cannot unsay or contradict what these choose to say concerning the spirit and character of an age. In their flimsy or their massive forms, in their taste or tastelessness, they are truthful plain-spoken chroniclers who refuse either to plume and dress up and rouge "the history of their own times," or to strip it bare of any of its genuine hues and characteristics. A Norman keep and a modern shop equally speak the truth; the one cannot affect a light and flaunty air, as if it were born in some "weak piping time of peace," while the glassy and brittle front of the other cannot affect any personal acquaintance with mailed men. Many an historian pales, as far as truthfulness is concerned, before these passionless witnesses who have no side to take, no party to support, and who give unconscious expression to their builders' state and condition.

When indeed we consider the many aspects in which the Domestic Architecture of past times may be viewed as the illustrator of the social or religious condition of a people, it is remarkable that in an age like this it has remained the one untouched topic among ourselves. While whole fleets of adventurous volumes steam forth

from the press on their experimental trips in search of readers, this one subject has had to wait in coy seclusion for some literary Cælebs to discover and describe its charms. And it is the more surprising as there has been no lack of interest in by-gone times. Ecclesiastical Architecture from the church-building necessities of the age has been well and widely studied; and every new church that springs up in the greenest, remotest hamlet, proclaims the happy practical results of a careful consideration of our ancient models. The wonder is, that minds thus strongly drawn to churches should have so resolutely closed their eyes and refused to see the comely contemporaneous structures reared for domestic use standing by their side. We have abundant cause to lament the want of research in this direction, because in the strong popular turn for building backwards, if we may use the term, in this very uninventive age, and for putting our public and private buildings into old clothes, the best samples of old work have been overlooked. Wearied with Tudor lodges, Tudor halls, Tudor rectories, and Tudor villas, the feeble repetition of that one old Tudor face which in its youthful freshness had no remarkable beauty or variety of expression, we sigh for some skilful combinations of earlier architectural features, adapted, not watered down, to modern wants. Leaving out the defensive air (the mere accident of the style) which was compulsory when the country was in a chronic state of internal war, we see much in the ancient forms that would especially suit such buildings as town halls, courts of law, markets, schools and almshouses.

No one can gaze at the new Houses of Parliament, with their defective grouping, their costly contempt of the contrast created by walls partly blank and partly relieved by bold projections, the ill-managed location of the towers, which do not grow from the building but are stuck into it "promiscuously," as the expression is, without wishing the architect had been led an age or two farther back. At half the cost a building at once more effectively and temperately adorned, might have been reared, with some play of light and shadow, with something better than that mere creasing of the walls all over, which will all wear down in a few short years, with a varied front and a natural elevation of its towers at natural points. The able architect began to build too soon.

The dearth of books, however, for the student, is happily beginning to disappear. Two important volumes on the "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages," have issued from Mr. Parker's press, the one by the late accomplished Hudson Turner, embracing the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; the other by the able Editor of "the Glossary," taking the more interesting period of the fourteenth century. The period treated of in the former work has left us of course fewer relics, and was in itself necessarily more barren in architectural grace. The one object was to be safe. The stone case or envelope in which men enclosed themselves was but slightly beautified, a certain massive and rugged grandeur

occasionally being seen, but lumpiness and heaviness prevailing on the whole. In the fourteenth century, however, the warlike spirit was combined with a strong love of the beautiful. The intercourse with France probably heightened and warmed this love. While from various reasons, the extent of castle-building and house-building during the fourteenth century, of which we purpose more particularly to speak, appears perfectly astonishing even to us who are accustomed to see stuccoed towns spring up in the fields almost as quickly as crops of wheat, this building mania happily arose when taste also was on the rise. The character of the houses varied according to the part of England in which they were placed, and we are able to trace the course of the warlike or peaceful strata, the pugnacious regions and the happy valleys, by the remains of the domestic buildings which still stand above the soil. When we skirt the stormy and disputed borders of Wales and Scotland, we find them thickly studded on both sides with stern and frowning castles, offering a cold hard front to all comers. In such peaceful counties as Somersetshire we discern more luxury of architecture, a more fearless indulgence of windows and other comforts. The houses of these districts, like the cavalier of after times, half lace half steel, were divided between comeliness and defence; they could not doff the thick stone coat, but there was something of a stony ruffle too.

But still every house was fortified, prepared for free-booters or the attack of regular troops. No sash windows opened out on pleasant lawns even in the calmest parts. Defence was a universal necessity. Even the religious houses, the monasteries and the priories, had to be surrounded, as at the palace at Wells, with good stout walls; and while reverence was felt for the churches themselves, the houses of the clergy were not equally revered. Every man's house was his castle, even where the royal licence to crenellate was not obtained and the legal status of a castle was not reached. Sometimes even the church itself assumed a fortress form, and this probably arose not merely from the feuds of barons but rather from the bands of robbers, "trailbastons," as they were called, who screened themselves in the woods and forests. The editor of the Glossary, in the volume we are speaking of, quotes from an interesting document preserved among the miscellaneous petitions in the tower, which shews in Edward the Third's reign the dangers of the times.

"It is addressed," he says, "to the earl of Arundel by William Drake-lowe and Richard Honning-lowe, merchants of Lichfield, who state that on Friday, the Feast of Purification, in the year 1342, they sent their servants with two horses laden with fardels of spicery and mercery, worth forty pounds, to the market to be holden at Stafford on the following Saturday. The men had proceeded as far as Cannock wood when they encountered Sir Robert de Rideware and two followers, by whom they were captured and taken to the priory of Lappeley. One of the men, however, contrived to escape. In the priory there were several friends

and accomplices of Sir Robert de Rideware, as well knights as others, and among them Sir John de Oddyngeselesa; here a division of the plunder was made, each taking a share of the spicery and mercery according to his degree and estate. On Saturday the whole company rode from Lappeley to the priory of Blythebury, where Rideware represented to the prioress that they were retainers of the king, sore travailed, and prayed house-room for his company. This would appear to have been refused, as they broke open the barns, helped themselves to the hay and oats, and stayed there all night; against the wish of the prioress. In the mean time the man who had escaped, having followed them at a distance, went to the king's bailiff for the county, at Lichfield, and gave him to understand that the robbers with their booty were at Blythebury. The bailiff and some of the townsfolk proceeded thither, and finding the robbers, summoned them to surrender. They refused, but attacked the bailiff and his people, and wounded several of them: but the malefactors were ultimately routed, and four of them were caught and decapitated. The bailiff took the stolen goods into his possession, and rode towards Lichfield. But Rideware having rallied his band by a sudden onslaught recovered his plunder. These conflicts appear to have occurred on the Sunday. The bailiff failing to obtain redress for the petitioners, they went on the following Thursday to Stafford to shew their grievance, but they found the robbers posted at the gates, who would not suffer them to enter the town. In conclusion, the petitioners represent that they and many of the Lichfield folk are so menaced by the said robbers, that they dare not venture out of the town. Into all which matters they pray the earl to cause enquiry to be made."

These were not days for the "unprotected female."

And now let us approach an ancient house. Look at one of the sterner and stronger sort from the neighbouring fields, and we see that it tried to be as blind as possible, as free from windows. A few slits here and there pierce the wall, looking like letter-boxes for giants' letters in giants' post offices. Whatever the size of the house, whether it be castle, or pele tower, or fortified manor-house, it was commonly brought to the water or water was brought to it. Water by natural or artificial means was one great method of defence. Sometimes it washes the walls, sometimes there is a grassy ledge running round the house. Passing over the drawbridge and obtaining a nearer survey of the house we observe that besides the house itself the fortifications extend round the homestead, or barmkin, as it is called in the north. On entering the house we find that the hall occupies the greater part of it. Whether we examine the baronial halls at Raby, at Broughton castle and Penshurst, or the beautiful archiepiscopal hall at Mayfield in Sussex, or the rectorial hall at the parsonage of Market Deeping, we find it filling the chief place in the building. And the existence of this one vast central room at once reveals the peculiar domestic features of the period as contrasted with our own. It was in the hall that all the household met, the lord and his man at arms, the master and his servant, the bishop and his dependant. There was but one world in every house, a great deal of common life, of common intercourse and communion between all grades and shades of persons who were

sheltered under one roof. In our day, on the contrary, there are two worlds in every home, a servant world and a master world, life below stairs and life above stairs, a set of persons nominally partaking of one home, living in great separation from each other, with their own separate code of morals, feelings, interests, and sympathies. These two worlds rarely meet; the meetings are stiff and partial; they never take salt together; it is the habit in modern times for the one family to be split into two distinct classes. The servant world accordingly creates its own "public opinion," whereas in the middle ages this public opinion was created from above and passed down from the dais to those who sat below; and hence there was at any rate household unity. The very shadow of it is gone now. Those most anxious to get into the servant world to influence them for their good, find it a most difficult matter from the complete separation between the two classes in the modern mode of domestic life. We do not say whether any return in any way could be made to the family aspect of the old hall, but we plainly see that whatever has been gained in refinement, much has been lost of influence and sympathy by having a world above and a world below.

The fire, composed of great logs of wood, commonly blazed and crackled away right cheerily in the middle of the hall, fenced in by andirons, and sending its wreaths of smoke upward till to the relief of the guests it curled itself out of the louvre in the roof. In some cases chimneys were in the side wall as early as the fourteenth century. The roof was an open one, often of a rich character; the windows to ordinary eyes of an ecclesiastical look, (and in truth there was no great distinctness between the secular and ecclesiastical styles, but merely certain modifications of style,) and stone seats were in the windows whence the occupants looked out into the court-yard or over the green fields and woods on the country side; the floor of stone or tile with its high table at one end placed transversely, and the other tables ranged in narrow slips down the hall, was covered with no Turkey carpet, but with straw or rushes; and when night drew on and the last meal was over and the music from the gallery at the eastern end had ceased, a portion of "the servant world," we must confess, rolled themselves up and put themselves up for the night in the corners of the hall, and snored away right lustily, where baron and fair ladye had so lately supped.

"In the fourteenth century," says the editor, "the usual time of dining was ten or eleven," answering to what our labourers call their "elevens."

"When the king of France entertained Richard II. on his marriage, the guests arrived at eleven o'clock, and they found the tables spread for dinner. Our ancestors seldom partook of more than two meals a day, dinner and supper,"

the supper taking place about five, and commonly some little mirth and revelry being indulged in till bedtime. Sumptuous often were

the feasts in these old halls, excellently-worked plate glittered on the sideboards, though we must observe that as "fingers were made before forks," our ancestors had to use those implements of nature for the transmission of the good fare to their mouths.

"Even as late as the fourteenth century only knives and spoons were in general use; forks, although known, are never observed in the feasts depicted in the paintings found in manuscripts of this period. Their use seems to have been regarded as an indication of foppery and fastidious pride. In the Luterall feast only spoons and knives are on the table, and several of the guests not being supplied with these articles are taking up their food with their fingers. In the reign of Edward II. Piers Gaveston possessed three silver forks for eating pears, and John duke of Brittany in 1306, used one of silver to pick up 'soppys.' Among the articles granted from the royal wardrobe in 1347 to the treasurer of the princess Joan, we find one 'iron fork'....The table knives were sometimes of an elegant form, and supplied with hafts of silver and ivory. The temper of the steel was a point to which much attention was paid. In the time of Richard III. Walter de Aldeham held land, by service of finding the king two knives, one of which was to cut a hazel rod of a year's growth asunder with a single stroke. These were probably clasp knives and were carried about in the pocket. It was common for noblemen to pull their knives out of their wallet."

We can understand therefore the value of lavatories placed behind the screen, and in some cases, as at Dacre castle, resembling piscinæ, and also of ewers and basons, which were handed to the principal guests after the meal as well as before it, especially as the unsavoury fingers, besides dabbling in the dishes, were used to cast the bones to the dogs, which were allowed to share in the provision of the hall. There was truly a strange mixture of refinement and coarseness, of exquisite taste and dirtiness in those good old times.

But we must now pass from the hall and its doings to the chamber next in importance, the "solar" as it was called, or drawing-room of the day, which was commonly behind the dais with a store-room or cellar under it. Hither the lord and his family with the more select guests were wont to retire, leaving the commonalty in the hall, and yet generally having a window which opened from the solar into the hall, so that they could either check the mirth when it began to rise beyond reasonable bounds, or amuse themselves with watching the festivity of their menials. In the larger houses there was another private chamber besides this, but in the smaller one this alone sufficed.

As regards the furniture, whether of the hall or solar, think not ye lovers of sofas and soft chairs, of all manner of tables, knick-knacks, and the costly crowd of moveables which throng modern drawing-rooms in an elegant profusion and confusion, think not that the ancient Gillows drove busy trade. Of furniture there was but little. The stone seats in the windows probably had their cushions which the lady and her maidens worked. There were also hangings in the hall and in the solar; but tables and chairs were few, and to the modern eye the rooms must have looked bare

and bald. The truth is, the lord (for "the squires," so to speak, with small or moderate estates, were scanty in number compared to the modern class) moved from house to house that he might eat up with his moving camp of retainers in those unmarketable times the produce of his estates. He had to travel for his dinner; and when one set of farms was devoured, he journeyed to another, carrying a great part of his furniture with him, which he accordingly reduced to a small compass, as they had to rumble and jumble over rough and unmacadamised roads.

And now, passing from the solar, and not stopping to notice the lady's bower, which only existed in the larger houses, we come to the bed-rooms. And here, though we often speak of the hardy natures of ancient folks, we at once perceive a goodly supply of fire-places, and these not made to look at, but evidently for use. At St. Briavel's castle in the forest of Dean, an interesting structure, there seems to have been a fire-place in every room.

In the fourteenth century the larger portion of windows were glazed, if we except those used by the domestics, which were often shielded by canvass or by wooden shutters within and iron gratings called grilles without, as in one of the out-buildings at Yanwath, Westmoreland.

"In the accounts of Rhudlan castle in Wales," says the editor, "where King Edward for some time resided, we find the following entry, 'For six ells of canvas bought for the windows of the king's chapel, 1*s.* 9*d.*'"

But as glass was dear, it was no uncommon plan to have the window-frames moveable, and the lord would give to modern ears the strange command to "pack up the windows," when he was about to change his quarters.

And now for the kitchen, an important scene of action at all times, highly important in the middle ages, when such large households were gathered together, and eating was not among the lesser interests of the day. Great architectural dignity was bestowed on this valuable portion of a house. Witness the abbot's kitchen at Durham with its curious groined roof. Witness that at Raby castle, forming a separate tower, vaulted, and with a fine louvre to let out the smoke and fragrance from the preparation of lordly feasts. A glance at the ground-plan of Raby, given in the second volume of Domestic Architecture, will shew its importance. It is 30 feet by 29. That in the bishop's palace at Chichester is 40 feet square. That at Glastonbury is a noble structure, of noble workmanship and design, hardly to be seen without raising in the mind the vision of many a hospitable day, fragrant with good fare. The kitchen was commonly detached, lest the large culinary proceedings might in some day of unusual cookery cause a conflagration. The London clubs alone present any rivals to these ancient rooms. But after all there was much done in the ancient kitchen which would have shattered M. Soyer's nerves and offended the dignity of our great modern cooks, for we are obliged to own that there did

the butchers often flay and dress the carcasses, and that as every large house had to trust to its own inmates for a multitude of matters now wrought and bought in shops, the kitchen was often used as a forge. The cook, important as the office was, had to bear the hammerings and the jostlings of intruding workmen, who must have sadly tried the temper of that inflammable race. Our readers will readily suppose that with such vast kitchens, buttery, pantry, larder, and other offices, were by no means small.

In considering the general structure of the castles or fortified houses, we must not imagine that all these chambers, required for the accommodation of such large households, and many of them housing troops, were altogether made of stone. While the outer walls were of course of stone, thick and strong, the inner walls, of at any rate a considerable portion of the structure, were often of wood. Wood was much more widely employed than is commonly supposed. In the beautiful castle at Caldecot in Monmouthshire, a castle well worthy a visit both from the exquisite character of the masonry, and also from its architectural features, by far the greater part of the internal buildings were evidently of wood, and have consequently helped long ago to light many a neighbouring cottage and to warm many a chilly group gathered round the cottage fire. The outer walls encircle a vast area, and the fact that they were pierced with chimneys throughout the whole length, and shew the remains of multitudinous fire-places, while nothing remains of the inner side, is at once a proof that the inner walls were of wood, and unsafe places for the position of the fires. Had they been of stone within, the builders would not have weakened the outer walls with chimneys.

Having now passed through the various chambers formed for domestic use, we come at last to the consideration of the religious system which was at work within the walls. And here we necessarily speak of the larger houses, the nobles' castles, into which so large a family was compressed, and in stormy times prevented from always obtaining safe access to the parish church. And it is in the highest degree to their praise, that there was anything like a religious system at work, any definite provision over and above the parochial system that was without. What shall we say of modern great houses with the line of footmen in the hall, and the host of women-servants in kitchens, nurseries and servants' hall? In speaking of the religious system, we do not say what spiritual work in individuals was effected by the ministrations of the chaplain in his intercourse with individual members of the baronial household. We are talking architecturally, and architecturally we observe that there was a portion in every castle set apart for the purposes of prayer.

The chapel system of the larger houses is perhaps that on which the editor of the Glossary has thrown the greatest light. Commonly it was supposed that in every castle there was a chapel, a holy building quite distinct from any of the other chambers;

and as the site of this chapel or any remains of it however slight have not always been found, various positions in various castles have been invented and imagined. Now in many cases, as at Ludlow, there was a distinct chapel, a holy place, entirely devoted to holy purposes; and often also, as in Brougham castle, a small oratory with altar and sedilia designed for the lord alone and his immediate family. But there is now reason to believe that the higher portion of the hall was often used as a kind of chapel. In many halls there is a more ecclesiastical character in the window at the higher end, as for instance at Caldecot; while the hall itself would have been immoderately and absurdly long if this had formed an integral portion of it. Hence probably a screen separated this higher portion which was used for the devotions of the household. So also at Chepstow castle, it will be seen that while all the windows in the lower part of the hall have seats, the richer window in the higher end has none; while the remains of a rich screen shew that this higher portion was divided from the rest. Nor, if we except an extremely small oratory, can any site be found for any chapel.

Might not many of our public institutions, our smaller Unions for instance, which will not, or cannot afford distinct chapels, separate structures, borrow a hint from the medieval castle, and set apart a portion of their large rooms as a sort of consecrated place? We must quote the editor's remarks on the chapel.

"It was," he says, "generally near to the hall, and connected with it by a short passage leading from the dais or upper end of the hall. The east window was large and of an ornamented character, similar to a church window, the altar was placed immediately under it. The sacrarium or small chancel for the use of the priests was the whole height of the building, and in this part there is usually a piscina and locker and sedilia, as in the chancel of a church. The western part or nave of the chapel, as it may be called for the sake of distinction, was frequently divided into two stories by a floor, both open at the east end, or separated from the chancel by a screen only; in these two rooms there were often fire-places, and it would appear that they were not exclusively devoted to sacred purposes; when the chapel was used, the upper room was the place for the lord and his family or guests, the lower room for the domestics, or sometimes the upper room for the ladies." He adds in a note, that "in houses of less magnitude and pretensions where there was no specific chapel, divine service seems to have been performed in the hall."

Would it not be well, if in the large country houses of our nobility and wealthy commoners, which boast excellent billiard rooms and vast stables, but do not all have chapels, there was some more definite provision for the daily spiritual wants of the household? Much might be done without trenching at all on the parish system of which they form a part. Family prayer might be made, not in a dining room or breakfast room, but in some portion of the house wholly given up to that object. It does not appear, as far as we

have been able to learn, that these medieval chapels were consecrated.

We have now passed through the chief portions of one of those ancient domiciles which studded old England, when every man afraid of his neighbour, girded himself round with stout stone walls. In the larger houses it should be mentioned that it was a mark of dignity to have a tower attached to them, which besides "the honour of the thing" was a useful place to fly to in case of any sudden attack. In the border counties these towers, called pele towers, are numerous, and answer to the keep of a castle. It is also comfortable to find, after all that harrowing romances have told, that it is rare to find any underground chambers or dungeons; the medieval castles are commonly wanting in those deep dark rooms where these romances are wont to place "the captive knight." It would delight and profit the more ardent members among the commissioners of sewers, were they to investigate the excellent draining system in all the more important structures; modern houses are far behind them. Many a romantic mind has been interested in the traditions of subterranean passages extending from this abbey to that, as though in dangerous times secret modes of communications and escape, fit frameworks for all kind of adventures, were kept up, when in sober truth these passages were no more than large arched drains descending as fast as they could to some river or low spot.

Of the houses of the poor in country districts what shall we say? Scarcely a trace of a countryman's house remains. In the more unsettled parts they were commonly but turf huts, soon put up and soon pulled down, and this as the editor remarks

"Is strikingly exemplified in the extensive parish of Elsdon, which extends upwards of twenty miles in length from the Scotch border, and contains 74,913 acres; there is not a single *house* which is a hundred years old, nor is any such remembered except the rectory, which is a fortified tower, and the tower of Otterburn and one or two other little towers."

Space forbids us to follow the editor of the Glossary into his interesting remarks on the Domestic Architecture of towns, or to accompany him in his visit to the English towns in France of the Edwardian period. We must refer our readers to the work itself, which is especially interesting both as regards letter-press and illustration in its sketches of the Domestic Architecture of France. We have been stealing a good deal already from his volume, and though there is some temptation to add to our thefts when we have once begun, we are urged by what remains we have of moral principle to forbear. Besides, our readers may have had enough, for one meal, of facts concerning the Domestic Architecture of the middle ages. The volumes themselves have pictures, excellent, admirable pictures, which lighten the reader's journey, and these will give a far better description of the castle homes of our forefathers than our pen is able to effect.

THE ROSE NURSERY AT MARESFIELD.

EVERY one knows how far a man will go in a foreign country, to see something that, at home, he might have visited any day he chose. I confess that this has been somewhat the case with myself. I took a great deal of trouble to see the *Bloemen Tuin* when I was at Haarlem, because it is the finest tulip garden in Europe. But the largest rose nursery in the world, because it lies close to my own house, I never happened to visit till yesterday. And yet I suppose no one would compare a tulip to a rose. True, our rose cultivators are far enough from having excited the mania that once offered in Holland five hundred pounds and a new carriage with two horses for a root of the *Semper Augustus;* or four hundred pounds for *one grain* from the bulb of the *Admiral Leifken.* And I hope we may never see our old garden favourites, in any shape or way, turned into a Stock Exchange speculation. I trust we shall not have the bulls tossing up, or the bears trampling down the *Comte de Flandres* or the *Garibaldi*, and trying to turn a few more pounds out of that which was fed with dew, and is a lawful subject of speculation to bees only. No;—let us leave roses to the poets: and the Dutch may make their gaudy, showy, flaunting tulips, a stock-jobbing business if they please.

However, "lips though blooming must be fed," as we all know; and roses, though in the same category, must be fed and nursed also. If they are to be nursed, there must be nurseries. And it is to the largest of these that I am now going to take you, if you will do me the favour of bearing me company;—I mean Wood's Rose Nursery at Maresfield.

Maresfield lies just at the southern extremity of the old forest of Sussex, that under the various names of Ashurst and Telsata, stretched from right to left through the centre of that county. Now, indeed, those venerable trees are almost utterly destroyed; but a few here and there stand

about like veterans maintaining some important post after the rout of an army. And all round Mayfield, and Pippingford, and Plasket, the traveller will still find lovely woodland scenery; though he must mount to Gill's Lap or to Crowborough Beacon to comprehend what an immense tract of forest stretched over the country, before it was burnt in the iron furnaces that have long since been extinguished for lack of fuel.

A somewhat rutty cross lane, if you are coming from the north, will make you anxious for the springs of your carriage, before you reach your destination; unless you prefer going round two miles on the Lewes road. I confess that, in that solitary place, with grey sand rocks peering out all around you, and here and there a wild oak copse on the edge of a little ravine, it would seem as reasonable to expect a rose garden as to look for violets on Ludgate Hill, or a palm-tree on Woolwich Common. But so it is. The sandy soil suits the roses:—Mr. Wood's paternal care suits the soil; and the result is what we shall presently see. You enter by a lodge and drive up to the proprietor's house. So large a business requires a division of labour. He superintends the men; his son, who resides at not a gun-shot from him, occupies himself with the naming and labelling the flowers, and with the printing. The conveyance of the roses also takes up a good deal of arrangement and time, as the nearest railway station is, and is like to remain, ten miles off. Lewes is that distance, Tunbridge Wells is three miles further.

Now, if you please, we will take a walk through the garden, and whoever is our guide, we are sure of the greatest courtesy that can be shewn. It contains about *eighty acres*, and is very hilly. There are not many prettier sights, I think, than this bed of standard roses sloping down to yonder little stream; the sun bringing out their various flushes of beauty in very lively contrast with the brown haymows in the field beyond, the redder pinnacles of rock that rise up here and there through the turf, and the deep green of Hendle Wood that crowns the opposite slope. I am afraid that these same hills do not find so much favour in the gardener's eyes as they do in mine. My guide complains of them a good deal, and indeed

rather reminds me of Dr. Thomas Burnet, who, in his Theory of the Earth, maintains that originally it must have been a perfect flat, because it is inconsistent with the goodness of a beneficent Creator to form such unsightly excrescences as mountains.

These eighty acres, be the same more or less, as the lawyers say, give employment during the season, that is, for the three spring months, to sixty-two men. Their wages vary very much with their skill and knowledge. The highest branch of the art is that of the *budders;* the head budder can average about sixteen shillings a week. This budding requires clever fingers, but needs practice more than any thing else; practice to acquire, and practice to retain. (There are other things, by the way, that do that besides the art in question.) A good budder, five years out of practice, has all to begin over again. A first-rate hand, under average circumstances, will bud a hundred roses in an hour; but something depends on the weather, and a good deal more on the kind of flower. Thus, he could not accomplish more than fifty moss roses in the same time. The tying is another department; there are six tyers to the six budders; esquires, in fact, and knights. The budding, which commences in July, is always finished by the end of September. But it is not to the men in active employment alone that these rose gardens give a wholesome occupation. All the labourers round are encouraged to bring briars for sale for the purpose of setting;—last autumn Mr. Wood paid away as much as £200 for these. There is no certain price; it varies with the condition of the specimen. Near the last enclosed part of the garden you may see the briar nursery, and fine healthy young briars they are: one naturally thinks of the amount of patching and darning the good housewives of Nutley and Maresfield must have had too in consequence of the collection.

The first question one asks is; How many varieties of roses have you for sale? It seems, however, impossible to get an answer; old obsolete kinds, fashionable beauties of former years, linger here and there about the garden, but are not recommended: of other sorts it is just possible that none may be at the moment forthcoming. About six hundred various kinds may be considered as *stock roses*, and every

year adds a certain number to the list. This year, for example, will produce about twenty-five; but as most of them, owing to the backwardness of the season, have not yet come out, I must leave some future visitor to describe that epoch in their lives. At all these descendants of the dog rose we will take a glance, according to their natural common-sense division, which is that adopted by Messrs. Wood in their catalogue. His two great tribes are, roses that flower in June and July; and perpetual roses, that flower in July and onwards.

First in the former class came the *Provence roses*. The type of these is our venerable favourite, the old cabbage; if it were not a dishonour to any thing so pure, I should call it the Ninon de l'Enclos of roses; no one has ever wearied of it, and no one ever will. I confess that I like to see that in a cottager's garden (you will observe that I am speaking low, so that our guide may not hear) quite as well as any of these fine showy varieties at which we are come to look to-day; on the same principle, I suppose, that in foreign lands cistuses and geraniums, and peonies, do not make up for our own cowslip and primrose. As to the name *Provence* rose, it is a simple mistake. The *Reine de Provence* was really introduced from *Provins* in Champagne. A fine old town it is; I know it well, with its quaint narrow streets, and good Count Thibault's hospital on the top of its hill; and there they tell you that a crusader brought this rose from Holy Land. It is rather a hard thing that the good Champagner's town should have lost its right to its foster child; and that Provence, with its terrible sand tornados, should have stepped into its place.

Next, we came to *Damask roses*, having their names from the country, and certainly not from the colour, for they are for the most part light. What do you say to the *Ville de Bruxelles?* It strikes me as about the best. Pure rose-colour and large: a little showy perhaps: and they say it is a good pillar rose. So you may trail it up against your arbour or trellised porch, and I think you will not be sorry that you bought it.

After this came the *French roses*. Of this kind was the *Tuscany*, which our grandmothers used to admire; say just about the time when the Prince Regent was holding his

first levees as such. I do not see it here; it is decidedly *passée*. This family, which is about the most extensive, is a little formal; one thinks of the grand style of Louis XIV., and fancies how well these strong, straight, stiff roses would look as standards in the twin square beds by the circular tanks, with their Neptunes and sea-nymphs, or the polygonal mazes which Le Notre excelled in devising, and the Grand Monarque condescended to praise. If any head of a college does me the honour of reading these pages, I think that the formal family would just suit the walls of a fifteenth or sixteenth century building, and therefore probably might suit his.

Now for the *white rose:* the *celestial* is its type. Some of these like not the old proverb concerning the rose and thorn, for they have none. I shall have more to say of their colours presently.

The *moss roses* form the next groupe, and perhaps the liveliest of any. But this cruel July weather has so beaten them about, that we can form but a poor judgment of what they might be under brighter skies. *Zoe* has the features of her family the strongest: leaves and even wood are as mossy as the flower, so she well merits her other name of *Mousseuse partout.* The *Unique de Provence*, purely white, has great beauty. But when I ask our guide whether there are yellow moss-roses, I only get a smile in return. Why this should be an impossibility passes my powers of explanation, and I suspect (between ourselves) his also.

Then we have three more orders, *Hybrid Provence*, an intermediate between *Provence* and *French*, *Hybrid China*, and *Hybrid Bourbon:* never mind them just now. After these come the yellow roses: there are but six kinds, and the *Persian yellow* is the best. Passing by the countless varieties of *Scotch roses*, we come to the *Climbers*. Hardy enough they all are, and peep out under rough cold spring skies when none of their fair companions have ventured even into bud. *Banksian*, or *Ayrshire*, or *Boursault*, how pretty they are round the old plane tree on the lawn, festooning the iron arch that leads to the paddock, trailing over the rockery by the lake side, or trellising the park pales. The Banksian, I take it, are the very sweetest of

all roses; and their deep green shining leaves are perhaps the prettiest, nor do I like them less that they have no thorns.

Now we come to the second great division: roses that flower from July to November. And first appear the *Damask Perpetuals.* Of these is the *Rose du Roi:* this our mothers regarded as the king of perpetuals: but his majesty has lately been forced to abdicate, after producing a great number of children equal to, or surpassing, himself. At present there seems a kind of anarchy; most people appear to prefer the *Crimson superb:* for my part, I think I should give my vote to *Parfumée.*

Here follow the *Hybrid perpetuals,* and their little sisters the *Pompons.* The former are the latest, and now the most valuable family, and have a greater number of first-rate roses than any other. Four or five of these would on entering make one's choice as difficult as that of Paris. Here now is *Blanche de Portemer:* what do you say to that? Just the maiden's blush, and what a perfect form! or *Madame Lamoriciére;* what a glorious pink! and how beautifully transparent are the leaves. It is precisely the hue of a cloudless spring sun-set on the Alps. You like something more decided? well then, here is *Mrs. Elliott:* what I should call a *brave* rose; colour somewhat—the least thought in the world—deeper than that which is named from the flower: fine semi-petals: erect and beautifully swelling. Here is our guide's favourite, *Augusta Mea:* pretty enough, certainly, large and pink; but I think its chief merit must be in its price. But what say you to my own pet, *Graziella?* Just look at the pink, so transparent, and yet so satiny, and its camellia shaped leaves! That *is* a rose indeed.

We have arrived at the *Bourbons.* They are Hybrids, accidentally obtained from a common China rose, and introduced from the isle of Bourbon about thirty years ago. In this family only there are some 400 kinds, and they are to late autumn what the climbers are to early spring. *Souchet* is one of the best; it is very large, and flushes from scarlet to crimson, as the light varies: I rather prefer roses, as I do people, who do not change when the sun is upon them. Therefore I am inclined to prefer *Dupetit Thouars:* a most beautiful crimson he is. *Aurore de Guide,* much of the same

colour, but larger and more showy, might contest the palm with him.

And now, leaving *China*, and *Tea-scented*, and *Noisette*, and *Musk* roses, (the latter climbing perpetuals,) let us say something about the hues of roses taken generally. From the purest white, the *Princesse de Lamballe*, to the darkest crimson, the *Souvenir de l' Exposition*, we might make an ascending scale of shade after shade, to say nothing of flaked or spotted flowers. There is the *Clara de Sylvane*, a creamy white; the *Rival de Pastime*, a yellowish white; the *Comtesse de Segur*, creamy, with buff centre; *Princess Clementine*, transparent as snow; *Aspasie*, a delicate blush; *Devigne*, a faintish blush; *Hebe*, flesh colour; *Splendens*, pink, the very essence of pinkness; *Comte Boubert*, light crimson; *Eclatante*, bright scarlet; *Assemblage des Beautés*, a most vivid scarlet crimson; *Paul Ricaut*, bright carmine; *Etna*, a superb full carmine; *General Bertrand*, pink crimson; *Frederick II.*, a velvety dark purple crimson. And I think we cannot get a deeper shade than that, except the *Souvenir de l' Exposition*, as aforesaid, which is a flash crimson.

The parti-coloured roses are very lovely. The *Copper rose*, copper and yellow; *Miss Chauncey*, pink, dashed with gold; *Comtesse Lacepede*, blush, with a silvery tint; *Tricolor de Flandres*, flesh, striped with crimson; *Œillet Flamand*, white, striped with purple; *Panachépleine*, white, striped with rose; *Boula de Nauteuil*, violet, shaded with slate:—these are examples.

Shape yields to colour; but still it has much to do with a perfect rose. One that shall not be littery as soon as, or even before, it is full blown; cup-shaped, even, full, leaf regularly over-lapping leaf, and, as they say, very double. As to size that is a matter of taste. The largest ones grown are *Clementine Seringe*, *Angelina Granger*, *Eugene Sue*, and above all, *Baronne Prevost*. Those that have the most faultless shape are *William Griffiths* and *Graziella*.

Before we conclude, we will do rose fanciers a good turn by quoting the directions Messrs. Wood give for planting them:—

When they are to be placed out singly, on lawns or in beds, amongst other plants, a hole should be made, about eighteen inches deep, and large

enough to contain a good-sized wheel-barrowful of compost; two-thirds of this should be strong turfy loam (if it can be procured from an old pasture it is preferable), and one-third well-decomposed animal manure; these should be thoroughly mixed together: should the ground be dry at the time of planting, or if it is done in spring, a liberal watering should be given before the soil is all filled in around the plants, and standards should be securely staked to prevent the winds from moving them, which is very injurious: when beds are to be planted the ground should be deeply trenched, and afterwards a good dressing of manure should be applied; a small quantity of the compost recommended above may also be added around each plant. As roses seldom thrive well in soils that have previously grown them for a number of years, it is advisable that when old beds are renewed, the soil should be removed to the depth of eighteen inches, and its place supplied with the above mixture.

I heartily recommend such of my readers as may be able, to visit for themselves this rose nursery; and I wish them fine weather, and a brilliant display of new kinds. And I end by proposing that Messrs. Wood and Son, in gratitude for a most disinterested recommendation, shall name one of the finest of the present year by the name of—THE NATIONAL MISCELLANY.

Proposed by the writer of the article,
Seconded by the publisher, and
Carried unanimously.

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. A Series of Lectures; by W. M. THACKERAY, author of "Esmond," "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co. 1853.

"PEOPLE have now-a-days got a strange opinion that every thing should be taught by lectures. Lectures were once useful, but now," continues Dr. Samuel Johnson, "when all can read and books are so numerous, lectures are unnecessary. If your attention fails, and you miss a part of the lecture, it is lost; you cannot go back, as you do upon a book." It is nearly a century since the "stout old man" gave utterance to these opinions on the utility of lectures as a means of tuition, and yet, lectures still seem to meet us at every turn. Mr. Thackeray, however, has anticipated and destroyed the point of one of Johnson's objections; since, even if the attention had failed, and a part of the lecture had been lost, we are now enabled to "go back" and to search with greater care, the stream of words which, having once flowed from the lips of the lecturer, are now, as it were, congealed through the medium of paper and of print, into a more tangible, a more lasting, and a more serviceable form.

But Mr. Thackeray seems to have forgotten, that much which aided him as a lecturer, is wanting to him as an author. Voice, manner, homely illustrations occurring at the moment, these things cannot be conveyed in type; and hence, we believe, it is difficult to make a lecture pay a "double debt," like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, that is, at once be successful as a lecture to be heard, and as a paper, or volume to be read. Forgetful of this fact, Mr. Thackeray appears to have published these lectures on the English Humourists, in the same garb in which they were presented to the fashionable and brilliant audiences of the Hanover Square Rooms: it is possible, that there may exist trivial alterations in the style, or in the substance of the lectures. Mr. Thackeray has not thought proper to affix any preface, or any introduction to his work, by way of explanation on this point; yet, the emendations, however extensive, have not been so great as to materially change their character, from declamations that could again be delivered with success, into essays that are read with feelings very near akin to disappointment.

In treating of the English Humourists of the past age, it is of the men, and of their lives, rather than of their books, that Mr. Thackeray proposes to write. This is rather a strange announcement in a series of lectures, which has for its subject a race of men who obtained their distinguishing title, and acquired their claim to our notice, by their works and writings; yet it may be doubted, whether the only course which remains, for one who has

attempted the task to which Mr. Thackeray has set his shoulder, is not the course our author has adopted. To assemblages such as Mr. Thackeray addressed, composed as they were of both sexes, and of all ages, of individuals living in the latter half of the present century, it were impossible to enter with minuteness into an analysis of the productions, or into a critical review of the publications of the Humourists of the last. Times are now changed, and books that might be read, and expressions that might be used, and oaths that were sworn, and deeds that were done, with impunity, or with approbation in those days,—are now considered unfit to be done, shameful to be sworn, incorrect to be used, and altogether unsuitable to be read by the rising, or even by the adult generation.

Mr. Thackeray helps us to compare the ways and the manners of the age in which the Humourists dwelt, by the light of the refinement and luxury of the present: the comparison in many respects is unfavourable to both: the wits of the last century would find the restraint and etiquette of the present time insufferably irksome; and, although we might delight in hearing the brilliant conversation, or admire the splendid talents, of the great ones who are gone, we probably should be very far from pleased at a too intimate acquaintance with their habits, and should be soon satiated by an habitual intercourse with their acquaintance. "Would we have liked to live with him?" "That is a question," Mr. Thackeray thinks,

"That is a question which in dealing with these people's works and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been Shakspere's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's stair-case in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition—but Swift?"

However, Mr. Thackeray has not much liking for that great man, and as we shall presently speak again of the Dean, we will refer the reader to the lectures, for Mr. Thackeray's answer to the question, "Would we have liked to live with him?"

We will now proceed to a more particular discussion of the merits of the work, after we have given in his own words, the definition of the humourist writer, as explained by the humourist lecturer; he is one, Mr. Thackeray tells us, who

"Professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the

weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralise upon *his* life when he is gone,—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon."

It will scarcely, we think, be a matter of disappointment, that the reader should be excused the perusal of, and it is certainly very foreign from our intention to notice, *seriatim*, every mistake, or to question each matter of detail, that presents itself in the volume before us: and he will neither expect a refutation of each statement, nor will he look for an exposure of every inference which does not exactly coincide with the pre-conceived opinions of the Reviewer. Having said thus much by way of preface, we would wish to draw attention to that portion of Mr. Thackeray's first lecture which treats of the early life of Swift, and of his connection with Sir William Temple. Mr. Thackeray seems disposed to perpetuate a statement which has passed through Mr. Macaulay's hands, and which, while making Sir William Temple give and Swift receive the very meanest wages, ingeniously omits all mention of the change in the value of money, which would have made no slight difference in the value of the supposed salary. The tradition—and we imagine that the reader, after glancing at the evidence adduced, will agree with us in giving to the tale no higher a designation—the tradition as related by Mr. Thackeray is as follows:—

"It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds, and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship—wore a cassock that was only not a livery—bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my lady's good graces, or run on his honour's errands."

It would, perhaps, be rash to judge of the value of Mr. Thackeray's illustrative notes which are scattered up and down his volume, or to decide from the present case of the light they generally shed upon the text: yet, we find an extract from the Dean's journal annexed to the above paragraph, in corroboration of its substantial correctness:—

"Don't you remember (he writes to Stella) how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold, and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirits since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."

It is not a little singular that Scott, too, in his Memoirs of Swift, should have quoted from the same journal, the same periods: and it may not be uninteresting to observe the conclusions, different, and altogether incongruous, which two authors of talent, and of genius, have deduced from the same source. Mr.

Thackeray perceives in Swift's statement nothing but visions of niggardly wages, of the servants' hall, of cassocks and clerical liveries, of the future dean of St. Patrick's knees, as proud as Lucifer's, running on his honour's errands: whilst Scott, who recognises in the description, allusions to circumstances of a later date, affirms that during Swift's last residence with Temple, scarce a cloud intervened to disturb the harmony of their friendship: and adds, that "a cold look from his patron, such was the veneration with which Swift regarded Temple, made him unhappy for days."

Amongst the letters collected in the Richardson correspondence, there is one extant which is addressed to the Lady Bradshaigh: this letter is of peculiar importance to the elucidation of Mr. Thackeray's strictures; in it we read that the nephew of Sir William Temple had informed a friend, who assured Richardson, who again had retailed the story to her ladyship, that

> "Sir William hired Swift, at his first entrance into the world, to read to him, and sometimes to be his amanuensis, at the rate of £20 a year and his board, which was then high preferment for him."

We must not forget, who is the nephew of Sir William; nor in what relation Jack Temple stood to Jonathan Swift. That he was a man who bore no good will to Swift is nearly certain: he probably was somewhat jealous of the intimacy that existed between the patron, and the dependent; and was not a little envious at the influence exercised over the one, and at the trust reposed in the other. On the decease of Temple, it appears that the smothered flame broke forth; the nephew, and the uncle's "menial" were at open warfare, and the former misunderstanding was greatly increased by Sir William's legacy to the "uncouth young servitor;" nor would the chance of reconciliation be increased by the slight inflicted on Jack Temple, when he learnt that the Irish secretary had been selected, in preference to himself, to edit, and publish to the world Sir William's Essays, and Sir William's Letters. Such is the witness, and such the evidence, on which we are gravely informed that "with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table" the great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship! Is the testimony of such a man trustworthy? Is it likely to be impartial? Is it such as Mr. Thackeray would be glad to take advantage, to establish any other than Mr. Thackeray's own sentiments? Is it evidence so untainted, that having been mentioned to a friend, who related it to an acquaintance, and having been, by the latter, transmitted through the pages of a common-place letter to a lady correspondent—it should at length be discovered at the foundation of circumstantial narrative?

Granting, however, that there exists a certain measure of truth in Jack Temple's statement, we must beware, lest his assertion be pressed into Mr. Thackeray's service, further than it legitimately

can be employed: Temple distinctly affirms—according to the version of his conversation we possess—that Swift's "high preferment" was bestowed upon the future Humourist at his *first entrance into the world:* rather more than two years was the length of Swift's residence with Sir William at Sheen; and we shall, perhaps, not be far from the truth, if we limit the duration of the secretary's "high preferment" to the length of this sojourn with his patron: for if, at the age of three and thirty, and after a ten years' apprenticeship, a man be still making his first entrance into life, we should be curious to enquire, at what date the Dean may be supposed to have fairly made his *debut* in the world? We have one word to say on the colour of the "menial's" coat—and this is a colour, which evidently finds but small favour in the eyes of our author. The certificate of Swift's priest's orders was granted in January 1695: four years from this date Temple died: a portion of this time had been passed at a distance from Moor Park, in Swift's parish of Kilroot: yet in the face of these facts, Mr. Thackeray has the courage to tell us, that "in a cassock that was only not a livery, the great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship!"

We have seen that Swift remained with Sir William two years; ill health then drove the invalid to seek for benefit in his native air, and on his return to England he again took up his abode with Temple at Moor Park: here it was that the intimacy and confidence sprang up between the old man and his former dependent, which afterwards ripened into mutual friendship, and which was repaid by Swift with a devotion that failed not frequently to shew itself. It was here that William III., in order to mark his sense of the services of Temple's rising and clever secretary,—military rank being, perhaps, more consonant with the king's ideas of duly rewarding merit than civil distinction,—was pleased to make Swift the offer of a troop of horse: nor was Sir William himself backward in assisting the fortunes of his friend; and, although, it is more than probable, that Swift had by this time made himself so useful, and so necessary to his patron, that it was impolitic to make him a proposal of too lucrative a post; yet, Temple placed at his disposal a situation in the Rolls' Office in Ireland, which was estimated to be worth about £120 a year. It was in after years likewise, in order to revisit again his well-known haunts in Surrey, and to resume his place, once more, at the side of his aged benefactor—a duty from which he was alone relieved by the death of Temple—that Swift left his parish, and voluntarily resigned preferment in the Church, to the amount of at least £100 a year. Yet Mr. Thackeray would have us to believe, that the Moor Park servitor gave up a prebendal stall, declined a clerkship in the Rolls, and ran the risk of displeasing the king, by refusing the rank of captain in his majesty's service, these offers extending over a period of eight years, in favour of an apprenticeship to Sir William Temple, with a salary of £20, and a dinner at the upper servants' table!

Such are some of the inconsistencies with which the accounts of Mr. Thackeray are justly chargeable: others might be mentioned which result from the intimate relations that existed between Temple and "Parson Teague," and from the condescension, and the kindness received by Swift at the king's hands: indeed to such an extent was this familiarity carried, that it is related of William, that on one occasion, he instructed the "uncouth Irish secretary" in the art of cutting asparagus in the Dutch fashion, and, of the mode of eating that vegetable after his majesty's own heart, stalks and all, an occurrence which would cause Mr. Thackeray some difficulty to explain, on the supposition that during his apprenticeship, Swift was wont to take his meals, at the upper servants' table. It was necessary to enter at length into an examination of some of the statements of Mr. Thackeray, and of the authorities on which he grounds his claim to infallibility: and, after such an example of our author's candour, critical accuracy, and circumstantial correctness, the reader may be inclined to receive with some caution, other details which are not scrutinized with so much exactness, or which are altogether passed over without comment. It is our opinion, however, that Mr. Thackeray has been particularly unfortunate in the estimate of the character of Swift, and that his picturing of the life of the Dean has been anything but happy; we may therefore be excused for combating, as concisely as may be, on one other topic, Mr. Thackeray's opinion. We will take leave then, to join issue on Swift's religious opinions, with the author of the lectures, who asserts, that in his belief the Dean

"suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down, as to put his apostacy out to hire."

Mr. Thackeray's ideas, however, on this subject are scarcely consistent, and are by no means easy of detection, since well-nigh in the same breath with the above assertion we find him thus apostrophising the defunct divine:—

"Ah, man! you," says the author of Vanity Fair, "you educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John—what made you swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy, before the heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's," continues Mr. Thackeray, "was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray."

The best reply that can be made to the declaration of Mr. Thackeray's belief, is to be found in the note that is advanced to support one portion of his contradictory creed; the note states in the Dean's own words, that "he was inclined to take orders," and that "although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the Church merely for support." But, if we can suppose that Swift was at once a sceptic, and a scoffer, it would be far from easy to explain the nature of his qualms, or to determine the reason of his ultimate decision; when both a troop of horse and a diplomatic appointment had been offered to him, and had been

declined. We think that the Dean of St. Patrick's every day life is a practical refutation of Mr. Thackeray's animadversions,—that his writings on theological matters, especially his Letter to a young Clergyman,—that his prayers, written in his own handwriting—that his sermons, of which it is to be regretted so few remain,—that his Journal to Stella, afford not the slightest sanction to the accusation of disbelief. Mr. Thackeray affirms that Swift "says of his sermons, that he preached pamphlets." This is not altogether correct: the anecdote upon which, we presume, this assertion is made, is thus related by Mistress Pilkington, who was a friend of Swift's, and herself, was somewhat of a humourist in her writings. "'I never,' said the Dean in a jocular conversation, 'preached but twice in my life, and *they* were not sermons but pamphlets.' Being asked on what subject, he replied 'they were against Wood's half-pence.'" Swift's sermons meet with little courtesy from Mr. Thackeray: "they have scarce a Christian characteristic" is his opinion of those discourses: yet, surely, Mr. Thackeray must be led away by the heat of declamation, ere he could declare that the Dean's sermon on the Blessed Trinity "might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or on the floor of a mosque;" or he must be blinded by partiality to bring himself to think that "the box of a coffee house" would be the most appropriate place for the delivery of the sermon on "the Wisdom of the World," or of that discourse on "Brotherly Love." A man, who with moderate attention, and without prejudice, will peruse the sermons of Swift, can hardly declare that they are wanting in "Christian characteristics;" and no one, without further authority than Mr. Thackeray has thought fit to produce, will accuse the Dean of swearing "to fatal vows;" and, before the heaven which he adored, of passing "a life-long hypocrisy."

Having thus directed attention to some of the points of dispute, and having pointed at several of the differences in opinion, which we regret to observe in the delineation of the life, and of the character of Swift, between Mr. Thackeray and ourselves, we hasten to notice, in no unfriendly mood, those topics upon which we can agree. It was scarcely to be expected, that in a course of lectures on the Humourists of the eighteenth century, amongst which the Dean stands in the prominent position he occupies, Mr. Thackeray should have omitted to mention the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy: the lecturer has not disappointed his hearers; and we cannot do better than to give, in his own words, our author's sentiments upon this matter:—

"We have spoken about the men, and Swift's behaviour to them, and it now behoves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean. Two women whom he loved and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who hasn't in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and

tender creature: pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such painful pangs of love and grief? boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady!—so lovely, so loving, so unhappy. You have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

"And if Stella's love and innocence is charming to contemplate, I will say that in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart—in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity—in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation goes, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy—in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and the barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that true love from running smoothly; the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson.

"... Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them [Stella's eyes] so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom. A hard fate: but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching; in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos: his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love.

"... One little triumph Stella had in her life—one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favour, for which I confess, for my part, I can't help thanking fate and the Dean. *That other person* was sacrificed to her—that—that young woman, who lived five doors from Dr. Swift's lodgings in Bury-street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in such an outrageous manner—Vanessa, was thrown over.

"... As they are bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Dr. Swift's are found pretty often in Vanessa's parlour. He likes to be admired and adored. He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit, and beauty and wit, and a fortune too. He sees her every day; he does not tell Stella about the business: until the impetuous Vanessa becomes too fond of him, until the doctor is quite frightened by the young woman's ardour, and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them—that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not content to remain in her isle, pursued the fugitive Dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed and bullied; the news of the Dean's marriage with Stella at last came to her, and it killed her—she died of that passion.

"And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her, 'that doesn't surprise me,' said Mrs. Stella, 'for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick.' A woman —a true woman! would you have had one of them forgive the other?"

Of those humourists whose lives, and characters, and sentiments, Mr. Thackeray in his series of lectures, has undertaken to depict, there is not one whose biography occupies at once so great a space, and which at the same time contains—to those who are not altogether ignorant of the persons, and the times of the Spectator and the Tatler—less of real information, or fewer novelties, than the memoir of Sir Richard Steele. Indeed, in the third Lecture on the English Humourists, the author appears to have attempted and to have been not a little successful, in his purpose of conveying the greatest amount of miscellaneous intelligence, accompanied by the least possible quantity of important instruction, with regard to the celebrated writer under consideration. For example, Mr. Thackeray, with "no sort of authority" for his statements, indulges in many ingenious, and perhaps truthful, speculations on Steele's early career and school-boy life: how that, "besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory engagements with the neighbouring lollipop vendors and pie-men:" now, though all this, and much more in the same style, may have been doubtless very entertaining to the more youthful members of Mr. Thackeray's audience, we cannot think that such puerilities should have been deliberately repeated, in a work that was designed to obtain something more than an ephemeral share of public attention. Again, he conjures up spirits from the vasty deep, to provide us with scenes, and to present us with descriptions from the good old coaching days; and from the days of Captain Macheaths, and of black vizards. He squanders page after page, in supplying to the liege subjects of Queen Victoria "an idea of one particularly fast nobleman of Queen Anne's days," and to inform them, how my Lord Mohun, whose name Mr. Thackeray takes care to inform us in a note "was Charles, and not Henry, as a recent novelist has christened him," was tried, and was acquitted "by his peers, for the murder of William Mountford, comedian." He inflicts on his hearers abstracts, from a notable journal entitled "The British Apollo; or, curious amusements for the ingenious, by a society of gentlemen;" and he introduces quotations from the lips of Phœbus, which would scarcely do credit to the Answers to Correspondents to be seen in the Family Herald: and by way of apology, he places the name of his favourite Steele over a "true and correct account" of my Lady Smart's dinner party at three o'clock to Lord Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and Colonel Atwit; an account that could not be rivalled in elegance of language, or in correctness of detail, by the gentleman himself, who is ever so attentive to "observe," and to "notice" the "company" at the Lord Mayor's feasts.

It would, however, be very erroneous to imagine from this apparent neglect, that the author of Esmond was wanting in devotion to him "who was not worse, and often much more delicate than his neighbours." On the contrary, he owns to "liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men, and much better authors;" or, as Mr. Thackeray elsewhere expresses himself in his own quaint, and original manner, "he is our friend: and we love him as children love their love with an A, because he is amiable." The hero worship of Mr. Thackeray we think inclines towards literary men; and of men of letters his hero is evidently Steele. Steele is his favourite, his friend: he is poor Steele: he is the black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy: he is a philanthropist, a lover of right and of truth: he is the erring, wayward, affectionate, amiable creature: his is a sweet, compassionate nature; and of good-humoured people, Steele is the chief: his very foibles are delightful, and without at least some of his small failings, and little frailties, he would be nothing—less than nothing. The words of Carlyle on the "notablest of literary men, Goethe," would not sound far-fetched or irrelevant if uttered by Mr. Thackeray.

"Our chosen specimen of the Hero as Literary Man would be this [Steele.] And it were a very pleasant plan for me here to discourse of his heroism; for I consider him to be a true Hero; heroic in what he said and did, and perhaps still more in what he did not say and did not do; to me a noble spectacle: a great heroic ancient man, speaking and keeping silence as an ancient Hero, in the guise of a most modern, high-bred, high-cultivated Man of Letters."

It is full time, however, that we should permit Mr. Thackeray to speak for himself, and to give us a glimpse of "poor" Steele's manner of life, and of some of his little peccadilloes, which we must not expect to find treated with great severity, and which may be reckoned, among the stories that are told, as "indicative of his recklessness, and of his good humour."

"Captain Steele took a house for his lady upon their marriage, "the third door from Germain-street, left hand of Berry-street," and the next year he presented his wife with a country house at Hampton. It appears she had a chariot and pair, and sometimes four horses: he himself enjoyed a little horse for his own riding. He paid, or promised to pay, his barber fifty pounds a year, and always went abroad in a laced coat and a large black-buckled periwig, that must have cost somebody fifty guineas. He was rather a well-to-do gentleman, Captain Steele, with the proceeds of his estates in Barbadoes, (left to him by his first wife,) his income as writer of the "Gazette," and his office as gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness Prince George. His second wife brought him a fortune too. But it is melancholy to relate that with these houses and chariots and horses and income, the Captain was constantly in want of money, for which his beloved bride was asking as constantly. In the course of a few pages we begin to find the shoemaker calling for money, and some directions from the Captain, who has not thirty pounds to spare. He sends his wife, "the

beautifullest object in the world," as he calls her, and evidently in reply to applications of her own, which have gone the way of all waste paper, and lighted Dick's pipes which were smoked a hundred and forty years ago—he sends his wife now a guinea, then a half-guinea, then a couple of guineas, then half a pound of tea; and again, no money and no tea at all, but a promise that his darling Prue shall have some in a day or two; or a request, perhaps, that she will send over his night-gown and shaving-plate to the temporary lodging where the nomadic captain is lying hidden from the bailiffs. Oh, that a Christian hero and late Captain in Lucas's should be afraid of a dirty sheriff's officer! That the pink and pride of chivalry should turn pale before a writ! It stands to record in poor Dick's own hand-writing; the queer collection is preserved at the British Museum to this present day; that the rent of the nuptial house in Jermyn-street, sacred to unutterable tenderness and Prue, three doors from Bury-street, was not paid until after the landlord had put in an execution on Captain Steele's furniture. Addison sold the house and furniture at Hampton, and, after deducting the sum in which his incorrigible friend was indebted to him, handed over the residue of the proceeds of the sale to poor Dick, who wasn't in the least angry at Addison's summary proceedings, and I dare say very glad of any sale or execution, the result of which was to give him a little ready money. Having a small house in Jermyn-street for which he couldn't pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but taking, in 1712, a much finer, larger, and grander house, in Bloomsbury-square; where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in St. James's; and where it is recorded that Dick giving a grand entertainment, had a half dozen queer-looking fellows in livery to wait upon his noble guests, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man. "I fared like a distressed prince," the kindly prodigal writes, generously complimenting Addison for his assistance in the "Tatler,"—"I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Poor, needy prince of Bloomsbury! think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancery-lane ominously guarding him.

. . . "Alas! for poor Dick Steele! For nobody else of course. There is no man or woman in *our* time who makes fine projects and gives them up from idleness or want of means. When duty calls upon *us*, we no doubt are always at home and ready to pay that grim tax-gatherer. When we are stricken with remorse and promise reform, we keep our promise, and are never angry, or idle, or extravagant any more. There are no chambers in *our* hearts destined for family friends and affections, and now occupied by some Sin's emissary and bailiff in possession. There are no little sins, shabby peccadilloes, importunate remembrances, or disappointed holders of our promises to reform, hovering at our steps, or knocking at our door! Of course not. We are living in the nineteenth century, and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented; and loved and suffered; and lived and died scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle: let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness."

We now come, says Mr. Thackeray, to the greatest name on our list, the highest among the poets, the highest among the English wits, and humourists with whom we have to rank him. And, indeed,

Mr. Thackeray appears to venerate the author of the Dunciad—he respects him as one of the giants of literature—he defers to his judgment, he thinks much of his talents, he pays homage to his genius—he is a very Addison to our Steele, "the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, the head boy in his school." If Pope be not a humourist, if the poet of the "Rape of the Lock" be not a wit, who deserves to be called so?

"Besides," continues Mr. Thackeray, "besides that brilliant genius and immense fame, for both of which we should respect him, men of letters should admire him as being the greatest literary *artist* that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river stream, or any object which struck him in his walk, or contemplation of Nature."

Does our author intend to place Pope in the list of vulgar plagiarists? not at all; Pope merely pilfered to perpetuate; he only appropriated to improve. Surely this cannot be Mr. Thackeray's meaning, he does not propose to give such a character to the friend, and the foe of Lady Mary Wortley Montague! However, save some of the early and the amatory of Pope's epistles, in the whole range of literature, no volumes are more delightful.

"You live in them in the finest company in the world. A little stately, perhaps; a little *apprêté* and conscious they are speaking to whole generations who are listening; but in the tone of their voices—pitched as no doubt they are, beyond the mere conversation key—in the expression of their thoughts, their various views and natures, there is something generous, and cheering, and ennobling. You are in the society of men who have filled the greatest parts in the world's story—you are with St. John the statesman; Peterborough the conqueror; Swift, the greatest wit of all times; Gay, the kindliest laugher; it is a privilege to sit in that company. Delightful and generous banquet! with a little faith and a little fancy any one of us may enjoy it, and conjure up those great figures out of the past, and listen to their wit and wisdom."

Not one of the least amiable traits in Pope's nature was his true and unaffected filial piety; and we are glad to perceive that Mr. Thackeray has not neglected to notice, what as a humourist, and as a man of feeling, he should have been the last to have overlooked, "that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection, which pervaded and sanctified his life."

"It is affecting to note," our author says, "through Pope's correspondence, the marked way in which his friends, the greatest, the most famous, the wittiest men of the time—generals and statesmen, philosophers and divines,—all have a kind word, and a kind thought for the good simple old mother, whom Pope tended so affectionately. Those men would have scarcely valued her, but that they knew how much he loved her, and that they pleased him by thinking of her. If his early letters to women are affected and insincere, whenever he speaks about this one it is with childish tenderness, and an almost sacred simplicity."

On the continuator and the successor of Hume, Mr. Thackeray does not find many words either of praise or of censure: Smollett is treated in altogether a cavalier manner, and the pages devoted to his service are insufficient to display his skill as a novelist; and quite inadequate for the purpose of discussing his claims to appear amongst the magnates of the English humourists. Of Smollett's associates and manner of life, the author of the admirable Humphrey Clinker, has given us an interesting account, in that most amusing of novels. "We have before us," continues Mr. Thackeray, as he sums up in a few lines, his opinion of the character and of the talents of the author of Peregrine Pickle :—

"We have before us, and painted by his own hand, Tobias Smollett, the manly, kindly, honest, and irascible; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long struggle against a hard fortune. His brain had been busied with a hundred different schemes; he had been reviewer and historian, critic, medical writer, poet, pamphleteer. He had fought endless literary battles; and braved and wielded for years the cudgels of controversy. It was a hard and savage fight in those days, and a niggard pay. He was oppressed by illness, age, narrow fortune; but his spirit was still resolute, and his courage steady; the battle over, he could do justice to the enemy with whom he had been so fiercely engaged, and gave a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him. . . . You see somehow that he is a gentleman, through all his battling and struggling, his poverty, his hard-fought successes, and his defeats. His novels are recollections of his own adventures; his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he became acquainted in his own career of life. Strange companions he must have had; queer acquaintances he made in the Glasgow College—in the country apothecary's shop; in the gun-room of the man-of-war where he served as surgeon, and in the hard life on shore, where the sturdy adventurer struggled for fortune."

With Hogarth the artist, and with Smollett the physician, Mr. Thackeray in the compass of a single lecture, unites the story of the dramatist, Fielding. Fielding is clearly no favourite with Mr. Thackeray: he cannot offer, he cannot hope to make a hero of the author of Joseph Andrews: it is not of poor Steele or of the mighty Pope that he now writes, so why should Mr. Thackeray neglect the opportunity to moralise: why hide the faults, why conceal the weaknesses of Harry Fielding? Nevertheless

"Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. . . . He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancour, disdains all disloyal arts, does his duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work."

We cannot refrain however from quoting the opinion of the author of Esmond, on the *chef d' œuvre* of Fielding. As a picture

of manners the novel Tom Jones is indeed exquisite: as a work of construction, he continues,

"quite a wonder: the by-play of wisdom; the power of observation; the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts; the varied character of the great Comic Epic, keep the reader in a perpetual admiration and curiosity. But against Mr. Thomas Jones himself we have a right to put in a protest, and quarrel with the esteem the author evidently has for that character.... I can't say that I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character; I can't say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones shews that the great humourist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here in Art and Ethics, there is a great error."

Mr. Thackeray thus indulges in reflections on the plan and design of novel writing, and throws out hints to which it would behove certain popular authors to listen, and to take heed. If it is right to have a hero, whom we may admire, let us at least, Mr. Thackeray urges,

"let us at least take care that he is admirable; if, as is the plan of some authors (a plan decidedly against their interests be it said), it is propounded that there exists in life no such being, and that therefore in novels, the picture of life, there should appear no such character; then Mr. Thomas Jones becomes an admissible person, and we examine his defects and good qualities as we do those of Parson Thwackum, or Miss Seagrim. But a hero with a flawed reputation; a hero spunging for a guinea; a hero who can't pay his landlady, and is obliged to let his honour out to hire, is absurd, and his claim to heroic rank untenable. I protest against Mr. Thomas Jones holding such rank at all. I protest even against his being considered a more than ordinary young fellow, ruddy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, and fond of wine and pleasure. He would not rob a church, but that is all; and a pretty long argument may be debated, as to which of these old types, the spendthrift, the hypocrite, Jones and Blifil, Charles and Joseph Surface,—is the worst member of society and the most deserving of censure."

We have now but to take leave of the author; and, we do so in the hope, that the new enterprize with which it is whispered Mr. Thackeray is engaged, may be wanting in none of the beauties of the Lectures on the Humourists, and may, at the same time, be free from many of their faults.

MISS ISABELLA BISP'S EPISTLE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I WANT to be a poet but my family is against it. I am not understood, Mr. Editor; and though I have very considerable affection for my family, yet I cannot hide from myself the painful fact that they are essentially practical people. There is no inspiration about them, no glow of soul, no outpouring of noble thought; they do their duty and that is all. You can understand therefore my position. I have read poetry to them by the hour, more especially my own unpublished manuscripts, but without making the slightest impression, except some yawning after a time, and the very sound of a yawn, so different from a sigh, is at all times distressing, and thoroughly unpoetical.

My father has nine children, and he says that that is enough to make any man practical, and that it will not do to sit still and be idle with so many mouths to feed. Now I do not see why we should be always thinking of mouths. There is always dinner enough. Of course every body must dine, and the less thought about the matter the better; eating can never be made interesting. I am not at all fond of butchers, though my father often says their bills must be attended to. I dare say he is right, for I am not at all practical myself. He says too that as there are nine of us, we ought to bestir ourselves, while I have no idea of being hurried, and any exertion is out of the question with my health. We ought never to be hot or hurried. Cooks, they tell me, are hot; and that is enough at once to condemn the state of heat as a vulgar and servile thing. I am not strong, and the doctor says that "the midnight lamp," which of course I am obliged to burn, if I am to write any poetry at all, is not good for my health. I like also to have time to myself, time for a kind of idle thought, leisurely musings, which I think they call contemplation. I have rather a passion for contemplation; it is so nice to sit by one's window, with one's work laid aside, and to think and think, and to dream and dream. As for this work—work—work, I hear so much of,

why it quite throws one into a fever even to listen to what people go through. What nerves they must have, what iron frames!

It is astonishing what my mother does. She is always busy, always doing something. I am sure she is very strong. Sometimes indeed she looks fagged and pale; and for my own part I admire that somewhat exhausted look, that soft elegant languor, that beautiful fatigue she sometimes exhibits. It decidedly becomes her, though I dare say it is not pleasant to feel tired out. I only hope my younger sisters when they grow up will lighten her labours, for they appear strong girls. I often wish I could be useful, but I have not the least idea how to begin, how to set about it. I was not born to it. Every body has their gift. I am sure I was only meant to be a poet.

My father, however, Mr. Editor, objects to the expense of being a poet; I do not think it ought to be expensive. I believe Lord Byron made a great deal of money; and if the publishers took his poems why should they not take mine? This is just the question I ask my father, but he only smiles and says, "Give up the poetry, Bessie." I might as well give up my very self. Practical people do not understand all one's feelings. I see a great many volumes of poetry advertised. I have no doubt that the publishers and authors make a great deal of money by them. I have sent my manuscripts to several of them, but they always return them and say that they have more poetry than they can get through, but that if my father chooses to pay the expenses, they will think the thing over. Now after paying my last milliner's bill I do not suppose I have more than five or six shillings of my last quarter's allowance left; otherwise I should of course undertake the expense myself and have all the profits. It is so tiresome not to have money. I do not understand it. One could do so much for literature then.

If you knew me I am sure you would say I was poetical. I adore the moon. I like the sea, to look at. I had some very uncomfortable sensations when I went upon it some time ago, so that I prefer gazing at it from some lofty cliff. It is much safer too, for we cannot be shipwrecked on a cliff; and by the bye we could see all the shipwrecks so beautifully, and they are very interesting things, though

the poor sailors are to be pitied. I am also very fond of a gentle breeze, though I dislike draughts particularly. I caught an inflammation in the eye, which made it very red and horrid the other day, while I was writing my ode "to the Zephyr" at the open window. I do not mind the breeze upon my cheek, but I object to it in my eye; the breeze sometimes goes too high up, and ought somehow or other to be regulated. I have a great passion for flowers and bowers; only I wish some modern invention were discovered by these scientific people of whom one hears so much, which would do away with crawling creeping insects. Modern chemical preparations, I am told, are very extraordinary; and I do not see why in these days we should be teased with horrid ear-wigs, caterpillars, ants, and spiders, when one throws one's self on sweet calm summer evenings on some flowery bank.

I am fond too of romantic names. Your De Veres, De Courcis, De Montmorencis. I love the "De;" it has immense effect. My own name, which of course is my father's fault not mine, is, I allow, unfortunate. As I have a great attachment to a y instead of an i, and an e at the end of every thing, I tried to persuade my father somewhat to modify the atrocity of our family appellation by altering it to Byspe, which I dare say will be found the old way of writing it in the old parish registers. As I was christened Elizabeth, I felt myself quite justified in calling myself Isabella, as it is the same name in fact and is infinitely to be preferred. Really Mr. Editor, I begin to feel fatigued even with this effort to give vent to those feelings which in this practical home are pent up within a heart that absolutely yearns for sympathy. I can only hope there may be some corner left in your "Poet's corner" for the productions of my pen. I will very gladly send you "The Lament of the Forsaken one," "The Sighs of the Sorrowful," "Reflections on a Tear," "The Knight of the White Shield," "The Brigand's Bride," "The Spectre's Shriek," "And hast thou left me," "The wailings of the wide world," and a few other productions which are sure to rivet the attention of the public. I should not have had nerve to write this letter but happily the house is quiet, for my sisters are beginning to be very useful. Some of them have gone to see poor sick people, as their home

duties for the day are over; and some have gone to help the clergyman's wife with the Clothing Club, and they do not seem to mind the smell of calico and fustian, which is really marvellous; and my eldest sister is at the National School. It is delightful to contemplate their industry, and I dare say in their way they do a great deal of good. For myself I prefer this easy chair, and these books of poetry that are strewed upon my table; and the vase of flowers sweetening the room, is decidedly pleasanter than the aspect of all those common people's children who never sweetened any body's room, poor little wretches. Give me the roses, good sister, say I, and a little leisure, and not so much of this work, work. Do not you agree with me, Mr. Editor?

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

ISABELLA BISP.

P.S. You must read all my poems through when they come, before you can appreciate them, and I dare say all your other letters can wait.

GLOVES.

THESE useful and ornamental articles of apparel, from the various and almost contradictory purposes of their use, have been the subject of much discussion. They symbolize defiance and battle, but they are also given to denote a comparative immunity from crime and a virgin assize to a fortunate judge: they are presented equally at the funeral of a friend or the marriage of his daughter: they cannot be worn before royalty, and yet a soldier seldom parts with them, as forming a portion of his uniform. It used to be considered decent and respectful to take them off on entering a church, and yet in the Romish ritual the highest dignitaries who ought to be expected to set the example of devotional practice, all bishops, and many infulated abbots, wore

gloves richly embroidered as part of their pontifical regalia in the sacrifice of the Mass. Finally, when the gentle craft of hawking was universal, no stranger could enter the mews where these pet birds were kept with covered hands unscathed, as to the present time the choristers and singing boys of a cathedral claim the privilege of a forfeiture of the spurs or a pecuniary redemption from any one hardy or ignorant enough to enter their sacred precincts with armed heel.

These are all customs derived from our ancestors, and the best, perhaps the only interpretation of such opposite practices must be taken from their use and meaning of the word: if therefore a search after it lead us into Anglo-Saxon or kindred early German dialects, it will only be necessary, that the result be satisfactory to reconcile us to a little antiquarian and recondite lore. For whatsoever has yet been done is far from conclusive, by even very ingenious and careful inquiries. The latest editions of Brand's Popular Antiquities confine themselves to the uses of gloves at marriages, or as an Easter offering to the clergyman; and the very learned Mr. Singer is compelled to ask the question* "Why gloves are not worn before royalty," in "Notes and Queries," without as I have been able to perceive eliciting an answer through the following six volumes.

It has long been a subject of discussion, whether gloves were known to the ancients: the learned Casaubon denied altogether their comfort and convenience to either Greeks or Romans: in this he undoubtedly had failed to exercise his usual and acknowledged critical investigation: gloves are found unmistakeably and prominently in the poems attributed to Homer.

In the 24th book of the Odyssey, when Ulysses is brought back to Ithaca, he wishes to discover if, after his long absence, his father Laertes is able to recognise him: he finds his aged sire occupied in the care of his garden, and his dress suitable to his occupation is minutely described; with which only we have need at present: in Pope's translation it runs:

> But all alone the hoary king he found,
> His habit coarse but warmly wrapt around;
> His head that bow'd with many a pensive care
> Fenc'd with a double cap of goat-skin hair,

* In Notes and Queries, vol. i. pp. 165—366.

His buskins old in former service torn
But well repair'd: *and gloves against the thorn.*

The latter words well represent the line of the original, but equally well do they and the entire costume give us a picture of a Lincolnshire labourer of our own times, particularly when engaged in hedging and *slashing* a young thorn fence to make it grow thicker, with bill-hook and dog-leather *gloves*, sewn by the sadler with thongs of whit-leather. So little do the revolutions of ages alter the necessary practices of agriculture and tillage. We will pass over the mention made by Xenophon of the use of gloves by the Persians, as he seems to adduce it only as a proof of the effeminacy of that nation; but for the Romans we have the testimony of Pliny the younger, that they were used at least against the cold in winter. The Romans had gloves of two kinds, as with us: one perfect, with all the fingers, and most probably made of leather called digitalia and digitalilula (Varro de re rustica): the other like our mittens, as we learn from Eustatius on Homer. That the higher classes had them of wool or a kind of felt most of the writers *de re vestituaria* admit. If however further proof against Casaubon were necessary, sepulchral urns of a very early date have been found with figures on them, both male and female, holding gloves in their hands.

This Roman and Grecian use would however tend nothing to the elucidation of their medieval symbolical use, which is our principal object at present. The general name for *gloves* is in French, *gant;* in Italian and classically derived languages, *guanto*, from the barbarous Latin *wantos et wantonene*, by the mere interchange of the initial gutturals: the Germans, who wish to make their language pure and self-supporting, call them very rationally shoes of the hand, (*handschuhe,*) but the English term *glove* is for our northern and symbolical use the most expressive and most ancient. Johnson was glad to find an Anglo-Saxon word to which he could refer it, in ȝeloꝑe (*gelofe*) without further explanation, as in all his etymologies; for if he could adduce a word of similar sound and meaning from a foreign tongue, this he thought satisfactory. But a more careful investigation of the word is necessary and will reward our exertions. In modern high German *geloben* means to vow, which in the low or platt dialect is contracted into *globen*,

and (by the identity of b and v understood by all philologists[b]) *gloven;* and the substantive is *glove*, belief, in high German *glaube*. As the low or platt dialect was the sole language spoken before Luther translated the Bible into his own high dialect of over or upper Saxony, a teutonic medieval knight throwing down his gauntlet as a challenge, and using the words, *Dat is min glove*, that is my belief, would only express the confidence of his opinion, but the act would soon become a symbol, and the symbol thence receive its name of GLOVE.

In Gent. Mag. 1791, June, p. 513, we have a curious Dutch example of the same word in the plate of a Delft jug, with figures on three of its sides and explanatory inscriptions in capitals below: DE LEIFTE, (love,) DE GEREGTICHEID, (justice,) GLOF, (faith or truth); and in the glosses to an old German edition of *de olde Reynike Voss*, Hamburg 1660, we have, p. 250*, the following remark, so much to our purpose that I will venture to quote it.

Wo wol nu by den olden Düdeschen ein *Handtgelöffte* groth geachtet gewesen, alse dat darmit trüwe und *gelove* ys geholden worden.

"As therefore by the old Germans a *handvow* is held sufficiently high to preserve therewith troth and faith;" and the annotator follows up his words with the testimony of Tacitus, that the Germans held more of simple promises than the Romans of written contracts. The reason is perhaps obvious. Our old Germanic ancestry, from their little use or practice of letters[c], laid more stress upon symbolical and pictorial acts, than upon deeds expressed merely in writing. A clod of earth dug from the soil typified by its delivery, as it still does in many copyhold courts, the surrender of a field or a freehold. The branch of a tree

[b] This asserted identity of the letters b and v may at first startle some who have not made the study of languages habitual. We can have little difficulty in acknowledging *vine* and *bine*, and even *wine*, to have been originally the same word, but this is more apparent in the Latin dialect, and all that are derived from them; it was a regular joke, invented no doubt by some jolly Roman toper, that *bibere* was *vivere*, (translatable only as to meaning,) that tipling was living; and the writer himself experienced a remarkable instance of this convertibility in Portugal, a corner of Europe which still retains most of its classical impressions, and where on an estallagem or road-side inn was painted this inscription: *Aqui se bende vom bino*, (here is sold good wine,) which written in the orthodox manner should have stood *Aqui se vende bom vino;* so the town of Albergaria and the river Vouga became in the pronunciation and spelling of the neighbourhood Alvegaria and Bouga.

[c] Tacitus de mor., cap. xix. Literarum secreta viri pariter ac feminæ ignorant.

Both men and women were unacquainted with the mysteries of letters.

denotes the delivery of the wood, as sometimes a knotted stick; a blade of straw was so convenient and ready a mark of tradition that *stipulation* (from *stipula*, a straw) has been received into our language as a generic for the conditions of bargains in general. In time, however, symbols or tokens (a beautiful word from the well of pure Saxon undefiled, as *to ken*, to know) were taken without any great reference to their propriety, from things the donor was known to have esteemed or which had been in his possession. Ulpha's horn still vouches in York cathedral as title-deed to the Chapter for their valuable dotation of terra Ulphi's, Ulp's land, and at times a knife or cup performed the same office. No wonder therefore that *gloves* frequently served a similar purpose [d].

Viewed as a derivative from glove, as vow or troth, the word *love* gains a new, and I believe hitherto unheeded, application, and would well deserve to be placed in a fresh edition of Trench's families of words; and the story of the old gentleman of the name of Page sending to a fair young inamorata a pair of gloves with the distich,

> If from glove you take the letter G,
> Then love remains and that I send to thee,

was etymologically at least unnecessary, as both words are identical. Chaucer would have written glove with a y, as he and his countrymen did many other words of German origin, as *y'graue* for buried; *y'geten* eaten, from which we have dropped the prefixed y, and then from *y'love* we should get the beautiful monosyllable we are treating of, perfectly regularly, which in the meaning of troth, truth, trist, trust, derives new force and excellence, as the cause and consequence, the end and aim of all mutual affection.

As however every thing may be viewed from a double point of view, either subjectively, when considered by the party thinking, or objectively, when beheld from a spot out of or beyond the spectator, so this word *glove*, which is belief or confidence, is also faith and truth as inspired by the firm

[d] Many examples where these useful habiliments served for such traditions of land will be found in Ducange, *sub voce* Chirotheca. The following will be sufficient. From a charter of Siemar archbishop of Bremen an. 1088, "Super reliquias nostras cum Chirotheca, sicut mos est liberis Saxonibus,—curtim ipsam et mansos quatuor et dimidiam.—Aderat comes Fredericus advocatus ecclesiæ qui Chirothecam sacris reliquiis impositam ut mos est, abstulit et ab ipse Gerhardo, per digitorum extensionem promissionem, confirmationis accepit."

belief in an assertion, a cause, or a person; and the gauntlet (diminutive of the French *gant*, glove) thrown down is the symbol, as the English glove is the verbal actuality of such confidence. Chivalry and gauntlets are however out of fashion, and we now express similar faith by a bet or wager, even judicially,—thus the term wager of battle is but a few years since expunged from our criminal code, and shews how closely the words followed and were the consequence of the idea,—judicial challenges and decisions by single combat. The belief of a special interposing divinity in all combats seems a necessary deduction in the minds of the simple children of nature, from their view of the justice of an overruling providence, and this our Saxon ancestors brought from the depths of their oracular oak forests, and the summits of their idol-crowned mountains. It formed, as we already learn from Tacitus, (de mor., cap. x.,) a principal mode of augury concerning the issue of an impending war; they caught by any means a captive of the threatened nation, and opposed to him one selected from their own, each armed with his accustomed weapons. *Victoria hujus vel illius pro præjudicio accipitur*[*], and from Velleius Paterculus we learn that the Roman plan of superseding this ancient practice by judicial forms was the principal cause of the hatred of the Germans to the Roman yoke; it was also the grievance which provoked the destruction of the legions of Varus by the assembled tribes under Arminius, when the conquerors in their irritation shewed their rage principally on the *causidici* or jurists, as is evident from the anecdote of a Cherusker piercing the tongue of a lawyer taken captive, with the exclamation, *Hiss now viper, if you can!*

Gloves therefore, in connexion with the trial by battle, fitly represented the vow or appeal to heaven which was supposed to be thereby made; but in another view they were also looked upon in the nature of a *pledge*, which is fully expressed in the French term *gant*, as a derivative from the Latin, *vadium*, in the barbarous ages, *wantos*, *vantos*: so that the challenger threw down his glove, which, if accepted and taken by the opponent, was a pledge on both sides which either was dishonoured in breaking. The unhappy condition of the borders of England and Scotland

[*] Translation: The victory of this one or that is taken as the portent.

before the union, gave frequent occasions to deadly feuds and hostile challenges, in which these laws of combat were strictly attended to, and an instance is recorded by Messrs. Chambers in their Miscellany, vol. xi. no. 102, of the disgrace following a breach of them.

"The borderers having once pledged their faith, even to an enemy, were very strict in observing it, and looked upon its violation as a most heinous crime. When an instance of this kind occurred, the injured person at the first border-meeting rode through the field displaying *a glove* (the pledge of faith) upon the point of his lance, and proclaimed the perfidy of the person who had broken his faith; and so great was the indignation of the assembly against the perfidy of the criminal, that he was often slain by his own clan to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on them."

I have already spoken of the old German apologue of Reynike Voss, a poem which Göthe thought equalled the Odyssey, and of which he gave a very bad high German paraphrase; upon which poem, Dreyer, a very excellent German lawyer, wrote a book to shew its services in matters of German jurisprudence, and I may therefore adduce a passage of it in which the judicial challenge is given by Isegrim the Wolf to Reynard, as a true picture of such a procedure; p. 228 (edit. Hamb. 1660) the Wolf says;

Dith ys de sake, darmit ick yuw betye
Wy willen kempen umme oldt und nye.
Ick essche yuw tho Kampe tho disser tydt
Ick spreke: dat gy ein Vorreder und Mörder sydt
Ick wil mit yuw kempen Lyff umme Lyff,
So mach sick eines endigen unse Kyff
De uthbüth den Kamp, dat ys dat Recht.
Einen Hantschen den andern tho dohnde plecht
Den hebbe gy hyr, nemet en tho yuw
Drade schal sick dat vinden nu.
Here Köninck und alle gy Heren gemeen
Dith hebbe gy gehort, und mögent hyt seen:
He schal nicht wycken uth dissem Recht
Ehr disse Kamp wert nedder gelecht.

Of which the following translation aims only at being literal.

This is what my challenge will shew,
We will fight both for old and new,
I demand you to single combat here
And call you traitor, murderer.

The fight shall be fixed for life and death,
One of us there shall bite the earth:
He that survives shall be call'd i' th' right,
And each a gauntlet must give as true knight.
There is mine thrown, now up it take
God defend the right for Jesus' sake,
Great king, and all ye peers around,
You've heard me, and I your evidence found.
He shall not be freed from this my plea
Till the suit by combat decided be.

It seems the pledge or glove was given by both parties to the umpire, for, ibid. p. 229, we find,

De Köninck entfenck de Pande do
Van Reinecken ock van Isegrime dartho.

The king receives their pledge from both,
From Reynard and Isegrim signs of troth.

It would however be tedious to follow the broad outline of the combat, or to relate the perfectly foxy and ignoble ruse by which Reynard gains the victory, though the subject is curious, and the narrative not devoid of spirit.

A curious pendant to this German tradition is found in Matthew of Paris' History, under the year 1243, which we will endeavour to condense.

The count of Marche, husband of Isabella, widow of King John Lackland, having fallen into disgrace with both the kings of England and France, was fain to make his peace with the latter, but was challenged to combat for treason by a valiant French knight. And Matthew continues:

"Which though the count persisted in refusing, the aforesaid soldier, according to the custom of the Franks, directly tendered him his glove, and offered to prove in person his charge in the palace-yard before the whole court according to the determination of the judges, and desirous to exhibit in a duel the perfection of justice according to the Frankish laws, both anciently and now sworn to by the judicial authorities, and approved by their monarchs. Which glove, shewn as a pledge of battle, the count accepted, replying that in his defence he would fight against one who had imputed on him the stain of a felony[f]."

[f] "Quod licet comes constanter inficiaretur, statim miles supra dictus more Francorum Chirothecam suam ei prorexit, se offerens in propatulo coram curia id corporaliter secundum considerationem curiæ regalis probaturum. Exigens sibi exhiberi in duello justitiæ plenitudinem secundum legem Francorum antiquitus et modo judicialiter juratam a regibus et approbatam. *Quam Chirothecam quasi duelli vadium ostensum* comes recepit spondens se defendende dimicaturum contra ipsum facinoris notam sibi imponentem."

A son of the count of Marche, who declares it unsuitable to his father's age and dignity to fight a duel, offers to supply his place, which is refused, but the affair seems ultimately wound up from political considerations without an actual combat.

The practice of our own country in the sixteenth century may be adduced from a passage in the life of the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, a clergyman in the diocese of Durham who died in 1583.

"On a certain Sunday Mr. Gilpin going to preach in those parts wherein deadly feuds prevailed, observed a glove hanging on high in the church. He demanded of the sexton what it meant and why it hung there. The sexton answered that it was a glove which one of the parish hung up there as a challenge to his enemy to signify that he was ready to enter combat hand in hand with him or any one who should dare to take the glove down. Mr. Gilpin requested the sexton to take it down. 'Not I, Sir,' said the sexton, 'I dare do no such thing.' Then Mr. Gilpin calling for a long staff took down the glove and put it in his pocket. By and by when the people came to church, and Mr. Gilpin in due time went into the pulpit, he in his sermon reproved the barbarous custom which they had of making challenges by the hanging up a glove. 'I hear,' said he, 'that there is one amongst you, who, even in this sacred place hath hanged up a glove to this purpose, and threatened to enter into combat with whomsoever shall take it down. Behold I have taken it down myself.' Then plucking out the glove he shewed it openly and inveighed strongly against the practice."

Veering from grave to gay it might be shewn that this usage is admirably ridiculed but justly followed in that agreeable piece of persiflage, Bombastes Furioso; we are unfortunately old enough to recollect the admirable serio-comic air and utterance with which the inimitable Liston hung up his boots at a side scene, and the loud roars of laughter which always followed the words,

He that shall these boots displace
Must meet Bombastes face to face.

But sometimes the glove plays a higher part, and there is one remarkable instance in which it has prominently influenced the destinies of Europe. It was in 1265, May 25, that Karl of Anjou at the invitation of Pope Clement IV. embarked with an army, partly furnished by his brother St. Louis king of France, to subjugate the throne and kingdom of Naples and the two Sicilies, then possessed by Manfred, an illegitimate son of the emperor Frederic II. of Hohenstaufen. Frederic died in 1250, and was succeeded in all

his rights on the imperial crown and the Italian possessions by his brother Conrad II., who however died in 1254, it is supposed of poison administered by the aforesaid Manfred. At his death Conrad unfortunately only left a son two years old, (as a proof of popular favour, known only by the affectionate diminutive of Conradine,) with few influential friends, or sufficient power to maintain either his German or ultramontane rights. At the age however of nineteen, with the high spirit and chivalry of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, by sacrificing all his hereditary fiefs in Suabia and Franken, and the assistance of his uncle duke of Bavaria, he was enabled to pass the Alps with an army of 10,000 men which, however shrunk to about 3000 before the fatal battle of Tagliacozzo, or, as Von Ramur prefers to call it, Surcola, when his little army was completely routed and himself made prisoner to Karl of Anjou, whose character for ferocity had been previously established, and who put the closing seal to it by determining, contrary to the laws of Europe and all civilized nations, to bring the aspiring youth after a mock trial to the block. This bloody tragedy was enacted in the marketplace of Naples, October 29, 1268, where the stripling displayed the utmost fortitude against his murderers, (disputing on the most solid grounds the justice of the proceeding,) as well as the most affectionate regard for his playmate and fellow sufferer, Frederick of Baden; and finally, when all remonstrance was found useless, *drawing a glove from his right hand* he threw it amongst the crowd, desiring, in a loud voice, some one to receive and take it to Peter king of Arragon, as a transfer to him, who by marriage was the son-in-law of his uncle, Frederick II., of all his own rights, and those of the Hohenstaufen dynasty. This fated glove came into the possession of a German baron, Hinrich Truchsess Graf von der Waldburg, who delivered it to the Spanish monarch, and it no doubt was a principal instrument by which, through the instigation of Peter of Arragon fourteen years later, (May 32, 1282,) the Sicilian Vespers fearfully avenged this judicial murder and established the female succession of the house of Conrad in Sicily, and 1442 by the conquest of Affonso of Arragon, also over the other Italian portions of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. The Italian wars which sprung from this contest, the rivalry of Spain and France for the fair fields of Sicily and Apulia,

are the great themes of the historians of those countries for centuries, and may all be said to have originated in the transfer of a glove.

Besides the symbolical uses which we have adduced for gloves, there was another which their transfer signified, namely, the transfer of power from a higher to a lower dignitary, and royal messengers were identified by bearing the royal staff and gloves, as also markets held their charters by the same. In Martene and Durand, collections 2, 104, acc. 1148, we find expressed;

"Mercatum et publicas nundinas, datis ad vendendum chirothecis nostris auctoritate regia instituimus[5]."

Staff and glove borne by the royal messengers were like the fiery cross sent by a chieftain through his clans, of which we have such a glowing description by Walter Scott, which as a branch of yew, might well supply the place of the knotted stick or staff already noted, when

Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine dwelling low.

Deserter of his chieftain's trust
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust
But from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just,
Shall doom him wrath and woe.

It remains now only from these facts to reconcile the contrarieties noticed at the commencement. The gift of them, to a judge at a maiden assize of a white colour, typifies by their hue of innocence the comparative freedom of the county from crime, as the glove itself does the delegated power by which the judge acts: the same white colour indicates the virgin purity of a deceased unmarried female, as well as the spotless conduct of a bride up to her marriage, and may represent a challenge to all who assert the contrary, or they have become merely conventional presents

[5] This will explain and answer the numerous instances of gloves hung out at fairs (at Chester a gigantic one), which have appeared recently in the seventh volume of Notes and Queries.

from their fitness for either ceremony: in some parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire white paper gloves and chaplets are hung up in the churches as a remembrance of the deceased after the funeral. Black gloves at married people's interment are in accordance with our earliest associations of every thing lugubrious and solemn with the "inky" tint. In the most ancient grave-rooms of Etruria, Micali found in their coloured frescoes the Angel of Death always depicted entirely black. That they should not be worn before royalty seems implied in their typifying defiance and challenge, to neither of which a sovereign is supposed to be subjected by an inferior: *a fortiori* this view is opposed to their being worn in church, in the immediate presence of One to whom all the kings and dominions of the earth are subject; but as testimonials of battle and chivalry, their constant wear with a military habit is consistent and appropriate. And as to hawking, when the glove was a necessary part of the craft and customary to the jesses, its unauthorized or unpractised assumption might mislead the quick-eyed birds and consequently well deserve its penalty.

A VISIT TO THE GRANDE BÉGUINAGE AT GHENT.

It was a soft bright evening in the early summer of 1852, and the *Place d' Armes* at Ghent bore an aspect so full of gaiety and cheerfulness, that it seemed to breathe forth the very spirit of the season—one of promise and of hope. Its circling avenues of lime trees and acacias still retained the vivid freshness of their spring verdure, and beneath their pleasant shade were assembled many groups of people, enjoying the music of a military band stationed in the open centre of the square. People of all ages and classes were mingled together in this hour of social recreation. Perfumed and mustachioed gentlemen were doing the amiable to young and fair ladies; citizens whose glances were bold and fearless as those of the sturdy *Gantois* of olden times, escorted their well-dressed wives and blooming daughters; labourers in their blouses, and artizans in their working-day costumes, rested awhile on their homeward way to enjoy the music, while bearded soldiers scanned the scene with an air of easy nonchalant interest. On one bench might be observed two or three neat looking young *bonnes*, with well-crimped caps and gaily flowered handkerchiefs, knitting and chatting together, while their youthful charges frolicked around their feet. On another seat rested an aged man, who as he leant upon his crutch, seemed calmly to enjoy the young life of nature and of humanity which breathed around him.

It was a pleasant scene to gaze upon, and we were viewing it from the open windows of our room in the hotel, when a waiter announced to us that our carriage was at the door. A few moments more, and we were rolling along through the storied streets of Ghent, which, with their fantastic gables, their richly carved fronts and their quaint devices, recalled far other ages to memory. We crossed two or three canals, bordered with trees and houses, and passed by many an antique building which at other times would have caused us to linger in our course; such as the ruined castle wherein our Edward III. once dwelt, and within whose walls John of Gaunt (Ghent) was born, and

the tall belfry whereon stood together Alva and Charles V. plotting the abasement of Ghent and its unruly citizens; but now we had no leisure to pause, being on our way to the *Grande Béguinage*, an institution in which we had long felt interested, and to which the remainder of this evening was devoted.

On reaching the outskirts of the town, we passed through a narrow gloomy street to the entrance of the *Béguinage*. The carriage drew up at an old-fashioned covered gateway, whose ponderous doors stood invitingly open. We entered the castellated gatehouse, and found the portress, a neat little old woman, in the black serge habit of the order. She was busy chatting with a neighbour, but on our appearance gave us a very cordial welcome to her house, the tiniest and tidiest dwelling possible. The apartment where she was sitting, and which evidently served as kitchen and parlour, was but a few feet square; it contained a miniature stove, a small table, and two or three well polished wooden chairs, and a few prints and sentences of a religious sort hung around the walls. Within the casement stood a few well-tended flower-pots. All was critically clean, and small and poor as was the place, we felt it to be a home, a peaceful, well-ordered home; and the aged woman who dwelt therein looked cheerful and happy. After chatting a few minutes with her, and buying some of the pretty pincushions by the sale of which she partly earned her livelihood, we bade her farewell, and entered within the precincts of the *Grande Béguinage*, and found ourselves in a miniature town, enclosed within moated walls, and accessible only through two massive gates, which are closed at an appointed hour every evening. The scene before us now contrasted strangely with that which we had just left. There, were life and movement, the hum of human voices and the joyous sound of music; here, were stillness and silence, deep stillness and unbroken silence. The centre of the enclosure was occupied by a large square, around which was thickly planted a row of linden trees, whose topmost branches were pruned and interlaced so as to form a leafy wall of verdure, beneath which one glanced at the green silent space within. At one side of the square were the hospital and the dwelling house of the lady-superior; near them stood the church, a large unadorned edifice. The

square was skirted by rows of very small houses, built in the old Flemish style, with quaint gables and gaily painted windows, some of which were overshadowed by trailing shrubs, and within many a lattice appeared birds and flowers, imparting an aspect of home life to the silent dwellings. Before each of these *maisonettes* was a little plot of land, which, as we were informed, was cultivated by the inmate of the house; but we could not judge of its culture, as each domicile was shut in by a door, on which was painted in large letters the name of the patron saint by which the occupant of the house chose to call herself; such as, *Het Huys van Sta. Helena*, (St. Helena's house). There were also several detached dwellings of a larger size standing in the midst of gardens, and these were conventual houses, whereas each of the smaller ones was occupied only by a single inmate. Most of the sisters were Flemish, so the portress told us, there being only one Englishwoman amongst them, and she was at this time so ill that there was no hope of our seeing her. We cast many a longing look at the closed doors, wishing for a glance at the hidden life within, but found no excuse for intruding on any of the single sisters; so we turned our steps towards a convent, one of whose inmates, a Frenchwoman, had kindly promised to receive our visit. Ringing at the outer door, sister Françoise quickly appeared, and on learning our wish to see the interior of the convent, promised to conduct us over it, but looking doubtfully on a youth who belonged to our party, she observed that he could not be admitted. We ventured to remonstrate, assuring her that he was *un bon jeune homme, très bon et très sage*, and expressing our hope that she would make an exception in his favour. She glanced at his physiognomy, seemingly to ascertain whether our assertion was correct, and then added smiling, *Eh bien, il peut entrer*. And so we all followed the *béguine* across the garden, a carefully tended one, in which flowers, vegetables, and fruit trees had each their fitting place, and entered the convent, whose external quaintness of architecture and brightness of colour harmonized well with its internal simplicity and neatness. We first visited the *parloir* or reception room, whose furniture was as homely as possible, its only adornment being a few common prints of a devotional cast which were hung around the walls. It

was nevertheless a pleasant cheerful looking chamber. From thence we went to the sitting room, a larger apartment, which was lined with needle-women of all ages, from twenty-five to eighty. I glanced around upon them, and could perceive but little intelligence in their countenances, some looked dull and inane, some plodding and peaceful; few, if any, looked thoughtful. I asked one venerable dame who, as she sat on a low chair close to the window, was busy knitting a stocking, whether she had any other occupation besides working. "No," she replied, "I pass my life between work and prayer;" and she looked as if it was a happy life to her. We were next conducted to the refectory, two sides of which were lined with presses of antique form and date, which resembled escritoires, the falling shelf serving as a dinner table for the sister to whose use it was appropriated, and the shelves and drawers being her pantry and larder. Sister Françoise opened her own press, small portions of sugar and coffee, a piece of bread, a bit of butter, and one or two scraps of meat, such were its contents; but all was so neatly arranged, and every utensil so critically clean, that we felt there was no lack of the refinement which springs from a pure and well-ordered mind. Each of the sisters cooks for herself, "and so," observed our guide, "if we let our *potage* burn, we have no one to complain of, but must eat it as it is." The same order and cleanliness were observable in the kitchen, through which we passed, and on making some remark on the subject to sister Françoise, she told us that each of the sisters in their turn cleansed the kitchen and the culinary utensils. The prettiest apartment in the house was the infirmary, wherein stood a neat tented bedstead, so happily placed that it commanded a pleasant view of the garden; there were a few pictures around the wall: it looked like a room to get well in, rather than to linger on in weariness and pain.

We found our guide an intelligent and communicative person; from her fresh and youthful appearance, I supposed her to be about five or six and twenty years old, until she told me that she had been twenty years in the convent, and that she was *déjà vieille, trente cinq ans.* She said that she was very happy and had no wish to leave her convent. The *béguines* are not in fact bound by any vows, but, as she said, "one ought to make up one's mind before

coming in, as it would make one ridiculous in the eyes of the world to abandon one's profession; it was never done."

So true is it that public opinion is as strong in its fetters as any promises or vows can be! They are allowed once a-year to leave the *béguinage* for awhile to visit their friends; they are permitted likewise to receive relatives, and even male relatives, as guests, but this latter privilege can be enjoyed only by the special permission of the lady-superior of the order. We were shewn the sleeping apartment reserved for guests; the bed was draped and covered with black serge, the same, she told us, as was used in their own sleeping cells, but these latter were not allowed to be seen by strangers. She informed us that the *béguinage* is divided into convents and single houses, the latter being appropriated chiefly to secular sisters, widows or spinsters above the age of forty; that each must possess *rentes* to the amount of 100 francs, and that those who have not more than this modest income must work to make up the amount of their annual expenses. Their mode of life is very primitive; they rise at five, attend matins in the church, and pray alone in their cells until seven, when one of the sisters boils water for all the others, that they may prepare tea or coffee, as they like best, for breakfast. The rest of the day is divided between work at home, recreation in the garden, two simple meals, and two or three services in the church. We enquired whether the *béguines* ever went out as sick nurses in the town, she answered "no," they only tend those who are ill within the walls of the *béguinage*.

We had now seen and heard all that interested us within the convent, so we took leave of our friendly guide, who on receiving from us some alms for the poor, begged leave to appropriate it to the use of the convent, which was, she assured us, in a very necessitous condition. She thanked us for acceding to her request, and smiling kindly upon us, offered many wishes for our happiness. The wicket door closed behind us, and so we parted.

The hour of vespers was now approaching, and as we wished to be present at the service we hastened to the church. It was still empty, save that one or two surpliced assistants were preparing for the service. Wishing to have a view of the whole congregation, we seated ourselves on

chairs near the western door. There was nothing remarkable to be observed in the church, except that a large waxen figure, gaudily attired, and representing the Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus in her arms, was placed amid shrubs and flowers, in front of the high altar. The *mois de Marie* (the merry month of May) was not yet over, and this month is devoted, as it is well known, in Roman Catholic countries to the especial worship of the Virgin; accordingly, every one that entered the church prostrated herself before this unworthy representation of the Virgin.

The Béguines came in gradually;—some alone, some in parties of half a-dozen or more. Most of them seated themselves on wooden stools, and some few on velvet fald-stools with desks before them; and so it seemed that even in this primitive community the distinctions of wealth and poverty had crept in unawares. Before long the church was thronged with worshippers. It was a singular sight, this mass of women kneeling in their black robes and snow-white linen veils (the ancient Flemish *faille*[a]) which were folded in plaits on their heads so as to fall down in a long point behind. Most of them carried these linen veils folded up into the church, and plaited and put them on before kneeling down, so we witnessed the whole process of this characteristic portion of their toilet. The Latin hymns in the service were sung by a few very clear and melodious voices to a slow and plaintive air of a somewhat monotonous character. It was very sweet, but lacked the congregational effect which we had been led to anticipate, for the bulk of the congregation remained silent. During the service several of the sisters raised up their right arm and kept it motionless in a stiff and out-stretched posture. Others raised up both arms in a similar manner, and they remained for a considerable time in this painful attitude.

A few of the sisterhood appeared at church in black veils instead of white ones. Whether this was a sign of penitence, or was the garb appointed to novices, we could not ascertain, but inclined to the latter opinion, because the only very young and beautiful Béguine we beheld wore this sable head-gear.

[a] The communities of Béguines are peculiar to Belgium. They were founded in the seventh century by S^te. Begge, duchess of Brabant; and by their constitution they are bound, amongst other things, to wear the Flemish *faille*.

As the sisters left the church they all passed through the western door, so that we had a good opportunity of observing their general aspect. The impression we received here was the same as that which had previously been made upon us at the convent. A dull cold stolidity of aspect was prevalent among the nuns: few of their countenances were expressive of either intelligence or refinement. Among the throng, however, came one lovely girl, beneath whose sable coif appeared a face whose fair sad beauty spoke of early sorrow and disappointment. We followed her with our eyes as she walked slowly on with some older Béguines to one of the conventual houses; and since then we have often followed her in thought to that secluded dwelling, where she had sought shelter, as I imagined, from some sharp trial.

On leaving the church we proceeded to the opposite gate to that by which we had entered; and there we paused a moment to glance back upon the scene which we were about to leave behind us. All lay still and silent in the twilight gloom. The gate was about to be closed; so we passed hastily through it. The grey massy walls rose up darkly behind us, while the deep ditch by which they were encircled looked green and stagnant. We gazed with interest upon this miniature fortress, the abode of seven hundred women, whose simple goodness had been their safeguard during those periods of turbulence and revolution by which their country had been so long agitated[b]. While doubtless such communities, viewed apart from any errors that may attach to their ecclesiastical system, may afford, when rightly managed, a peaceful home to many who long for quietness and retirement, I could not help preferring the "Sisters of Charity," who are more actively and nobly employed among the sick and poor. The state of our own hospitals and unions leads one to wish for the presence of some higher minds than are commonly found among the old-fashioned nurses and matrons. The Protestant deaconesses of Kaiserwerth, and the Sisters of Charity in the Roman communion, alike point to practical and practicable improvement.

[b] Joseph the Second spared the communities of Béguines when he abolished all the other convents in his dominions.

LEWCHEW AND THE LEWCHEWANS, BEING A NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO LEWCHEW OR LOO CHOO, IN OCTOBER, 1850, by GEORGE SMITH, D.D., Lord Bishop of Victoria. London: T. HATCHARD.

THE SEVENTH REPORT OF THE LOO CHOO MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR 1851, 1852. Published by the Society. 1853.

LOO CHOO MISSION. Extracts from the Journal of the Society's Missionary, Dr. Bettelheim, 1850-1852. Published for the Society.

THE exclusiveness of China and Japan seems now to be near its end. In China it has already received a heavy blow, but in Japan it has been suffered to remain until now without the interference of European powers.

The present critical state of affairs in the Chinese empire leaves us little room to doubt, that whichever way the struggle may be decided, China will in consequence be more open than it is now to European traders and travellers. Should the young emperor, without foreign aid, succeed in defeating the rebels, it is most probable that he will maintain the wise policy which is so evident in his recent proclamation, and afford not the first instance of a sovereign of China, who has put in practice the admirable maxims of the country's sages. And if he should feel it necessary to call in the assistance of an European power, that power, if successful, would insist upon a freer intercourse with China as a reward. This is on the supposition that the aiding power would not be Russia, for it is scarcely conceivable that the Chinese sovereign would call in that power to his aid. If, on the contrary, the rebels should overpower the emperor's forces, and drive the last of the Mantchu dynasty back to his native Tartary, dividing his dominions, and giving China to the Chinese, then almost certainly would the new government take away the privileges extorted of late with so much difficulty from a Tartar sovereign, and restore the old state of things with extreme rigour, so that the European powers, or one of them at least, would deem it needful to interfere, and to gain so firm a footing as not again to be easily dislodged[a].

Japan has, unlike China, been long suffered unmolested to maintain its extreme exclusiveness, but now seems to be on the point of being forced to concessions, at least as great as those which China has made during the present century. The powerful republic of the west, which has of late displayed the ambition of the ancient Roman commonwealth, and met with the like success, has openly

[a] Should the proclamations attributed to the head of the Chinese insurgents, which have found their way to England, prove to be genuine documents, it would be reasonable to suppose that a liberal policy might be anticipated from that personage in the event of his success. But this depends upon the life of the leader, and his power over his party, as well as that party's success, and therefore does not appear as probable on consideration as it would at first sight.

declared an intention to force the government of Japan to permit American vessels to trade with its subjects, and there is little likelihood that the project will be abandoned.

While in politics, the present state and future prospects of the two empires of the utmost east shew us nought but war and discord, it is pleasant to see the progress of Christianity promising far better things than temporal peace and undisturbed tranquillity to these thickly-populated regions, whose inhabitants, in one sense highly civilized, are almost as ignorant of Christianity as the savage tribes of central Africa.

One of the most important of the eastern missions, holding a place in politics as well as in situation between China and Japan, is that established at Loo Choo. There, at the outskirts of that unknown island-empire, one might almost say within its limits, a missionary has established himself, and amid much suffering and difficulties, that would have disheartened weaker zeal, maintained his post for six years.

A committee of naval officers, members of the Church of England, judging the islands of Loo Choo to offer a hopeful field for missionary enterprize, formed in 1845 a society, which sent out the same year Dr. Bettelheim, who combines a good knowledge of languages with great medical skill, to the post which he and his excellent partner have ever since held with so much advantage to the country and credit to themselves; though we ourselves, let us observe parenthetically, would have strongly preferred clerical to lay agency according to the apostolic model.

The interesting little volume before us comprises three separate pamphlets, the first of which is an account by the bishop of Victoria of his visit to Loo Choo, in October, 1850; the second, the seventh report of the Society; and the third, a series of extracts from the journal of Dr. Bettelheim. The brief but well-written narrative of the bishop of Victoria is more calculated to afford interest to general readers than the subsequent papers, although the passages from Dr. Bettelheim's diary abound in curious matter, respecting a people as far distant from us in manners and mind as in situation. The extent and nature of the diocese of the bishop of Victoria, and the character of his visitations, carry us back to the apostolic ages. In one respect the cases are nearly parallel, the people whose regions are visited being equally sunk in idolatry. And when we look at what was done in the one instance, may we not hope that in the other divine aid will be granted to the labourers, and a plenteous harvest reaped?

After describing his arrival at the great Loo Choo island, and reception by Dr. Bettelheim, whose residence was previously a Buddhist temple, which, "with that religious indifference which is universally prevalent in China," was given up to the foreigners, the bishop enters into a remarkable detail of the determined and unremitting system of espionage to which the missionary was subjected. The most curious instance of this occurs in the account his

lordship gives of an excursion, which he made on the evening of the day in which he arrived. He says:—

"About an hour before sunset I accompanied Dr. Bettelheim on a walk through the town. We pursued our course through a number of streets, which generally consisted of neat walls on either side, built of coral fitted compactly together, and apparently without any mortar, presenting a clean and pretty appearance, and forming (as I was informed) a strong contrast with the poverty and filth generally existing within. These outer walls enclose little courts, which had a few shrubs and flowers, the houses themselves lying a few feet further back from the street. The houses of the poorest classes, and the few shops which we saw, were generally without a court, and opened directly upon the thoroughfares. The people generally bowed in return to any advances of civility; and some would even utter a few words of hurried reply to the addresses of Dr. Bettelheim in passing. The higher and more wealthy classes evinced less fear; but it was a rare circumstance to hear a person utter more than ten words, although they were very lavish in their bowings. They would generally remain for two or three minutes when addressed collectively; but when one individual was selected as the person addressed, there were palpable signs of alarm, and he invariably made a hasty retreat. This odd mixture of outward respect and unwillingness to enter into conversation, was the kind of reception universally experienced. But on our arrival at the large public square which formed the market-place, and in which probably two or three thousand Lewchewans were at that time congregated, and eagerly engaged in traffic, one of the most remarkable scenes took place that I ever witnessed.

Here, on a large scale, there was a renewal of what had been previously observable only in detail. On our walking into the square there was a general dispersion of buyers and sellers, and we were left alone, with benches and stalls loaded with provisions for sale, but abandoned by their owners. On our proceeding to the other side of the square the same signs of a general flight appeared. A thousand persons, who just before were quietly engaged in buying and selling, retreated in one hurried mass to the opposite quarter; and there, at about fifty yards' distance, they turned round, like a flock of sheep, vacantly staring at us. A few aged women and cripples alone remained, who were unable to escape, and who received our advances towards conversation in mute astonishment and silent terror. Not a word escaped their lips. Wherever we moved there seemed to be the same fixed determination to avoid contact; and yet there was not any mark of anger or disrespect. A few of the literary class and government officers, as they passed along, appeared to be less under the influence of fear, and exhibited less equivocal marks of defiance in the sneer which they assumed as they hurried by . . . . Along whole lines of streets leading from the market-square, we perceived the shops shut and the doors barricaded in anticipation of our arrival; and everything, as if by some mysterious power of magic, suddenly wore the appearance of solitude and desolation. A few natives running forward gave the signal to clear the way, and every wayfarer coming towards us, turned suddenly down some bye-lane, so as to take a circuitous route, and avoid meeting us. A few natives, to whom such a means of escape was not easily accessible, after apparently making a hasty calculation between the inconvenience of turning back, and the danger of being involved in trouble by meeting us, came towards us with hesitating steps. A few words of kindness from Dr. Bettelheim, instead of composing their minds, only increased their alarm;

and they pressed their shoulders against the wall in their anxiety to pass us at as great a distance as possible. But not a word of reply could be extorted, and I soon came to the conclusion that it was not the part of kindness to encourage the attempt, and to expose them to the hazard of incurring trouble on our account."

From this statement one might naturally infer that the conduct of the islanders sprung from religious prejudices against Europeans, as "unclean foreigners," were it not afterwards stated that for the first two years of the missionary's residence at Loo Choo there were but few difficulties of the kind. We cannot therefore, bearing also in mind the system of espionage to which the mission was subjugated, and the strenuous efforts of the native government to cause it to be withdrawn, hesitate to conclude that the government of Loo Choo, doubtless acting under the orders of that of Japan, is doing its utmost to prevent the spread of Christianity. Should not this urge us to do our utmost to support a mission that causes such fear to paganism, and thus to keep open the one entrance for Christianity into the empire of Japan.

The circumstance that "there are no Mohammedans, nor any of the Taouist or Rationalistic idolatrous sect of China in the island," and that "Budhism is the popular superstition, and forms, with the maxims of Confucius, the same kind of compound between political ethics and gross superstition as that which exerts its influence over the popular mind in China," tends to give us great hope of the results of the mission. Throughout the East, Mohammedanism and Rationalism offer the strongest opposition to pure Christianity, while idolatry is more easily overthrown. In the West it is far less difficult to teach the ignorant than to change the opinions of the credulous and the sceptical.

Our space will not permit us to quote the bishop's interesting account of the negociations which his lordship and Captain Cracroft carried on with the Loo Chooan authorities respecting Dr. Bettelheim, nor to do more than recommend to the reader's careful perusal the concise account of the inhabitants and productions of the island. The prevalence of deception, and the readiness with which any means, however humiliating, are employed to obtain an end, seem to be the most marked and disagreeable peculiarities of the national character. The former, unhappily, is markedly characteristic of Oriental nations, and especially of the Chinese, but the latter distinguishes the Loo Chooans from their neighbours, who require from the envoys of foreign nations that servile deportment which these islanders were so ready to affect towards their English visitors.

We must refer the reader to the work itself for further details of the bishop's stay at Loo Choo, and observe in conclusion that the public is much indebted to his lordship for the distinct and interesting account he has given of what he observed of the people and their country, in which he has done much to remove false im-

pressions created by superficial and hasty observation, and to set in a clear light the situation of the missionary and the prospects of the mission. We cannot however but regret that the narrative is not more detailed, and that, in these days of illustrated books, it is not accompanied by many woodcuts. But if the scarcity of original sketches has prevented the publishers doing more than furnish the two illustrations in the volume before us, they have done well in not imitating the unscrupulous manner in which unauthentic matter is often furnished to gratify a popular taste.

It is gratifying to learn from an appendix to the bishop's narrative, that when, early in last year, Capt. Shadwell in H. M. S. Sphinx visited the island, the condition of Dr. Bettelheim was found to have considerably improved, and he was spoken of in friendly terms by the native authorities.

At this time, while mighty dangers menace no small portion of the Tartar race at both extremes of their wide-spread power, and momentous changes seem inevitable, let us hope that the Christian Church is effecting a great and a bloodless conquest, one result of which would be that after having played so great a part in the annals of the world, that race would be saved from the hopeless degradation and decay into which it seems rapidly hurrying.

P.S. Since the above was written, the accounts of the general belief in Christianity among the rebel or native Chinese party, have received an ample confirmation.

A FEW NOTES FROM ALEXANDRIA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Alexandria, November 8th.

MY DEAR ——.

FIVE days in this new and strange land have served rather to bewilder than enlighten. But as the packet leaves to-morrow I must try and put my bewildered ideas in order, and make you some intelligible report of what we have seen and done as yet in Egypt. After a three days' passage from Malta, in a vessel crowded with Indian passengers, we gladly found ourselves in the harbour of Alexandria on the morning of November 3. Our dragoman, who you know was engaged beforehand for us, together with our boat, came on board, and leaving him and our English servant in charge of the luggage, we started for the shore. Before we reached the quay our drab boatmen stopped and demanded their fare; we gave them a shilling each, the proper fare: they demanded more: "No." They then pleaded, (they could speak some English,) but still we shook our heads and said "No," and finding they were losing time, and perhaps another fare, they pulled us up to the quay. Just behind, the boatmen played the same prank with a boat full of young cadets, and one of the rowers soon found his way head foremost into the water. Further than this we had no time to see, for immediately on landing we were beset by crowds of men and boys with donkeys, each thrusting his own animal right against you, trying to obtain forcible possession of your person; a Babel of sounds beset one at the same time: "My donkey very good"—"This donkey good"—"Questo donkey good"—"Try my donkey." S—— used his stick freely, but to little purpose, as the culprit ever escaped by a smart dodge, and the innocent ass had the blow. The crowd and violent pushing was so great that we with difficulty found ourselves at length each on an individual donkey, and off we went, full skurry, I had no idea where, but my donkey seemed to know, and pulled most vigorously, knocking me

up one moment against a grave old gentleman in a turban, then shaving my knee against a cart wheel, or rendering me, most guiltless and unwilling, a cause of dread to a moving bag of clothes representing a woman; after a few minutes of this adventurous passage through narrow streets we emerged to my joy in a large open square, and my donkey-boy, well out of breath, overtook me, saying, "Want to go hotel?" "Yes, the Europa." I here discovered, to my increased joy, that my companion S—— had also escaped safe from the perils of the way, and we made our course together to the Europa, where we were glad to escape from the heat and crowd, and sit down in our friend T——'s rooms until our luggage should arrive, when we purposed starting at once, and taking up our quarters in our boat, which was lying ready for us in the Mahmoudeh canal. The scene from the balcony of T——'s rooms was most strange and entertaining; the Indian packet coming in puts all Alexandria in confusion for some hours, and the great square before us was full of bustle; strings of camels loading and unloading, horses, donkeys, carriages, groups of Arabs in blue and white gowns squatting on the ground smoking, dragomen in red fez caps and baggy trousers loitering round the door, parties of Indian passengers coming in and going out, the latter beset by donkey-boys and engaged in indignant fights; then in an hour or so the omnibuses, each drawn by four horses, began to arrive, and to carry off the Indian passengers to the steamboat waiting to take them to Cairo, and comparative quiet ensued. We had some luncheon, and determined to go out and see what was to be seen: and now we could mount a donkey without being fought for. "Want to go and see Bompey's Billar?" said the boy, and off we went; my companions would not be content without racing, when S——'s donkey put his foot in a hole and brought him to the ground with such a summersault, that for the future we went at a pace better suited to a thermometer of 75°. We came presently to two obelisks, one prostrate on the ground and the other still upright but much buried in the soil, and built into the masonry of the wall; they were much decayed and damaged by the wasting climate of Alexandria, and altogether dirty-looking and insignificant; these were

Cleopatra's needles: the English government have done wisely in leaving them where they are. Thence after a short ride we passed through a gate of the fortifications, and skirting a most dismal looking Mahometan burial-ground occupied by ruinous tombs and foul mangy dogs, arrived at Pompey's Pillar—why called Pompey's I have no idea, as it probably was erected by the Emperor Diocletian some three centuries and a half after the time of Pompey:—it stands on a high knoll commanding a view over the harbour, and is a lofty pillar of Grecian character with dark solid granite shaft, pediment and capital. It is scribbled and painted all over with English names, such as John Painter, William Jarvis, in letters a foot long; and an English boat's-crew distinguished themselves some time since by scaling the pillar and drinking the Queen's health on the top with three cheers. We were glad to return home to escape the intense glare of the sun on the white soil, and found our luggage, dragoman, and servant, waiting for us at the hotel. The luggage was sent on a truck, and we rested for a little while and had up the dragoman to make enquiries and to inspect him. He is a little well-made man of a dark olive complexion, white regular teeth and bright eyes; he wears a moustache, on his head a red fez cap with a gay coloured scarf bound round it, a sort of jacket with loose sleeves, and wide baggy trousers ending in white stockings and shoes. He speaks English well and Italian, and of course his native Arabic; he has travelled much with English gentlemen and has the manners of a good servant; his name is Dirwush Ramadan. Under his direction we made our way towards our boat on the Mahmoudeh canal. The road out of the town lay at first through wide open streets with good houses newly built or building, and then between some beautiful groves of palms. At this season the palm groves are most lovely, as the ripe fruit is not yet gathered; and just below the spring of the green boughs the rich glowing clusters of dates bend gracefully down, surrounding the slender stem as a jewelled necklace on a lady's neck. We presently reached the gates of the fortifications, and in front of the barracks I saw a body of soldiers drawn up in line and performing with great regularity some evolutions. "What are they doing,

Dirwush?" "Saying their prayers, Sir; it is one of the hours when we ought to say our prayers." Well, I thought these unbelievers may give us a lesson, they are not ashamed of serving their God as they are taught. As I passed through the gate I marked the soldiers to be very young men, mere lads; they were dressed in a light white uniform and red fez cap, their arms European, the musket and bayonet. Passing the gate and the moat we came at once on a desolate looking wilderness of barren broken ground. Here, I believe, was the site of the ancient Alexandria; the sea has retired, and where the great square now stands there formerly was the great harbour. Yet it is strange that there are no substantial remains of so mighty a city. Alexandria was once the second city in the world, inferior only to Rome, and there is no substantial vestige of this great city left, only enormous quantities of broken tile and pottery are dug up in all directions. The rest seems to have wasted away under the hand of time and the devouring salt atmosphere and soil of this part of lower Egypt. Twenty minutes over this wilderness brought us again to cultivated land, and turning a corner we came suddenly on the canal, lined with green trees and pleasant verdure, and there we saw our boat snugly ensconced under the shadow of Mr. L——'s house. Mrs. L—— received us most hospitably; and after enjoying the cool of the evening in the garden, we had supper and retired to pass the first night in our boat. The next three days were very busy ones, occupied with unpacking our goods, laying in stores for our four months' voyage, and sundry necessary purchases, such as a red fez cap, or "tarboosh," muslin to make into turbans to protect one's head from the sun, a most necessary precaution, Ladakysh tobacco, and cherry-stick pipes with amber mouth-piece. S—— bought a very handsome mouth-piece for £6, there is nothing respectable to be had under £1 or £2, and it is a necessary article of furniture if you are to receive visitors. The amber mouth-piece to the pipe is a most expensive article of luxury among the Turks. They do not give dinner parties, and require no service of plate; but whenever they receive visitors coffee and pipes are brought in, and if the visitor is distinguished the amber mouth-piece is expected to be

valuable in proportion. Even the ladies of the harems when they receive their lady visitors always give coffee and pipes, and are of course most expensive in their mouth-pieces. The plain amber itself will sometimes be worth £100, and then it is enamelled and inlaid with jewels until it is worth thousands. The tobacco used by the ladies is very mild, Mrs. L—— tells me that in her visits she has sometimes smoked five or six pipes in the day without any inconvenience. I observe that the reddish transparent material which we call amber, is here utterly despised, and declared to be a vile composition; the valuable amber is of a pale brown colour and clouded; its value further depends on its size and freedom from flaw. Let no inexperienced European rashly venture to purchase on his own judgment. It is one of the *arcana* of eastern taste. The bazaars of Alexandria are most disappointing to a person who has formed some gorgeous idea of an oriental bazaar; they are dingy looking narrow streets, roofed over to keep out the heat and the rain, and with little light; on either side are small shops or booths, open in front, and with a platform raised about three feet from the ground. In each of these stalls sits an old fellow with a long beard and a longer pipe, waiting patiently till Allah sends him customers, and when he gets one it is a serious matter, a matter of time and patience, to make a bargain. The dealer of course asks about twice as much as he would be willing to take, and the purchaser offers considerably less than he would be willing to give, and then at length they meet mid-way. If it is a deal of any value you are probably offered a pipe and coffee, and may have an assemblage of idlers crowding round and taking the liveliest interest in the bargain. When you have completed your bargain for the goods, a second bargaining is likely to follow on the value of the coins you offer. Every known coinage is current in Alexandria; I had English sovereigns which are at a premium, and sometimes I could pass them for 107, 108, or even as high as 112 piastres; but in these matters as yet we are completely in the hands of our dragoman, who is our only interpreter and guide. It is absolutely necessary before making any purchase to get some idea of what its value is; they will ask any thing of a Frank according to his sup-

posed simplicity, perhaps five times the real value of the article.

Our stores are now nearly laid in and I have desired the Rais or captain to engage his crew, and in a day or two we shall be off. I have several things yet to report to you of Alexandria and may leave a letter for the next mail.

I remain, &c.

LETTER No. II.

Alexandria, November 11th.

MY DEAR ——.

WE are not off yet, our barrel of flour proved sour and had to be returned and exchanged, and sundry other little matters remained to be done; but this evening we are certainly to start. I have tried to get some idea of the ecclesiastical status of Alexandria, but have found no informant and can only send you the result of my own eyesight. First, I determined to see the Coptic churches. The Copts you know are the representatives of the ancient Church of Egypt; after the council of Chalcedon A.D. 451, defining the two natures of our Lord united in one Person, they became heretical and separated from the body of the Catholic Church; but they still retained the apostolic succession of their patriarch, their bishops, and clergy; now, in their state of heresy and isolation, and after centuries of cruel oppression, they are sorely dwindled and impoverished. Under the direction of my donkey-boy I found my way one morning to a Coptic church in the old part of the town, it looked like any other house from the outside. I climbed up a steep flight of stairs and at the top found an old man in a turban who could understand Italian. I asked to see the church and he went and called the priest, who soon appeared; he wore a sort of loose black cassock, and black turban, but he could speak no European language and we could not communicate; however I could use my eyes. We entered the church at the western or lower end, the priest making three deep reverences towards the altar; it was a

large square room; before us, at the distance of a few steps, was a high open screen, through the centre doorway of which we passed into what represented the choir; it had plain stalls ranged on either side, and on the right hand side just below the altar-screen was the bishop's throne. The altar-screen takes the place of our altar-rail, but is a high close screen: it was of better material and work than any thing I had seen in the church, and empanelled in it were the "ikons" or sacred pictures. There were pictures of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Nicolas and others; they were antique and stiff in form, and standing out from a gold ground; but they were reverend and solemn and impressed me with a religious idea. I evidently rose much in the priest's estimation when he found that I could read the Greek inscriptions: he then drew aside the curtain which closed the doorway of the screen and shewed me the altar; before it hung a lighted lamp, on it were four small candles unlighted, it was nearly square, covered with a decent cloth, and from the back rose a kind of canopy surmounted with a cross. There were several small pictures on the altar, and a book, but no crucifix; on each side to the north and south stand two smaller altars: behind these (for they stand out some two yards from the east wall) were two recesses with a curtain, in one of which was contained the sacred vessels; the priest shewed them to me, a plain gilt chalice and paten, he shewed me also two service books, one in Greek and the other I think in Arabic, well printed but plainly bound. On returning down the church I observed a lectern in the choir, and that what I took for stalls were not seats, but standing niches with projecting elbows, to support one, no doubt, in standing through their long services; all round the walls of the church outside of the choir were similar standing niches, and all of the commonest material and workmanship; above was a latticed gallery for the women. I observed in the sacristy at the lower end of the church a confessional chair like those in Roman churches, and I saw one other similar chair in the women's gallery. We then left the church, and through the old man who spoke Italian I received an invitation from the priest to pipes and coffee, but as we could not converse I politely declined, and making

a trifling present withdrew. The priest was an intelligent looking man of about thirty-five years, and most courteous.

On Sunday I went into another large Coptic church, but there was a long lecture going on which was read from the lectern in the choir in a rapid and monotonous tone; after standing a full half hour and seeing no hope of its conclusion I retired, having only means to observe that the general arrangements of the church were exactly similar to the former.

On another Sunday I went to the orthodox Greek church, i. e. the body in communion with the patriarch of Constantinople, who have, as their name implies, retained the orthodox faith. Their church is larger and better built than those of the Copts, and is divided by pillars into a nave and two aisles; it is nearly square in form, has only one screen, viz. the high close altar-screen adorned with many ikons, and has a latticed gallery all round for the women; it has also a side chapel dedicated to St. Catharine. The eucharistic service was just concluded and a numerous and respectable looking congregation were leaving. They are now building themselves a larger and handsomer church. After this I went to the Roman Catholic church. It is a large imposing-looking building with a dome, surrounded with a wall and garden with trees; altogether it is adapted to this climate. On entering I found a considerable congregation, and there were people of all ranks and classes, white, olive, and black, Franks and natives. The European women were in the body of the church, and there was a latticed gallery for the eastern women. I observed an order of sisters of mercy, and altogether the church represented the appearance of an active and flourishing communion. Just across the way is an insignificant building looking like a dilapidated store-room, over the door of which is written "British Chapel." It is a wretched looking room, fitted with some fixed seats up the centre, and seats against the wall; at the further end is a decent communion table and pulpit. Being present on two successive Sundays, I had some opportunity of observing the religious habits of our English residents in Alexandria. There were present in the morning some thirty women, mostly looking like ladies, and some children, and besides S—— and myself not half-

a-dozen men. The only afternoon that I was present our congregation did not exceed a dozen. It is true the chaplain is an uninteresting preacher, but nothing can excuse this extensive neglect of divine worship; it fills me with shame and sorrow to see that wealth and commerce is made our first object, religion our last. S—— and I had intended to make some subscription towards the new English church nearly built, on ground given by Mehemet Ali, in the great square, but we both came to the conclusion that the present shabby building corresponds well, and is quite sufficient for the religious habits of the people. Let them use what they have first, otherwise a fine building is mere empty ostentation, a carcase without a spirit. The new church is roofed in and when complete will be I think a fine building though of an incongruous style, a mixture of eastern and western architecture. It is not accommodated to the climate as the Roman church is, and offering its full south side to the sun will be very hot; it is a single nave, with an apse, and narrow windows of a slightly Moorish character.

We are two miles out of Alexandria, and so escape the glare of the sun, which is intolerable; in the middle of the day the thermometer in our cabin, which lies exposed to the sun, is above 75°, but the air is not attended with lassitude. The nights are warm in the early part, and then turn off very cold; I cannot bear a blanket at first, but lay one across my feet, which towards the morning I am glad to draw over me. We are most pleasantly surrounded by green trees; Mr. L——'s garden is quite an English garden, and the trees have still a fresh bright green, not the wretched dull brown of the foliage of the south of Spain. They are full of birds too with pleasant chirping voices like our birds at home. We dine out of doors with Mrs. L—— under the shade of a mulberry tree which is overrun with a creeper, and so impervious to the sun. The extensive garden is irrigated by two water-wheels and produces all the usual English vegetables and others that I do not know. It is well planted with trees; I observe the date tree, the fig, and the banana; the luscious fruit of this latter is now in its perfection, and most abundant; the banana tree with its huge green leaf and green stem looks like a gigantic

overgrown rush. It is curious to see a man gathering dates; he takes a strong strap which he passes loosely round the tree and round his own body, and with this ascends the palm, which being formed into natural notches is easily climbed; when at the top where the dates hang just out of reach, he places his feet firmly on the stem of the tree, adjusts the strap under his shoulders and throws himself back horizontally as far as the strap will let him go; thus supported in a horizontal position, he has his hands free to gather the fruit and lower it in baskets to the ground. On the other side of the canal lies the great Mareotic lake, it was originally of fresh water, but when the French were besieged in Alexandria the Turks with their English allies found it necessary to cut a canal to the sea. The effect was most disastrous; thirty-two villages, so they say, were swallowed up, and of course large tracts of land made sterile by the salt water; however there are extensive and valuable rice grounds in its neighbourhood, where sportsmen may find all kinds of game from a wild boar down to a snipe. The Mahmoudeh canal which connects Alexandria with the Nile at Atjeh, is about 50 miles long and perhaps 100 feet broad; it was made in one year by Mehemet Ali; 300,000 Egyptians were driven down to the work, and so imperfectly supplied with provisions that some 12,000 died in the works; but it was finished in the time appointed, and called Mahmoudeh in honour of the reigning sultan, Mahmoud.

We are quite ready to make our start, and wind or no wind shall be off this evening. I will give some description of our boat and crew when I know more of them.

I remain, &c.

NOTICES.

EDMUND BURKE, BEING FIRST PRINCIPLES SELECTED FROM HIS WRITINGS. By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A. Routledge and Co. 1853.

WE are accustomed to see seven or eight volumes of Edmund Burke, and we suspect that many a reader has been awed and daunted by the very outward aspect of these seven volumes. With the full consciousness that there is plenty of ore to be found in the mountain, yet the necessity of considerable labour stares us in the face when one looks down the long row of goodly octavos. Mr. Montgomery has done good service by going to "the diggings" in our behalf, and extracting a large measure of the ore. It is something to have a readable and portable selection of this great man's works, and Mr. Montgomery has done something more than to string confusedly together bits of broken glass out of a fair window: he has pieced the bits together on some sort of system, and given us the principles of the man. The enterprising Mr. Routledge deserves his share of commendation.

LOCKHART'S SPANISH BALLADS. John Murray. 1853.

IT is something to have these Ballads for half-a-crown. After the beautiful and costly "drawing-room table edition," as it may be called, it is decidedly satisfactory to have an edition which we may thumb and handle, take up and lay down as one likes, without timid considerations of "the binding." There are some fine worked drawing-room chairs which one never dares to sit down upon, and there are also some fine books which seem only made to be respectfully surveyed on state occasions, when people are waiting for dinner, or in the evening when one has nothing particular to talk about. A half-crown book is a soldier "for a working-day."

FACTS AND FANTASIES. By HENRY SPICER, Esq. Bosworth. 1853.

A BAD sequel of its bad forerunner, "Sights and Sounds." Henry Spicer, Esq., is a supporter of the shocking and revolting proceedings of Mrs. Hayden and the clique of Rappists, who sell their supposed communications with the unseen world for so much a night. This author however is somewhat confused in his advocacy, at one time raving against all opponents of the Rappists, at another speaking disparagingly of some of the earlier attempts.

THE MONTHLY PACKET. Vol. V. Mozley. 1853.

Is an admirable periodical adapted to young female readers of the higher classes from fourteen to eighteen. A considerable portion of it will be found valuable for Sunday reading, and is there not a difficulty in getting a Sunday evening among young people well spent? Too much direct sermonising does not practically succeed.

MODERN DOMESTIC COOKERY. New Edition. 1853. John Murray.

WHEN Shakspere said that sermons might be found in stones, and good in everything, he probably little dreamed that wisdom would ever be found in a cookery book; and yet we venture to say that in the opening chapter of the useful as well as palatable work which heads this notice there is much of the philosophy of every-day life, which the clever young ladies of the present high pressure age may study with advantage to their own future comfort, and that of the husbands for whom we hope they are anxious to make comfortable cages when the silken nets of their manifold accomplishments shall have done their work. Our authoress' soul is above mere puddings. Attention to the wants of the poor, economical yet considerate and comfortable management, hints on the value of time, and especially on kindness and consideration towards servants, find their place among other valuable hints, for a young housekeeper.

To give anything like a fair analysis of the contents of the book would only tantalize our bachelor readers, who have neither wife nor cook to realize the picture; or disgust our young lady friends, who look upon eating as a necessary evil beneath the consideration of cultivated minds. Suffice it to say that from coch-a-leekie and hotch potch to potage à la Reine, from English roast beef to Timbale de Macaroni à la Pontife, (an affair composed of boned larks, fillets of game, mushrooms, &c.) from bread pudding to the Erechtheum and *Pouding* à la Nesselrode, there is all which the veriest epicure can desire, though we have no sympathy with epicures.

The Conservative pudding, with eight eggs, and cakes soaked in cream and brandy, is wisely followed by the Reform with only three eggs and no brandy; while the curious in the domestic affairs of royalty may study the characters of the Queen and Prince Albert as displayed in their separate puddings; reminding us of a true story in our childhood of an epicurist old gentleman, who asked the butler what was on the side-table, and received the reply, "There's the brawn, sir, and my missis's tongue, and your tongue:" the lady advocating the pickled, we believe, and the gentleman the smoked. We fear had Mr. and Mrs. John Sprat lived in these luxurious days, the beautiful picture of that "agreeing to differ" which is much more practical in domestic than in polemical affairs, would never

have been drawn for the benefit of the rising generation, for the fat and the lean would certainly have been concocted into separate dishes.

The book contains many valuable recipes for sick cookery, a few for domestic medicines, and many useful ones for various household operations; and contains, to crown all, the soothing information for those afflicted with bad digestions, that "plain living is not the most wholesome."

THE WORKS OF THE REV. GEORGE HERBERT, WITH REMARKS ON HIS WRITINGS, AND A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, BY WILLIAM JERDAN. London. Routledge.

IT is always very gratifying to meet with an old friend, but especially so when he assumes his old well-known countenance. George Herbert in modern type loses half his charm, and little do the simple quaint expressions of the seventeenth century harmonize with the sharp elegantly cut letters of the nineteenth. At the same time we rejoice to see our friend in elegant apparel, and Mr. Routledge has admirably succeeded in giving to his book a decided antique appearance, while at the same time he has rendered it capable of taking its place beside any of the productions which the advanced state of the art of printing has lately afforded us, for good workmanship and moderation in price.

Mr. Jerdan's short introduction to the work is also well worthy of its subject, and we know of few more elegant, useful, or in every way suitable books for a present than the edition of George Herbert's works before us.

THE

National Miscellany.

THE GRAMMATICAL WAR[a].

It would be only waste of words, were I to praise the great beauty and the rich cultivation of the country of Grammar. Every one that reads the *National Miscellany* knows something about it. Its climate is most healthy, its inhabitants most intelligent: there is, indeed, a little difficulty in obtaining entrance into it; but when a man has once become free of the State, he thinks it, as it truly is, one of the most delightful kingdoms under the sun.

This, I say, every one knows: but every one may not have heard of the dreadful war which raged there some time since; and which it is now my painful duty to chronicle.

From the most ancient times the country of Grammar was governed by two chiefs, King Noun and King Verb. They exercised their authority conjointly; they appeared everywhere together; they lived in the most perfect concord: and, indeed, one of the fundamental articles of the Magna Charta of their kingdom was this:

Noun shall agree with Verb in number and person.

This happy state of things lasted more years than I can tell. At length, one unfortunate day, a dispute arose between these two potentates as they sat at the banquet. The subject of the quarrel was one which has before now put enmity between many fair ladies, many reverend divines, many great noblemen,—*Precedence.*

King Noun began by observing that in his absence every procession of words (which in that country is called a *sentence*) must be meaningless; that, even if he came late,

[a] The *idea* of this paper is taken from the *Bellum Grammaticale* of Andreas Salernitanus.

the whole arrangement was apt to be confused; that, from the most remote times, he had usually preceded King Verb; that the most famous works on the laws of the kingdom not only allowed, but insisted on, this; and that he could not think of surrendering a station so long held by him, so universally conceded to him, and which (he might be allowed to say) he had filled with the general applause of all good Grammarians.

King Verb replied: That it was true, that in the province of Prose, such precedence had usually been conceded to King Noun; but in the delightful region of Poetry the order had frequently been reversed: that, when he was in a particular frame of mind, which in that country is called the *Imperative Mood*, King Noun always followed; that, supposing all that had been urged on the other side were true, he did not see why the same state of things was always to continue: that, if King Noun had hitherto had the precedence, the more reason existed for his being willing to surrender it now. "And in fact" (His Majesty was pleased to conclude jocularly) "turn and turn about is fair play."

The dispute ran high; there were not wanting kind friends on both sides to fan the flame: reconciliation was in vain attempted; sarcasms and reproaches were very freely vented; and the kings separated in great passion. The dependants of each were not backward in suggesting that a claim so publicly and so justly advanced could not be retracted with honour; that an appeal to arms had become absolutely necessary; that fortune would favour a just cause; and that it was essential to summon the great chiefs and officers of the empire without loss of time.

On the following day, therefore, the two kings made proclamation by trumpet to their own vassals, that, by such a day, their forces should rendezvous at an appointed place. Each conjured his own dependants to remember that the glory of the empire was at stake; and that early assistance now might prevent much trouble hereafter.

Colonel *Adverb* was the first to repair to the head-quarters of King Verb. He brought four trusty sergeants with him; their names were, *When*, *Where*, *How*, and *Whence*. They were followed by a good number of rank and file: among these were, *Here*, *There*, *Hither*, *Thither*, *Somewhere*, *Nowhere*, *Hence*, *Thence*. An awkward fellow called *Some-*

when attempted to intrude; but he was driven out to the camp-followers, by some called *Provincialisms*, by others *Patois*. These forces were, on the next day, reviewed by King Verb. They were ordered to be formed in several companies, as Time, Place, and Motion. His Majesty was pleased to bestow on the sergeants, and on some of the most useful soldiers, as *Whither* and *Why*, a token of his approbation by permitting them to carry an ensign of this shape, ?. They therefore now appear abroad as *Where ? Whither ?* and the like.

Next arrived many troops of Verbs: as the *Desideratives*, the *Inceptives*, and the *Frequentatives*. They were closely followed by the *Irregulars:* a race dwelling on the borders of the land of Grammar and the county of Solecism. Conspicuous among them were *Be*, *Will*, and *Shall*. These, as being difficult to reduce to order, were permitted to occupy any part of the allied camp they chose. Lord *Defective* brought several of his servants: as *Quoth*, an old soldier, *Can* and *May*.

These forces were led by King Verb into Conjunction-land: and were for the present quartered in its two capitals *And* and *Or*.

King Noun was not a little dismayed at such vast preparations. He was, however, a courageous and energetic prince, and lost no time in concentrating his own forces and procuring large succours from his vassals and allies. He was much gratified by the early arrival of his son-in-law Prince *Pronoun*. This personage, besides the forces that he brought, was valuable for being able to take the place of King Noun on many occasions; in some cases, it was said, he acted even more efficiently than his father-in-law. He was accompanied by Colonels *I*, *You*, *Thou*, *He*, *We*, *She*, *You*, and *It:* by Sergeants *Mine*, *Thine*, *Ours*, and *Yours:* and by Corporals *Myself* and *Thyself*, with some others. He brought, however, very few rank and file.

The next day, General *Article*, with his two sons *An* and *The*, made their appearance, and were warmly welcomed. He was closely followed by a cousin of Prince *Pronoun's*, my Lord *Relative*, with his servants *Which* and *That*, and his son *Interrogative*, with his servant *Who*. His majesty bestowed on the latter the same badge of honour, the ?, that King Verb had conferred on some of the Adverbs.

The most important allies, however, which King Noun persuaded to join him, were the *Adjectives*. They were composed of three regiments, the *Positives*, the *Comparatives*, and the *Superlatives*. The two last consisted of very tall men. As these forces maintained great intimacy with the Adverbs, it was hoped that the latter might, by their means, be brought over to the side of King Noun. His majesty was so much pleased with these new forces, that he allowed them to add his name to theirs; and desired that henceforth they should be called *Nouns Adjectives*.

Last came a small but very irregular regiment, the *Interjections*. Some of the principal were, *Ah! Oh! Holloa!* Many of them were very vulgar blustering fellows: as *Yoicks! Tally-Ho!* and the like. It was soon after found that they kept up such a perpetual shouting and hooting as to disturb honest soldiers a'nights; and besides, many of them were exceedingly profane characters, and did nothing but swear. They were therefore obliged to encamp at some distance from the main body of the army.

Thus far King Noun had the numerical superiority; and the Queen of the Prepositions now sent in a small but most valuable body of officers. There were Generals *Of*, *To*, *By*, *At*, *On*, *With*, and *From*, with several others: she also sent some excellent horses, as *Dis-*, *Ex-*, *Un-*, *Il-*, useless till properly saddled and guided, but then very valuable.

There was still one potentate who had not declared himself, and whom both the kings were most anxious to secure. This was Duke *Participle*. His domain was almost as extensive as those of either of the sovereigns; and it was shrewdly suspected that he wished to play the kings off against each other, and was only waiting his time to lay claim to the whole of their territories. By birth he was more nearly connected with *Verb:* his habits and customs bore a closer affinity with *Noun*. He thought it therefore his interest to foment the discord, and to that end he sent some forces to both sides. He supplied King Verb with troops under Sergeants *-Ed*, and *-Ing*: to King Noun he sent a few men under Corporal *-Ant*.

War having been declared, a night attack was made by King Noun himself on the quarters of Colonels *Shall* and *Be*. The Colonels stood gallantly to their arms, and at length succeeded in beating off the invaders, but not with-

out considerable loss. Some gentlemen of good extraction were slain, as Messrs. *Shallest*, *Shallen*, *Be-eth*, *Be-ed*, *Be-edest*, and the like. Mr. *Be-est* had a narrow escape; he contrived however to save himself by the help of his cousin, one Mr. *Art*. Indeed Col. *Be* himself was very severely wounded, and his place has since been more frequently supplied by Lieutenant *Am*.

King Verb was extremely indignant at the loss of some of his best subjects, and gave orders that a cannonade should instantly be commenced on General *Article's* quarters. As there were scarcely any soldiers here, no great harm was done; only young Mr. *An* was severely wounded. An amputation became necessary: and we now more frequently see *A* where we used to meet *An*.

His majesty's next attack was more successful. As he was one day reconnoitring the country at the head of a strong party, he fell in with a body of Adjectives, among whom he made a horrible slaughter. There were slain outright; *Mucher*, *Muchest*, *Gooder*, *Goodest*, *Badder*, *Baddest*, *Littler*, and *Littlest: Forther* and *Forthest* were severely wounded.

Lord Adjective had in his quarters two brothers, by name *More* and *Most*. Grieved by the loss of *Mucher* and *Muchest*, he sends for them, and offers them commissions on condition they would supply the place of the deceased officers. This they undertook to do, and indeed they fulfilled their engagement with great gallantry. In like manner he filled up the room of *Littler* and *Littlest* by *Less* and *Least:* and that of *Badder* and *Baddest* by *Worse* and *Worst*. *Forther* and *Forthest*, after being long under the surgeon's hands, came out as *Further* and *Furthest*. But a mistake prevailed in the camp as to their name: they were generally spoken of as Messrs. *Farther* and *Farthest*, and set down as the sons of one *Far:* whereas, in truth, they have no connection with him, old Mr. *Forth* being their father.

What to do for *Gooder* and *Goodest*, Lord Adjective, for some time, could not tell. At length, as luck would have it, a young Verb called *Beat* was brought in a prisoner. To him my lord offers liberty on condition of allowing his brothers, *Beater* and *Beatest*, to serve among the Adjectives, which they were very willing to do. Some time after a party of Verbs caught the two renegades, and mutilated

them into *Better* and *Best;* in which form they still exist.

The fortunes of the war seemed to vary from day to day. It would be endless to relate all the events that occurred. I must confine myself to the most remarkable successes or reverses.

In the second month of the contest King Verb suffered a most severe loss in the part of his camp called *The Plurals.* There were here two divisions, respectively known as *En* and *Et.* These were to a man cut to pieces by the Prepositions. The latter, for their part, lost a very useful officer, *To:* he was taken prisoner by Col. *Be,* Lieut. *Am* having missed him.

Shortly after, Mr. *Go* having lost all his sons, and Mr. *Went* having a father so infirm as to be useless, agreed to join their families. On this, an old Verb called *Yede,* with his son *Yode,* died of grief.

About this time certain of Lord Adjective's troops, called the *Trisyllables,* fell in with a party of the enemy; and all the *Comparatives* and *Superlatives* were cut off, excepting only Messrs. *Beautifuller* and *Beautifullest,* who, it is said, made a shift to slink off, and have since led a very retired life.

A dreadful conspiracy was now discovered in the camp of King Verb. Certain officers of General Perfect, being implicated in it, were brought to a drum-head court martial, and the five following were sentenced to lose their heads:—*Hurted, Letted, Putted, Blended,* and *Mended.* The three first were brought to the block: *Blended* escaped from prison; and a son of Mr. *Mean,* young Mr. *Meant,* represented in such forcible terms the inconvenience which would ensue if *Mended* were decapitated, that his life was spared.

A whole regiment of Duke Participle's men, known by the name of *Past,* had also a share in the same conspiracy. They were sentenced to lose one of their hands;—and whereas they formerly appeared as *Ygotten, Ysent, Ycarried,* &c. they were now reduced to the forms of *Gotten, Sent, Carried.* One was overlooked at the time, and his life was afterwards spared: his name was *Yclept,* but he has never since been employed in any serious work.

At this time a merry fellow of the name of *Pun* caused a good many mistakes in both armies. He would constantly

send people on bootless errands to one man, and then profess that he had mistaken him for some one else, to whom he happened to bear some little likeness. Those that he had thus treated were especially such of King Noun's men as *Spring*, *Box*, *Watch*, *Case*, and the like. Sometimes he would tease two different soldiers by sending letters to the one that were designed for the other, and this in such cases as *Quay* and *Key*, *Lyre* and *Liar*, whereby he created great confusion. At last being caught and convicted of these apish tricks, he was sentenced to be drummed out of the regiment.

Not long after a very serious loss befell King Noun. His second regiment, the *Genitives*, fell into an ambush, and being taken prisoners, were condemned to lose their eyes. This sentence was executed with great barbarity; so that where we formerly saw *Manis*, *Dogis*, we now find *Man's*, *Dog's*. Mr. Adjutant *His*, a friend of Prince Pronoun's, offered to supply the place of the wanting organs, but after a short trial of his capabilities he was found unequal to the task. At the same time another misfortune occurred to this gentleman. He had been in the habit, for a series of years, of following *Neuters* as well as *Masculines:* but the former now became tired of him, and dismissed him from their service. In his place they hired an irregular fellow, one *Its*, who, in earlier times, was quite unknown, and who found great difficulty in making his way into good society.

A great deal of harm was done in both armies by the introduction of a contagious disease called *Slang* or *Cant*. By this the soldiers were so entirely altered from their original appearance, that it was almost impossible to recognise them, and some actually died of the complaint. *Hog* had been pretty well known before; but in the form of *going the whole hog* he retained none of his original features; *Governor* was a noun of considerable gravity and dignity of deportment, but when unhappily seized with the infection he became a sadly vulgar fellow. And so among the Verbs: *Come* was one of the most useful among the Neuters, but when affected with the disease he ranged himself in a wild manner among the Actives, and was continually pushing *Imitate* from his place. There were, it is true, milder instances; *Advent* was frequently found where *Coming* ought to have stood: *Grave* was always gadding about the camp,

and was particularly fond of attaching himself to *Question* or *Consideration: Graceful*, too, was very fond of overstepping his duties, so that a graceful act was generally understood to mean a compromise. It would be endless to particularise all the cases: the Pronoun *I* was almost driven from his quarters by the irruption of such names as *the Author*, *the Writer*, and by the Pronoun *We*. Again, the Noun *Man* was much annoyed by two very ugly strangers taking his place, the *Individual* and the *Party*. As to the Adjectives, a couple of troublesome fellows were running over all parts of their quarters: their names were *Subjective* and *Objective*. They came from Germany, and many doubted whether they were in their right senses.

Wearied out by the continuance of the war, both monarchs began to long for peace. It was agreed that umpires should be chosen, and a Roman, an Englishman, and a German, Messrs. Priscian, Horne Tooke, and Bopp, were pitched upon for that purpose.

The negotiations were as long and tedious as those of Utrecht or Aix-la-Chapelle. More than once war was on the point of again breaking out; and propositions were modelled and remodelled with a perseverance that well nigh exhausted the energy of Messrs. P., T., and B. The results to which they came need not be set down here. They are embodied in a code of laws called *The Syntax*. Those of my readers who have studied it will have observed that, while King Verb is always spoken of as joint-monarch of the country, the real power is lodged in the hands of King Noun. I trust he will exercise it with the moderation which becomes one of his high rank, and that I may not be forced to trouble my readers with any future account of a new GRAMMATICAL WAR.

THE CID.

THIS illustrious hero, Don RODRIGO DIAZ DE BIVAR, who so eminently contributed to the rescue of the Peninsula from Mussulman dominion, was the son of an ancient Spanish family, and born at Burgos in the year 1026. His father was the representative of a decayed but noble house; and an insult offered him by the chief of a race less ancient but more powerful, was the means of first introducing the son into note; as well as giving rise to one of the most extraordinary—perhaps also unnatural—incidents in history. This "man at arms"—a "mighty one," says an old chronicle, "the master of a thousand friends"—Don Gomez by name, having insulted the weakness of Diego Laynez, father of the Cid, the son took the field, buckled on the sword of the "famous Mudarrah" a renowned hero of antiquity," challenged, and notwithstanding the herculean strength of the other, prostrated him in single combat. The insulter was killed, and his head, agreeably to the savage custom of the times, carried in triumph to the house of his victim. Don Diego, we are informed by the chronicle, received it in triumph; but a spectacle still more disgusting ensued, when Ximena, daughter of the slaughtered man, followed, and demanded of the Castilian monarch that the Cid should be enjoined to espouse her in atonement of her father's slaughter. "She would thus," she declared, "be the more readily enabled to grant him her pardon;" and the sovereign assenting the marriage was concluded, though posterity, notwithstanding the celebrated play that has been founded on the circumstance, must consider such an union equally improbable and revolting.

Don Rodrigo—for although noted by this exploit, he had not yet received his designation of the Cid, champion, or campeador—shortly afterwards commenced those conflicts with the Moors, from which he derives a more enviable immortality. This celebrated band of heroes had, after overcoming all the neighbouring tribes, burst forth from the limits of Arabia to extend the religion of Mahomet by the sword. They quickly overran Syria, Persia, Mesopotamia, and adjoining countries on the one side, Egypt and the whole north-western extremity of Africa on

the other; and the straits of Gibraltar then forming but a feeble barrier, they resolved to cross with the view of overthrowing the Peninsula, permeating Europe, and returning eastwards, where they had already made advance in the direction of Constantinople and Asia Minor, complete a vast circle of creed and dominion. In the year 711 a troop burst in: Tarik Zayed, a slave of the Mauritanian viceroy, crossed the straits, and landing at Gibraltar, Jebel Tarik, or the Hill of Tarik, bestowed upon it a name. After passing a night at the base of the rock, during which Mahomet, it is said, appeared and promised him the conquest of Spain in a dream, he uprose on the morrow and set out with all the enthusiasm of a devotee, inflamed by ambition and religion. The adjoining districts were quickly subdued, and reinforcements following, Roderick, the monarch of the Goths, who since the overthrow of Rome had held the Peninsula in sway, was at last constrained to advance and stake all upon one decisive contest for life and dominion. The two hosts met at Xeres in the neighbourhood of Cadiz, in the course of the year 712; and the conquerors of the mistress of the ancient world were completely overthrown by the resistless courage of these masters of the new.

The dominion of the Goths or Visigoths was terminated by this action for many centuries in Spain. Tarik and his victorious associates advanced without resistance. Seville, Cordova, and all the south of Spain, speedily yielded; and the prospect became so alluring, the climate was so delightful, and the country so inviting, that Muzah himself, the caliph's representative in Africa, set sail to contest its dominion with his former slave. But Tarik had now accomplished his freedom, and also established his fame. He had found means to enlist the caliph himself on his side. When Muzah accordingly complained, the voice of the slave was heard in preference. Both were summoned to Damascus, and after an audience with the caliph Abdallahzez, the freedman was dismissed with honour, the master consigned to obscurity and disgrace. History is silent of the end of the one; but the other, it is known, shortly afterwards died of anguish, on finding the head of his son, a gallant man whom he had left as successor in Spain, presented to him by the bloody caliph on a platter.

"I know it well," said he in reply to a question, "and may the hand that destroyed it be accursed." Abdallahzez himself was shortly afterwards assassinated, and the caliphate left in such confusion by his death, that during forty years little control was exercised over the viceroys in Spain. Fully half as many emirs governed it during this brief period, to-day almost on a throne, on the morrow consigned to obscurity or the dust. Yet though a petty Christian kingdom in the interval succeeded in raising its head on the shores of Biscay, the dominion of the crescent continually advanced, and under Othman and Abderrahman acquired such an ascendancy that all the force of Charles Martel was necessary to repress the latter on the field of Poictiers. By this victory, which placed the French crown within his grasp, the Moslems were once more driven beyond the Pyrenees; but almost all within that mountain range obeyed their will. The small Christian kingdom occupied scarcely a tenth of the country: Seville, Toledo, Cordova, Granada, and the richest parts of the territory, acknowledged the sway and the creed of the prophet. The Moors, it must be owned, exercised their dominion with leniency, and it is impossible to record the vast influence they exerted over European civilization. An age and a race which we are apt to consider barbarous, were then the most polished and accomplished in Europe. The progress of the followers of Mahomet in art was still greater and more rapid than their advance in dominion. Within ninety years they established an empire more extensive than Rome in eight centuries, yet their march in refinement was still more extraordinary. Within a period comparatively short they introduced the logic of Aristotle and the mathematical reasoning of the east, the present system of algebra and arithmetic, and that chemistry to which we owe so many triumphs. A barbarous or prejudiced caliph had in the seventh century fired the library of Alexandria, in his contempt for ancient literature; but his successors were more enlightened, and to their redeeming efforts we owe most of the vestiges since acquired of classic intellect. Agriculture was first invested by them with pretensions to a science, and to them chiefly do we owe the invention of modern architecture. Astronomy was their own peculiar cultivation, and they may be considered

to have invested medicine with the dignity of an art. The secret of working in metals, and many of our most useful manufactures, as paper, silk, dyeing, and gunpowder, were theirs. By the invention of rhyme they first gave grace to verse, and by the discovery of the compass they enabled the mariner to steer with safety through the deep, and our present system of philosophy, legislation, and police, mainly flows to us through them.

However dark and bloody the earlier pages of Moslem history, it must be confessed that the viceroys of the caliph who were sent to govern Spain ruled it on the whole with wisdom, and shewed more leniency towards the natives than their creed appeared to sanction. And hence under Abderrahman Spain became so agreeable and prosperous that even its native historians have recorded the virtues of this prince. On his death in 787 a period still more brilliant succeeded; the annals of no nation perhaps exhibit an era more glowing than the dazzling, though comparatively brief caliphate of Cordova. Its representatives, his descendants, were chiefly members of the exiled Omeyades, who had here found an asylum when driven by the sword from Syria; and misfortune having taught them toleration, they for upwards of a hundred and seventy years governed with equal ability and amenity. The arts were encouraged, the sciences extended: in Cordova alone a library of four hundred thousand volumes was amassed, and seventy like institutions were opened for public enlightenment throughout the province of Andalusia, seventeen great academies were established in Spain, and whoever was most eminent in literature or art received invitation to occupy their chairs. Under such auspices science and civilization attained a height previously unparalleled: a hundred and twenty distinguished authors published their works in Granada alone, and architects of corresponding magnificence raised that mighty structure the Alhambra, whose gigantic dimensions and gorgeous decorations yet remain to excite the wonder and admiration of posterity. Forty thousand could be quartered within its vast recesses, and yet its apartments were so constructed that no noise could be heard. Secret caleducts preserved an uniform temperature, and the windows were so contrived that, while softening the light from without, they tended chiefly to raise the thoughts of

the inmates from earth to heaven. With this view the roofs were decorated with the most luxurious splendour. A soft yet alluring whiteness marked the walls; but on raising his eyes the spectator, excluded from external objects, found them rest with rapture on that dazzling and azure ceiling designed to foreshadow celestial brightness. Fountains all round attempered the air in summer, and lovely lakes in luxurious gardens reflected the beauties of the edifice as they reposed upon their shadows, while strains of enchanting music breathed melody throughout this terrestrial paradise. The lord of this vast establishment could either, as he chose, linger in solitude, or, if he preferred equally silent contemplation in the midst of men, he might enter a crystal apartment which, surrounded by limpid water and the songs of nightingales, enabled him to cast his eyes without, but at the same time to remain undisturbed within. Such magnificence had never before been known; and yet the condition of the people was not unhappy. A genial climate yielded fruit almost without labour, a fertile soil produced abundance without toil. The Saracens were alike enterprising and industrious. The east poured forth its treasures to their commercial activity, and mines and manufactures enriched their exertions in the west. Taxation was comparatively light, and on Moors and natives it pressed alike. Cordova contained two hundred and seventy thousand houses, eighty thousand bazaars, nearly a thousand gorgeous baths, and almost four times as many resplendent mosques; while the city might be said to extend twenty-four miles along the bank of Guadalquivir, by six in breadth, and eight hundred thousand inhabitants daily obeyed the voice of the Muezzin who summoned them to worship the Almighty and obey His prophet.

In time however the native population began to outnumber their Moorish rulers, and a war of race became inevitable, when the multitude of the conquered was seen to exceed the conquerors. In addition to the desires of the native population to free themselves from a galling foreign rule, there was the warm and deeply-rooted hatred of the Moslem creed, an increasing resolution at any cost to make the Christian Church drive from the Spanish shore the unbeliever with his false and sensual religion. The

slaughter of a few of the bolder Christians who spoke openly of their contempt of Mahomet and his followers, made the flame break out which had long been smouldering within, though the caliph Abderrahman seemed to desire to soften down the enmity of the Christians, and by that means to retain his rule. At this crisis the Cid appeared on the stage.

One of the petty Christian kings, Alfonso, prince of Castile, having been suspected of the treacherous murder of his brother, assumed the cause of the Church with zeal, to escape the odious though apparently just imputation; and having cleared himself by an oath, agreeably with the form customary in those days, he readily induced the Cid and several nobles who at first suspected him to join in a Saracen crusade.

But before it broke out the Cid himself became the object of the gloomy tyrant's doubt. Having been deputed by his brother nobles to administer the absolving oath, he expressed such distrust of the innocence of Alfonso that on regaining power he ordered him to quit his dominions. The Cid accordingly, instead of taking the field with a host of powerful confederates, was under the necessity, if he commenced the war at all, of commencing it alone; and to add to the depressing influence under which he set out, he was now subjected to the humiliation of expulsion from Burgos.

But he bore himself up with the spirit of a hero. He had previously been distinguished in several Moorish combats, and he resolved to retake the field with resolution unimpaired though in fortune depressed. Yet the circumstances were disheartening: the inhabitants of his native town were forbidden to receive or take leave of him on pain of death; and when he rode in melancholy silence through the streets, no soul but a solitary child was seen to attend his footsteps. She too fled on learning or imparting the stern mandate of the prince; and poverty with its withering blight cast its baneful influence over the resources of the hero. The fondness of his wife in part relieved the last, but no tender solicitude could in the first instance allay the painful impressions of the former. Taking from her head a garland, rich in gems, which had once been acquired at the expense of the Moors, "Receive it, my Rodrigo," she said, "it will supply thee with gold,"—an

incident which has given rise to one of Southey's most exquisite ballads.

But such a gift, even if accepted, would not have produced an adequate supply. He accordingly returned it to the fair lady, and had recourse to a measure which cannot be considered to add to the hero's fame. Getting possession of two caskets, he had them bound with such care that some wealthy Jew to whom they were offered, loaned six hundred marks on their security, in the belief that some old iron they contained was treasure; and as the borrower stipulated they should remain a year unopened, he meanwhile succeeded in obtaining possession of the much-desired supplies. It may be added that, before the period expired, the fortune of war enabled him honourably to redeem the caskets; but the incident is curious, and may be noted as a characteristic of the times, as well as confirmative of the surmise that Christian knights even in that era were neither always dull nor scrupulous.

After praying, as customary in that age, "for strength to destroy all pagans," and "for *guerdon* to reward those that followed him," the Cid set forth, and was speedily in conflict with the Moors. The condition in which he left was not enviable. "He looked back upon his home," says an old chronicle, "as he was about to depart, and when he saw his hall deserted, his household litter unfastened, the doors open, and the raiment gone, the seats removed from the porch, the hawks from the perches, the tears came into his eyes, and he said; 'My enemies have done this.'" But soon he was in the midst of a brighter prospect. He had not proceeded far ere he encountered the enemy. Bermuez, his standard-bearer, was quickly amongst their ranks, and the Cid and his adherents were not slow to follow.

Having placed his wife and children in a place of security, the Cid continued to follow up his advantages: but it were vain to attempt recapitulation of his different exploits. Each day during many months, if not years, was generally a day of collision or battle; but the encounters, perhaps as numerous, are now as unimportant and traditional as those of Wallace or Tell, or any like hero of subsequent fame. The booty acquired in these struggles was duly appropriated to the enrichment of himself and

followers; the land, notwithstanding the provocation he had received, was as loyally devoted to augment the kingdom of his sovereign Alfonso: and thus he found or fought his way to the good city of Valentia, which after a memorable siege and attack he succeeded in capturing. These victories of course reinstalled him in the favour of his once ungrateful but now patronizing prince. On obtaining possession of Valentia, he despatched an embassy to Alfonso, requesting the society of his wife and daughters; and Ximena, with her family, by permission of the king, shortly afterwards joined him in the city, where he spent the remainder of his honourable existence. Almost constant warfare signalized the whole of it. Sometimes defeated, he was more frequently victorious, and his rank advanced in proportion. Two princes in the neighbourhood solicited the honour of alliance with his daughters, but the wedding which followed was soon interrupted by the brutality of the husbands. In consequence of some dissension, or, according to others, denunciation of their cowardice in some subsequent action with the Saracens on the part of the Cid, the princes deserted their wives after barbarously beating them in a forest; and their noble father shewed himself as ready to raise spear in their behalf as ever he had been to bear it against the enemy. He arraigned the husbands before the cortez, or parliament of Castile, and demanded satisfaction of three sorts:—first, the restitution of "two good swords, Colada and Tisone," which he had presented to the degenerate knights on their nuptial alliance; second, restitution of the dowry given with his daughters; and, third, *personal satisfaction with the sword.* The parliament readily accorded the one; the princes, not without reluctance, parted with the other; but the last demand struck both with equal astonishment. A fierce altercation ensued. Count Garcia, uncle of the impeached, sought to save his nephews by insinuating that the Cid was insane: "Come along," he said, "infants; let us leave the Cid here; he lets his beard grow, but let him frighten us if he can." The Cid however retorted in fierce terms, "What hast thou to do with beards, Garcia? Never son of woman hath seized, never man, or Moor, or Christian, hath plucked mine as I did thine in thy castle, when every man, youth, and boy, in my host had his pull of it!" and the ire of the old count

being aroused by this unpleasant reminiscence, he readily assented to the decree of the cortez that himself and two nephews should meet in conflict three knights of the Cid. They fought and were defeated; but whether they experienced the usual fate of guilt, held treason in those days, is unknown. The Cid shortly afterwards married his daughters more auspiciously to the Infants of Arragon and Castile, two princes of still higher rank; and spent the remainder of his existence tranquilly in the city which he had acquired chiefly by the instrumentality of his sword.

A truce ensued with the Saracens, but before his death it expired. He was however now too old to retake the field, yet it was predicted that he should triumph over the enemy even after death. He died quietly in the seventy-third year of his age; but his body was embalmed, and in this condition, propped on horseback—the back of his favourite steed Bavieca, he was borne encompassed by his armour into the midst of the foe. At sight of the well-remembered arms which had often dealt on them blows so deadly, the Saracens, it is said, were seized with panic and fled, little surmising that the apparition which had filled them with such dread was now no longer living; and the Cid's adherents reconducted the body to Valencia in triumph, without the stratagem of which they had been victims ever occurring to the enemy's suspicion. His wife, who seems to the last to have retained an affection for him as devoted as in the first instance it was romantic, endeavoured for some time to preserve his remains, and placed them on an ivory throne, by the side of the altar, in the cathedral of Toledo; but after ten years, the chronicle bears witness, they became offensive in this locality, and were finally consigned to the earth in the monastery of Cardena. His family, save in the persons of female descendants, became extinct on his demise; and the old horse Bavieca, which had borne him triumphant through so many a field, was, adds the chronicle, after pasturing for years on the plains of the monastery, honourably interred by his side.

But the struggle which had been waged so long, terminated not with his death. It was now a fierce contest of race; and the old Gothic, after centuries of prostration, was at last to regain its ascendancy at the expense of the outworn warriors of the east.

Passing over many years, we find the Moorish dominion, with some brief gleams of life, gradually drooping. The Moorish kingdom finally ceased to be independent in the reign of Ferdinand of Arragon, and another prince of the same name who governed in Castile; the former of these successively capturing Cordova, Toledo, Valencia, and Seville, while the other obliged Mohamed Alamar to swear fealty for the kingdom of Granada, the last remaining Moorish possession in Spain.

It was the last of their treasures, and the most fondly cherished. The natives compared it to a pomegranate, so luxurious was the city and so luscious the clime. All the beauties of the kingdom seemed concentrated in this favoured spot. The snows of the Sierra Nevada on the one side attempered its heat, on the other the choicest fruits and flowers of the tropics bloomed in congenial splendour. Situated on two lofty hills, one of which the Alhambra covered, while buildings vying with it in gorgeousness adorned the other, the placid Douro flowed between, and seventy thousand houses intermingled with graceful squares and citron-groves, gradually rose to the mountain summit from the margin of the river. A splendid mixture of architectural magnificence and natural beauty diversified the scene. Luxurious gardens surrounded the houses in abundance, and far beyond the city to the distance of many leagues, stretched the celebrated plain of Granada, which seemed to realize all the conceptions of primeval paradise. The Xenil wound its course through the delightful valley, and the care of the Moors had directed its waters into a thousand streams, which increased the natural fertility and reduced the fervid temperature of the clime. Orchards, vineyards, groves of citrons, pomegranates, and myrtle, extended on every side, and the Moors were said to cultivate all with the devotion of a lover fondling at the feet of his mistress. Rich crops of grain imparted variety and bestowed utility on the scene; the silk-worms there spun their choicest productions, and the voice of the nightingale was represented never to be mute. Human industry vied with Nature's beauty. The peasants lived in happy occupation and tranquillity; the more refined orders in magnificence, and without either feeling or exercising oppression. All seemed united in considering it

as the bare ideal of that heaven which the prophet had promised to his votaries; and as it now, after the lapse of eight centuries, formed the only territory they retained in Spain, the natives clung to it with almost more than human tenderness.

Such was the kingdom on which the Christians had long cast lingering eyes. Two centuries had rolled away since the caliphs of Granada had for the most part submissively paid tribute to the sovereigns of Castile or Arragon; but at last both these kingdoms were united by the alliance of Ferdinand and Isabella, and these ambitious rulers felt a desire to add Granada to their realms, while on the other hand, a warlike Saracen, Muley Aaben Hazan, had attained to the coveted dominion, and evinced a resolution to assert its independence. In 1478, accordingly, when a Spanish ambassador, Don Juan de Vera, arrived in Granada to demand the usual tribute of sixteen hundred slaves, and two thousand golden pistoles, which the Saracen princes had long been accustomed to pay instead of a like amount and one hundred virgins, they formerly had been wont to exact,—"Tell your sovereigns that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute are dead," was the fierce reply, "and that our mint now coins nought but scymitar blades and lances' heads." The Spanish sovereigns desired no better. They had long formed a resolution to seize Granada, and playing upon its name, supposed to originate from the fruit which there grew in such luxuriance, Ferdinand had declared, "Seed by seed I will pick out this *pomegranate*;" alluding to his design of first assailing the dependencies of the city, and ultimately securing itself. Hostilities with Portugal compelled him for a time to postpone his intention; but these being concluded, he at last in 1481 took the field. The Moorish prince Soueran had anticipated him by assailing and capturing the almost impregnable fortress of Zaharah; yet this was more than compensated by the surprise, on the other side, of the town of Alhama, which a Spanish cavalier, Don Roderigo de Leon, the rival almost of the Cid in renown, had advanced upon and taken. Byron has commemorated the anguish of the natives upon this occasion in somewhat childish strains,

"Wo is me, Alhama,"

the translation of a plaintive Moorish ditty; and the

inhabitants of Granada were filled with such ominous apprehensions for the loss of their still more cherished Alhambra and city, that they entreated their sultan to secure both by the payment of the tribute disputed. Muley Hassan refused, and marched to besiege Alhama instead. A timely reinforcement saved it, yet the assault was so fierce that Ferdinand was on the point of relinquishing a conquest which indeed carried his forces into the heart of his opponents' dominions, but whose retention at the same time was likely to cost him dear. His intrepid wife at this moment averted the resolution. "What!" said Isabella, bursting into the council-room at Cordova, "shall we abandon the first acquisition we have wrested from the Moors? Do you talk of the expense of maintaining Alhama? Knew we not when we undertook the war that it would be one of labour, and cost, and blood? No! let us keep the town as a stronghold granted us by heaven in the midst of the Moors, from which our conquests may on all sides be extended." Her words prevailed; Alhama was preserved: measures were taken for its fortification, and means adopted for simultaneously carrying on the war against the Moors.

Prediction, powerful in those days, had meanwhile added its terrors to the superstitious fears of the Moors. Their sultan was brave, but his subjects remembered it had been prophesied Granada would fall during the reign of one Boabdil; and Ayxyah, his favourite wife, had borne him a lovely boy by that name. Muley himself was at first inclined to contemn, but Fatima, a Christian concubine, prevailed on him to countenance the voice of superstition, and even procured an order for the destruction of the son of her rival. The fondness of the mother discomfited the machinations of the mistress, and Ayxyah succeeded in securing an asylum for her offspring. On the son's attainment of maturity he disputed for the sceptre with the old king Muley, and the inhabitants of Granada ranged themselves on either side. The sire at last predominated, or Boabdil, unwilling to prolong an unnatural contest, sought escape and reputation by assailing the Christians, until his father in the usual course of time should be removed by death. He was defeated and captured; but Ferdinand, aware of the advantage he should derive from Moorish

dissensions, liberated and dismissed him with reinforcements to carry on the war with the partizans of Fatima; not however till he had obliged him to swear perpetual fealty. The recent invention of gunpowder enabled Boabdil to recover his ascendancy; the old Moorish battlements, which for centuries had frowned defiance to sword and lance, were unable to resist the attacks of modern ordnance; and Muley, retiring from the city, abandoned it partially to his son, who soon subsequently obtained complete possession by his father's death. Now arrived the time when the prophecy was to be fulfilled. Muley bequeathed his power to a younger brother, El Zagel; and between uncle and nephew was now renewed the strife. Ferdinand, as before, promoted the contest; the uncle at first had fortune on his side; but Boabdil, being supported by the Christians, ultimately obtained the advantage; and El Zagel, like his elder brother, retiring from the city, Granada fell to the lot of Boabdil alone.

Boabdil however had scarcely obtained possession of the throne when Ferdinand resolved to hurl him from its pinnacle. Numerous complaints were made, and after various pretexts the Spanish king summoned the Moorish to surrender Granada. Boabdil resisted, and an army of fifty thousand men advanced to besiege the city. Eight months were passed in resolute attack and equally bold defence; but courage in the end succumbed to numbers, and the Saracens were constrained to capitulate, on condition of being honourably passed with their property and families to a position on the Alpaxares; where it was promised they should live free, yielding but a trifling tribute, and subject to their own customs, laws, and rulers. In November 1491 these terms were agreed upon, and in January of the following year the Spanish king with his queen made their entrance into the long-coveted possession. But all the pomp and splendour attending their triumphant approach were lost in the superior impressiveness with which the Moors took leave of the territory they had owned so long. All the misery of his lot awoke on the mind of Boabdil as with his followers he stalked away in gloomy and mournful silence on one side, while music and the acclamations of the victorious enemy rent the air on the other. The city had never before seemed so fair in their eyes, the sun shone forth in cloudless splendour, and never had air, or earth, or sky,

appeared so delightful. With fondness they lingered as if they could have gazed for ever, the scene was so serene, the sorrow so overpowering. At last they gained an eminence two leagues distant from the city. The sun lighted up the summits of the minarets; the silver Xenil winded gracefully beneath; their cherished Alhambra stood erect in stately grandeur; and a sudden descent or divergence of the road shut out all from their eyes for ever. The scene was too impressive for mortal silence, the loss too great for human endurance; and when a gun booming forth announced that the Spanish had taken possession of the long-held domains of himself and his ancestors, all the hitherto suppressed grief of Boabdil burst out. His conscience now smote him that he had been the dupe of the Spanish monarch, or that he had not resisted as he ought, and *Allah achbar*, 'Great is God,' was feebly ejaculated by him amid a torrent of emotion. His heroic mother was moulded in sterner form: "You do well," she fiercely exclaimed, "to weep like a woman for what you have failed to defend as a man." *Allah achbar!* he again plaintively cried, deaf to such remonstrances, "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?" A vizier attendant endeavoured to console him by declaring that misfortune often rendered men as illustrious as prosperity, if magnanimously borne. The feeble prince drew a sigh only in reply, and the spot where he breathed it is still designated *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, 'The last sigh of the Moor,' but his stately mother refused to receive any such consolation.

With the fall of Granada, the fall of the Moors in Spain was consummated. The Cid, though he essentially contributed to their overthrow, died, it will be observed, long before its conclusion; yet his name is generally associated with the event. His deeds and his importance have perhaps been exaggerated, and a considerable share of imagination is united with his history. Still it is impossible to deny that, like Wallace, Tell, and most of similar heroes, whether his character be immaculate and his achievements true or baseless, his career and renown have exerted a momentous influence on the fortunes of his country, an influence perhaps in some degree traditional, but which the great body of the people will long continue to cherish, and never willingly let die.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

I NEVER remember a fairer summer's day than that on which our little party first gathered together at The Cedars. I had been there more than a week and was already *enfant de la maison*, renewing my early boyish intimacy with Ada, and studying her now with no small anxiety to discover whether she was really and indeed a wife worthy of Raymond, and likely to secure his happiness. My brother had arrived the day before. Shirley had joined us only that morning. The last comer is always a little uneasy, and Shirley was still, as Raymond laughingly told him, "a shade too much polished to be thoroughly comfortable." Ada, however, was the only one of us who had any right to be really shy. She must have known that she was the subject of eager though not unfriendly inspection to all three of her guests. She must have seen what we all thought of Raymond, and could not but expect us to be fastidious in our judgment. Somehow or other she carried it off remarkably well. She seemed so undisguisedly desirous to please us, and so very much afraid of not doing so—there was such a deprecating expression in her bright hazel eyes, such a pretty, timid, coaxing tone in her voice, that we must have had hearts as hard as the nether millstone if we had not liked her. My brother—always a little cynical, at least in theory—was the only one who reserved his judgment, and Ada shewed the quickness of her perceptions by her manner to him. Courteous and attentive as he was to her, she evidently thought him the most terrific of the party. She was in the habit of frequently interlarding her conversation with little appeals to her husband—but when she spoke to my brother she scarcely ventured to make the simplest assertion without claiming this support for it. I believe if she had told him that she was twenty-three last birth-day, she would have thought it necessary to avouch her statement by a beseeching "wasn't I, Raymond?"

We were enjoying the evening most luxuriously. Above the flower-garden was a double terrace of the closest and softest turf, divided by a sloping bed of roses, pegged down, so that they entirely covered the ground, and now presenting one unbroken sheet of bloom and fragrance. We were on the lower terrace; a carpet and cushions had been brought from the house to furnish us with all appliances for reclining at our ease; at our feet was the gay parterre, multitudinous in scents and colours—beyond it, the wide smooth lawn with its superb group of cedars—and further yet, where the rich plantations opened, a distant view of wood and vale, and upland, crossed by the gleam of silver waters, and backed by a filmy rampart of blue hills. Here we lounged, and sipped our coffee, and chatted; my brother a little apart with an open

book on his knee; Ada with her work in her hands, but far too busy talking, listening, and looking, to do a stitch of it; and Raymond with his arm over the neck of his favourite Czar, the most magnificent dog I ever saw, a pure mastiff, iron grey with black muzzle, and eyes as dark and speaking as his master's.

"Is not this the perfection of the *dolce far niente?*" said I, stretching my hand to pull a rosebud, and making a feeble attempt to stick it behind Czar's ear.

"All of us enjoying it except that inexorable Lyndwood, whose only notion of repose is a change of labour," observed Raymond, glancing at my brother. "Labour!" echoed Shirley rather contemptuously, "when he is only reading a novel!"

"Reading a novel is sometimes very hard labour indeed," said Raymond, "and Miss Austen of happy memory, might teach us that a worthy reading of the best of novels is any thing but idleness. Don't you remember her indignant appeal against your scornful phrase, 'Only a novel!'" "True," said Shirley, "and in these days one cannot venture to despise novels *en masse*, notwithstanding the great river of nonsense which flows under the name. But one may regret, and I own I do regret, that modern genius should have chosen this special form for its manifestation."

"And why, pray?" enquired Raymond, raising himself on his elbow. "Why?" repeated Shirley. "Because it is—at least, because I think it an unworthy form. The natural business of the novelist is simply to amuse; artists and moral teachers are wasted in this capacity. I may recognise Rembrandt's genius as heartily as any man, but that would not make me admire his style or his subjects.

Ray. The simile does not fit. Rather say, "I, being a dabbler in water-colours, think it unworthy of Raphael to have painted in oils." My dear fellow, what signifies the vehicle—it is the monarch who rides in it, the genius, at which we ought to look. And there can be little question that in these days the novel has taken the place both of drama and epic in our imaginative literature; we have novels and lyrical poetry, nothing else. The poet whose soul says to him "Thou shalt create," has no choice but to write novels.

"Nevertheless," said I, "I think there is a reason for the popular prejudice against novels, as for most popular prejudices. The form is too easy, at least to superficial critics."

Ray. Aye, metre was a strong rampart, it needed a little courage to storm it. It was a good test also—the pretender was exposed at once. A pickpocket manages to pass for a gentleman well enough in tight broad-cloth and polished boots, but he would have found it a harder matter to carry a cloak and a rapier and be detected neither by stumbling nor swaggering.

"Men write novels," said I, "who have served no apprenticeship, either to nature or art. Every one who can write a letter thinks that he wants nothing but leisure and resolution to enable him to

write a novel. And the mere process of narration, the mere recurrence of names, has something stimulating to lazy and vacant minds. However bad it may be they dawdle through it, and think it only less interesting than a good bout of gossip."

Shir. Thank you, gentlemen. You are proving my point for me. Does not all this shew that novels are intrinsically and of necessity a low class of composition, and that a man of real genius ought not to make them the principal instrument by which he reveals his mind to his generation.

Ray. (eagerly) Not at all! This easiness of form is only apparent, a disadvantage I grant you, but by no means a defect. I am persuaded that the novel is the most difficult of all forms in which to produce a great work of art. Which is easier—to climb a mountain when you have nothing but rock and heather between you and the towering summit, or to find your way to the same summit through a pathless forest where your course must bend a thousand times to pierce the brushwood, or wind around the trunks of the trees?

Shir. (laughing) I am no match for you in metaphor—but the question is whether your summit is worth reaching after all?

Ray. That is a question which concerns all art, not the novel only. You may argue if you like that art was only intended as a relaxation; I will set Ruskin upon you, and contend to the last gasp that it is one great means for the ennoblement of human nature, and rightly used, teaches not the less surely because it teaches indirectly. Mind, I am no bigot. If there be a falsehood against which more than against any other my whole being rises up in wrath, it is that one class of temperaments ought to legislate for another, and determine what means it shall use and what leave untouched, for lifting itself a step upward in the scale of humanity. I abhor the idea. God is the author of temperament as of life, and of art as of nature. Let the puritan, whether he be intellectually or spiritually a puritan—choose his own path for approaching the One Unchangeable Truth. We are climbing the same mountain, but he trusts to his feet only, while I clasp thankfully each invisible hand which is stretched forth to encourage or aid the ascent, and believe with all my soul that they are the hands of angels. Let him renounce beauty and starve the senses; let him shear away the ornaments, and blot out the colours, and shut up all the avenues (which, remember, God made) except the one which he has chosen for himself to walk in—and there let him walk as cold, and bald, and steady, and contented, as he likes. I have nothing to say to him, let him have his way, if he will. Music was not meant for the deaf, nor colours for the blind, but shall there be therefore no music and no colours?

I. (interrupting) Come, come, Raymond, you are no bigot!

Ray. Well, I must confess I was a little hard upon the puritan, but only in theory, not a jot in practice. I not only give him leave to make his own selection among God's gifts, but I assert that he

is perfectly right in doing so. Whether he has no appetite for what he renounces, or whether he likes the food, yet finds or thinks it injurious, the result is the same to himself. Far be it from me to think of forcing it upon him. I would as soon feed Czar upon the honey of Hymettus; poor old Czar! don't be affronted at the comparison! But what I complain of is that he should stand up and say to a class of men whom God has made with faculties and tastes in which he is deficient—men who hunger for that which he rejects, and thrive upon what he cannot digest—"the utterances of my soul and the workings of my intellect shall be all according to the fashion which my temperament demands or which my judgment has selected, and you who are born with another temperament and whose judgment has led you to a different conclusion shall follow the same fashion. Therefore I will spend my life in a perpetual state of grim self-satisfaction, and you shall spend yours in a perpetual state of indignant self-denial."

Shir. Nay, but do you allow nothing for the wisdom which springs from experience? May not I, in this evening of time gather up the works of the day, and say, "I see that such seeds bear no fruit, or bitter fruit, and therefore they shall not be planted?"

Ray. Yes, of course, in your own mind.

Shir. But may not I guard others?

Ray. Yes, of course, if you are infallible.

Shir. You accept no advice then unless your counsellor is infallible!

Ray. Ah! advice! I was talking of laws, enforced by pains and penalties. My dear fellow, let the ascetic advise the artist all his life through. I have nothing against it except certain secret twinges of pity. Why the very fact that the one uses a greater number of faculties than the other, proves that he is exposed to a greater number of dangers. Every path is dangerous—every privilege brings responsibility with it; there cannot be too many warnings. Only it is a fundamental article of my creed, that every faculty which God has given us He means to be exercised, developed, disciplined, and *used*. That it exists proves that it was intended to fill a place and do a work, not to be crushed and starved. Fix the limits of its sphere as jealously as you like, only allow that it has a sphere. And now ascetic! (with his hand on Shirley's shoulder) what admonition have you for me?

Shir. Only this, artist! Beware, lest in your strong assurance that there are many avenues to truth, you fall into the error of supposing that there are many truths!

Ray. A wise counsel! A just admonition! No, no, the throne of truth is unchangeable, and if you could shew me that any one of my paths led in an opposite direction, I would turn my back on it at once. And with regard to spiritual truth, I would not have you suppose for a moment that because I think the accent in which the creed is uttered may vary, I would tolerate a variation in the creed

itself. I would only say, if I do not step beyond my province in so saying, that there can be no more dangerous habit for a Church than to define with paralysing exactness her outward rules and demonstrations, and yet to leave the limits of her creed uncertain. To be precise about the colour but indifferent to the substance of worship. Or even to say to her children, "Because a peach was once poisoned you shall never taste peaches, but you may eat all other kinds of food as freely as you like, and I will never ask what there is in them." As if it was the peach and not the poison that did the mischief!

Shir. Well, you have opened a wide subject for discussion on some future day. But in the mean time I wish you would be a little less discursive. Go back to your forest and your novel! Admitting (though regretting) that there may be a great work in this shape, tell me what you would pronounce the conditions of greatness, and where you think they have been fulfilled. In "Uncle Tom?"

Ada. Oh, yes—surely!

Ray. Uncle Tom is full of genius, but I don't call it a great work of art. It is a succession of scenes, full of power, of pathos, of humour; a group of characters abounding in life, vigour, and originality; a sequence of incidents of the most thrilling interest; but it is not a drama; it is not even a story. And as to the other American tales which have floated into popularity on Uncle Tom's shoulders, they are only so many proofs of the power of their introducer; they are neither natural, nor wise, nor true, and the best we can say of them is that they mean no harm, and that they give us some pleasant glimpses of the external marks of a state of society for which we have no parallel.

I. They certainly don't succeed in their attempts to pourtray society among ourselves. According to Queechy it is no uncommon occurrence among the English aristocracy, for a lady to go to a gentleman's house to be married to him—nay, if I remember right the wedding actually takes place somewhere in the bridegroom's grounds.

Ray. Yes—in a little Moorish temple—I suppose it is made Moorish to counteract the effect of the clergyman who presides in the dress of the Church of England. Well—my daughter shall never read Queechy—a heroine who begins to fall in love before she is twelve years old is a dangerous model, and may well finish by being married in a little Moorish temple!

Ada. The religion of those books is so very disagreeable to me. To read them one might really think that the Apostle's injunction had been "Little children, *judge* one another!" All the young people decide whether their elders are what they call "Christians," or not, as if genuine piety were like—like—

Ray. A Leghorn bonnet, and you could tell at a glance who wears it and who does not. And talk of the minutiæ of the confessional! Why that intolerable Mr. John in The Wide Wide

World, makes his *élève* give him a true, full, and particular explanation of the reasons why she yawned a fortnight ago!

Shir. The tyranny is not exclusively religious, however; it seems to be the authoress's only idea of masculine perfection. Mr. Carleton before he is "converted" carries all before him just as irresistibly as your friend Mr. John.

I. Hawthorne is, I think, the only great artist among the Americans, and he needs both serenity and taste to raise him to the highest class. His subjects are repulsive, and his mind, for the present, evidently morbid. But I have no doubt of his genius, and I hope to see him in a purer atmosphere at last.

Shir. Are we, however, better off ourselves? Novels pour from our press, and most of our cleverest men write them; yet how few names have we to add to the list of the old masters. We have Dickens also, the true poet of caricature; caricature being with him, only the outer garment under which the heart of truth and poetry beats warmly. With all his power, however, his wealth of humour and pathos, his inexhaustible imagination, his indefatigable spirits, he has surely some great faults as an artist, and some as a moralist. His mannerism is lamentably on the increase, and his effects are often theatrical; no better instance than the last number of Bleak House, which is so powerfully written that you read it in a passion of anxiety, but in which he has sacrificed truth, nature, and possibility, to his determination that Esther shall uncover the face of the dead, not knowing that she is about to look upon her mother.

Ray. I agree with you entirely. Then there is Thackeray, whom you admire, and whom I detest. He is a master of style, but has little genius, and his pictures, how carefully soever they may be painted, are so absolutely deficient in truth that they are intolerable to me. He is the exact reverse of Dickens, and wraps a garment of nature and simplicity about a soul of the most flagrant and grotesque caricature. Frank Smedley's delightful sketches have never yet been deliberately combined into a whole; and though we have a host of other tales carefully developed and full of talent and interest, as Ruth, or Ellen Middleton, or Natalie, they are rather *studies* than *pictures*. I might name a score, but I specify the three finest. No! I am deliberately of opinion that our modern novels furnish us with but one great work of art; but one name which rises into that highest region over which Shakspere holds his undisputed dominion amongst us.

Shir. A novel in that category! Even in the lowest place! Name! Name!

Ray. The very book Lyndwood is reading—Bulwer's last work, which he has chosen to call "My Novel."

Shir. Go back to the old debating-club days, Raymond! Here is an excellent subject for an oration. Make a speech in defence of your rash assertions!

Ray. If you would listen, I could speak for a twelvemonth.

Every reader must bear witness to the serene power and beauty of the book, but I maintain that both in conception and execution, both in its pictures and its characters, it bears and repays that careful and reverent analysis by which the wonders of a great work, and the defects of an inferior work, are evolved—a process which in course of time consigns the one to the treasury of our jewels, from which the other, though it possess a thousand attractions, is excluded. And first for the plot. You will tell me that this is no test—that our greatest dramatists have found, not made their plots. Granted. But the master-eye is revealed in the choice of a plot; the master-hand in the manner in which the rough incidents are knitted together; and the catastrophe evolved, partly out of the passions of the soul, and partly out of circumstance. This test is fully answered. We have a mystery suggested in the first page, impenetrable to the most practised and sagacious till the time of its revelation arrives; and when revealed, surpassing the expectation which it has excited by the intensity of its pathos and the solemn depth of its horror. Nothing can exceed the complication of the threads with which this main clue is intertwined, yet the web which they combine to form is smooth and transparent. The book is worthy of examination, if only for its ingenuity; and when the secret is known, there is so deep a pleasure in gathering up the indications of it, so many touches of pathos thrill you as you proceed, that the delight of the study is rather increased than diminished by the absence of curiosity and suspicion. Then consider the multitude of characters, each in itself a study. How true, and natural, and English the whole picture of Hazeldean; what living sketches the squire and his wife; how exquisite throughout, from first to last, the portrait of Parson Dale! In some few points transgressing, as the best men of his generation did transgress, the severer rules of our own, yet where will you find the character of the Christian pastor, whether in its love and simplicity, or in its true power and irresistible dignity, more impressively pourtrayed? And the man is alive too—you feel his presence, reverence his goodness, respect even his foibles, you know and you love him. Then the Italian recluse—quaint, grotesque, redeemed from absurdity by the heroism in his life, and the nobleness in his heart; always studying Machiavelli, and proclaiming his profound acquaintance with the mysteries of human iniquity; always duped by the first man who is wise enough to enlist his heart against his head—there is great refinement and truth in the satire with which this character is drawn. Of this group Jemima seems to me the only failure—she is feeble and unreal—she is however only a trifle in the sum, and we can easily spare her. Or take the whole story of Leonard and Helen—perfect in itself, yet never detaching itself from the main stem of the plot, where will you find a lovelier picture? The troubles, the growth, the faults, the development, the self-conquest, and the final triumph of the youth's mind. With what admirable truth and power are they depicted! I know no

sweeter picture than that of the joint life of these two ere either had quite escaped from childhood. I especially delight in the interview between Helen and Burley; her appeal to the profligate has all the force of womanhood about it, but the moment that he shews he has a heart to be touched, her childish innocence comes back deliciously, and she tells him that he may stay now, for she does not think he will do any harm. This is nature itself. A hand less true or more timid would have shrunk from making the child see so deeply and act so boldly, or having done so would have made her consistently precocious. The whole episode of Burley's story is admirable. You cannot refuse your tears to the wasted power and the ruined life, yet you are never suffered to forget, while you accord pity, that he has descended below sympathy. Indeed our moralist is never at fault, and his lessons are so naturally developed, they are so much more parts of his story than comments upon it, that they impress you like the realities of life. In the accomplished villain, Randal Leslie, (and here I must notice in passing how clever is the picture of his comfortless home, where no influence of right, or even of respectability existed, to check or shame the bad impulses of his nature,) in him I say it seems a matter of course that you should perceive the degradation of evil; but it is as marvellous as it is admirable, that you are taught even by the characters with which you sympathise, how evil is inseparable from degradation. This may be called the key-note of the strain. No false glow is suffered to bewilder our eyes, no veil of charity to disguise the sternness of truth. We may weep as we sign the sentence, but we sign it whether the criminal be Leslie or Burley, poor Frank Hazeldean or the majestic and noble-hearted Egerton.

I turn now from these minor and accessory beauties to consider the two great characters of the story, Egerton and Harley. Let us take that scene between them—the finest in the book—where they meet after the secret is discovered, and let us analyse it. We shall find every word pregnant with meaning. First, notice how we are prepared for it. The two characters have been developed by a thousand touches, without parade on the author's part, almost without consciousness on our own, till they are living men whom we know and comprehend. Thus also we are convinced of the strength and tenderness of their friendship, as if we had grown up with them, and witnessed daily proofs of it. The melancholy circumstances which have separated both from the love of women are indicated, not explained, so that you see how their friendship had become a passion. For Audley, the proud, solitary, stately political chief, it constituted the whole inner life. Faint hints of some secret and bitter consciousness of offence prepare without enlightening you, and your sympathies gather strangely around this man, to whom the poet has imparted throughout an undescribable dignity. In the same manner does the mystery of some great untold sorrow, which has coloured the whole life, attract you to Harley, and the contrast between the workings of his dark paralyzing memory,

and the exquisite buoyancy and beauty of the original nature is most touching. You echo Egerton's passionate exclamation, "I want you to be consoled!" You shrink as the mother shrinks when Harley's own lips sum up the catalogue of all the rich hopes and promises of his youth with the mournful words, "And all to be buried in a single grave!" So do the two men stand before you when the mystery is revealed. The dark and terrible truth which is to separate them for ever breaks upon you while your eyes are yet filled with the remembrance of that moment of unwonted softness when Egerton bent his haughty brow upon his friend's shoulder and murmured, "If I lose your love I have nothing left." Mark the consummate art in all this; mark too the perfect taste. The history of Nora, so intensely painful that had it formed the theme of the story we could scarcely have borne to recur to it, is endurable as a retrospect, and the terrific hour of her death explains that picture of the lone cottage and the aged desolate pair which from the moment in which it was first brought before us has thrilled us with a nameless shudder. And now we have the whole tragedy of Audley Egerton's life. I know none deeper. He has sinned against the friend whom he loves with all the energy of his soul, and against the truth and honour which comprise his highest ideas of virtue. And almost from the moment of his sin retribution (and what a retribution!) has fastened upon him, and it never leaves him. Our minds actually shrink back appalled from the contemplation of that midnight awakening. I think it is the most terrible scene in all fiction! after which no peaceful sleep was ever to visit the eyes so fearfully opened. Yet though our pity rises to anguish, it is never so far engaged for the criminal as to lose sight of the crime. You forgive the first burst of passion—you cannot help forgiving the subsequent deception—but there is an interval which you do not forgive; an interval in which you are compelled to see that the lofty spirit deliberately stooped to meanness rather than subdue its will and resign its idol. I honour Bulwer for forcing us to see this interval. God never suffers a noble character to go blindfold into sin, and I think there is positive immorality in so painting temptation that you feel that a way of escape was not made. Here, however, though made it was not taken. And long years afterwards the proud brave man sits alone and in terror, "the drops on his brow and his frame trembling." What does he dread? "Nothing but the accusing face of an injured friend! nothing but that!" The hidden contrast of his life is exposed, and you behold him—oh words of shame and woe!—"the august high-crested gentleman, to whom princes referred for the casuistry of honour—the culprit, trembling lest the friend he loved best on earth should detect his lie!" Let us turn to Harley, and again admire the consummate skill of the artist. By means the most simple and natural he is made to believe such an utter blackness of guilt in his false friend that revenge becomes his only thought. You cannot marvel that this goodly nature is thus turned into wrath and bitterness—

you can scarcely condemn him for the fearful vengeance which he contemplates, though you are made to feel even here that he was laying up a vengeance as fearful for himself.

I pass the beautiful scenes with Mr. Dale and Violante, where the character of the latter is for the first time fully developed. I come to the meeting. Only observe how easily a lower artist might have involved the reader in Harley's error, and so, by maintaining the mystery a little longer, lost all that agony of sympathy in which we sit beside the conscience-stricken Audley, and wait and tremble with him. And now the two men confront each other: "you might have heard their breathing!" Like a murmur of mournful music before a funeral procession are the few words in which the fall of Nora's record upon the statesman's table is described. Then the first awful question is put, and answered. The next words drive it a little deeper, and we shudder like men watching in a torture-chamber at the terrible agony of the reply, "I resign your friendship, I submit to your contempt, I dare not implore your pardon. Cease—let me go hence, and soon." Harley looked at him stedfastly, and *then turned away his eyes.* He is unshaken; he is going to drive the iron yet deeper—but (exquisite touch of nature!) he turned away his eyes from his own work, and continues it! "Account to me for that life which you wrenched from mine! You are silent. I will take your task upon myself. You took that life and destroyed it." The faint cry of anguish, "Spare me! spare me!" is followed by words as beautiful as they are bitter—it seems as though Nora could be named in no language but that of poetry. A moment more and there is a change in Egerton's demeanour. The first crushing shame has been lived through—the unhealed wound, so carefully shrouded, has been laid bare and rent open—and now he resolves to endure, and not escape according to his first impulse. "I bear all from you," he says with melancholy humility, "It is just!" Nor does this deep submission of the proud man waver, till he is accused of that which he has not done, and would have scorned to do. Then all his energy is restored in an instant, and he rebukes his accuser, and vindicates himself. Then too Harley changes. Nora was *not* wronged—the blackest part of the dark tale is false. "Ah prove that," he cries, "and revenge is over. *Thank heaven!*" There is exquisite beauty in this outbreak of the generous heart, so thankful that the wrong was against itself only. And when, after Egerton's eager speech, with its brief touching allusion to the "vain hope" which he resigns, Harley demands his confession, he demands it hesitating and half ashamed. Nothing can be finer or more touching than the confession which follows; we feel with the speaker at every word, and we feel the effect which he is unconsciously producing. How incomparably is the change in Harley described. The old boyish love comes back upon his heart as he listens, comes back in such strength and such softness that he utterly forgets his meditated revenge, and when reminded of it shrinks with horror from him-

self. Egerton understands him not, but accepts even the shadow of a pardon. Nothing could convey so forcible an idea of the depth both of his self-condemnation and of his affection as that last brief appeal, in which you see with a kind of wonder that he neither resents nor resists Harley's supposed intention to withhold from him the knowledge of his child. He actually *pleads against* it, yet seems to submit to it. And then comes the moment for which we are longing—comes in a yet lovelier shape than we have dared to imagine it. Harley flings himself on Audley's breast, but the words which break from his lips are not "I forgive you;" they are "Me, me, pardon me Audley!" Have I not said enough?

Ada. You have left out one exquisite touch I think. Harley says, "Look up! look up!" we feel directly that the proud face was hidden on his shoulder, *as once before.*

Ray. (After glancing at us to see whether we notice the fineness of Ada's perception.) *One* exquisite touch. I have left out a thousand! But have I not said enough to justify my praise?

Shir. I object to the conclusion of the book as too theatrical.

Ray. Nay, I think that objection is nullified by the fact that Harley purposely concentrates the whole into a single scene.

I. I object to the Peschieras.

Ray. Mere machinery in the story; a little melodramatic perhaps, but cleverly managed.

Shir. You have not mentioned Dick Avenel, whom I look on as one of the cleverest characters in the book; nor the election, which is admirably painted.

Ray. I tell you I have not mentioned a hundredth part of what I admire; would you have me talk till morning? I must mention however that genuine touch of nature, the half-affection which gradually grows up in Audley towards Randal Leslie. He was "a man who could have loved a son;" how unspeakably this little trait enhances the pathos of his one interview with Leonard, and separation from him!

Ada. Ah, my only objection is that Audley did not live a little longer to enjoy his son and his friend. It was cruel to kill him—his whole life was punishment.

Ray. Be content with knowing that he waked the morning after his confession and saw Harley's face at his bedside!

Shir. Let us appeal to the Cynic if we want objections.

Ada. (softly.) No; don't appeal to him.

Ada pointed to my brother who sat shading his face with his hand as he read, with the glaze of a flagrant and undeniable tear on his cheek. "Well," said I, "it *is* a wonderful book."

Ada. And we have had a wonderful discussion. I have so often wished I could be present at a debating club; do let us have one here, and settle that we will discuss a book or a subject every evening.

Ray. Subjects, social, moral, and literary, and you shall be in the chair.

Ada. I know whom I shall oftenest call to order.

Shir. At any rate, Mrs. Raymond, you must fix the question to-morrow evening, and Lyndwood senior shall make the first speech. And so success to our debating club.

We sauntered in, Ada confiding to me as we went so enthusiastic and significant an admiration for Harley L' Estrange, that I could not help glancing at Raymond's black eyes, and asking her whether she did not think it was very unnatural that Harley's should be blue.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL OF PARIS.

THE HOSPITAL OF THE ENFANTS TROUVÉS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE first hospital in France, or we believe in the world, avowedly including in its engagements the reception of foundlings, was that founded at Montpellier by the *Confrérie du St. Esprit*, an order instituted by a bull of Pope Innocent III. dated tenth kalend of May (22nd. April) 1198, and of whose remarkable founder, Guy, or Guido, son of Guillaume, count of Montpellier, a recent writer says that "he appeared to be a man born to revive the flagging charity of the faithful towards the close of the twelfth century." He consecrated his entire patrimony to the foundation of the order of the *Saint-Esprit*, a body destined for the service of the hospital built by him at Montpellier for the reception of sick persons and foundlings (*enfants exposés*). It is to be observed, however, that in this case the hospitality offered was strictly confined to orphans and legitimate children; none were received without proof of these qualifications, and illegitimate offspring were expressly excluded by the statutes of the founder. The institution does not, however, appear at that period to have taken deep root in France, for although we still find it existing in the time of Louis XIV., the state of abandonment into which, as we shall see, these poor infants had fallen when St. Vincent de Paul appeared upon the scene, shewed how short the establishment had fallen of what was needed. Its zealous founder was indeed soon called away from his own country, together with a body of his Hospitallers, to preside over the celebrated hospital at Rome, called in those times the hospital of St. Mary in Sassia, or Saxony, and subsequently that of the *St. Esprit;* but now, if we remember rightly, known there as the hospital of San Michele. The institution was originally founded by Ina, king of the Western Saxons; but after the approval of the

order of the *St. Esprit* by Innocent III., converted by that pontiff mainly into a house for the reception of foundlings. It is said that the pope was chiefly moved to dedicate the building to this purpose by the fact of the number of new-born infants which the fishermen of Rome drew up in their nets out of the Tiber; a subject which, by the way, may still be seen represented in a fresco on the walls of the hospital. It was owing probably to the departure of the originator of such receptacles that they do not appear, as we have before mentioned, to have at that time received greater development in this country; at all events we find a deplorable state of things existing at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII., in the early part of the seventeenth century. At that period, the most dissolute perhaps in the history of Paris, there were yearly abandoned within the city and its faubourgs from 300 to 400 new-born infants, and although a sort of legal charity did certainly exist for these unhappy little creatures, their treatment and the sufferings to which they were exposed are depicted as being to the last degree pitiable. It was the duty of the *Commissaires du Châtelet*, or officers of the high court of justice, to take them up, and make *procés verbal* of the spot on which they were found and of their condition. They were afterwards carried to a house in the rue St. Laudry called the *Couche*, seemingly the only known place of refuge for them then in existence. They were there received "by a certain widow," as we are told in the somewhat vague language of contemporary writers, who undertook, partly it would appear from motives of charity, partly as a means of livelihood, to rear them for the trifle that was levied upon the property of certain *Grand Seigneurs* of the city, together with the aid of such scanty charitable donations as she received for the same purpose. Any moral or religious superintendence of these lost creatures on the part of the authorities seems to have been deemed wholly superfluous, and among other instances of this neglect, we learn by the avowal of this widow of St. Laudry (as she was called) herself that not one of them was ever known to have been baptized.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that such hospitality as that of the *Couche* became soon a source of additional suffering and abuse. The servants too few in number for such an establishment, and wearied with the trouble of the children, drugged them into a sleep out of which many never awoke; or making a scandalous commerce of them, sold them for 20 sous apiece for pretended surgical operations; or more horrible still, in the words of a contemporary historian, "to supply those bloody baths, which had their origin in the desperate hopes of those who sought to prolong life at any price." Beggars too bought them as fit objects to excite pity; and to render them more attractive for such a purpose resorted even to artificial means of distortion. It is said that the detection of one of these miscreants in the act of disfiguring his victim, or horror at the sight of a child voluntarily maiming itself in the hope of exciting greater compassion, first

impelled St. Vincent de Paul to seek an alleviation for the crimes and miseries of such a system, and attempt the foundation of an institution, which with that of the Sisters of Charity then just organized, remain imperishable monuments of his name and ineffable philanthropy. "It is, above all, as the father of these forsaken creatures," says one of his biographers, "that the people venerate his memory." The walls of their humble abodes are hung with pictures representing the charitable priest carrying in the folds of his clerical mantle one of these abandoned little ones, or lovingly lifting it from the snow, on which it had been laid, whilst the mother watches at a distance the fate of her infant. The cottages of France bear ample testimony to the affection borne by the poorer orders to the memory of the most popular of saints. To appreciate the greatness of the efforts necessary in such times for the accomplishment of so novel a work, it is necessary to trace through the history of the hospitals of Paris the touching recitals of its creation, to follow St. Vincent in his active labours, to peruse his earnest appeals to the hearts of mothers in favour of the orphan and the foundling, to see how by dint of unwearying zeal, he gradually gathers friends, and succeeds at last in interesting the king and the whole court in his charitable purposes.

The great change in principle really introduced by St. Vincent de Paul, and what formed, though too often overlooked, the very basis of his system, was that it substituted for the time spontaneous instead of legally obligatory, and therefore unwilling and ill executed charity. This clearly appears from the manner in which he always solicited private and unofficial aid. Fortunately within the city of Paris in those times, as indeed in most others, the extremes of virtue and vice appear to have had a contemporaneous existence. By the side of the most unbridled licentiousness were to be found examples of the most austere purity, and amidst the most reckless enjoyments there were some who lived only a life of penitence and self-denial. This is evident from the fact of St. Vincent having been able to unite in his new association of *Dames de l' Hôtel Dieu* the names of more than two hundred ladies of the highest distinction, who regularly took their turn of service in the great hospitals of the city, superintending the labours of the sisters of charity, and preparing and administering with their own hands, both the food and the medicaments of the inmates. Persuading several of these charitable ladies, amongst whom the name of Mad^lle^ Legras, niece of the keeper of the seals, De Marillac, stands honourably conspicuous, to accompany him to the *Couche*, he displayed to them the magnitude of the horrors and sufferings which there existed, and succeeded in arousing in them the strongest sentiments of compassion and an earnest desire to provide a remedy. A few children, twelve in number, chosen by lot, were first taken in the year 1636 to a house rented for the purpose a little beyond the old Porte St. Victor, and there tended by the care of Mad^lle^ Legras and a few sisters of charity. A first general

meeting of this charitable association was held in 1640, affording as we are told "a curious and sublime spectacle; noble, titled and princely ladies, and a man absorbed by a thousand cares of great affairs, whom Richelieu honored and consulted, the correspondent of kings and queens, deliberated grandly together upon the lot of twelve little children, with as much seriousness as statesmen debate on empires, or other women on the adornment of their persons —how they should be clothed and fed, whether they should be brought up on goat's milk or cow's milk, or whether nurses should be hired in preference." Under the exhortations of St. Vincent a resolution was come to, to undertake the care of all such children. But the finances of the institution at that time amounted only to 12, or 1400 *livres* a year; and although St. Vincent obtained an endowment of 12,000 livres from the king, by the intervention of Anne of Austria, it was soon found that the yearly expenses exceeded 40,000, and the charity of these pious ladies began to recoil before the enormous sacrifices which it seemed likely to impose upon them. "The critical hour of these unfortunate beings was come, and a last general assembly of the association was convoked expressly to decide the question whether they should, or should not, abandon the institution of the *Enfants Trouvés*." St. Vincent de Paul presided on the occasion, and concluded his address to the assembly by words since become classical, and so well known and so often printed in France, that we are tempted to give them in the simplicity of the original:—

"Orsus, Mesdames, dit il, la compassion et la charité vous ont fait adopter ces petites créatures pour vos enfants; vous avez été leur Mère selon la grâce, depuis que leurs Mères selon la nature les ont abandonnées; voyez, maintenant si vous voulez aussi les abandonner; cessez d'être leurs Mères, pour devenir à present leurs Juges. Leur vie et leur mort est entre vos mains; il est temps de prononcer leur arrêt et de savoir si vous ne voulez plus avoir de miséricorde pour eux. Ils vivront si vous continuez d'en prendre un soin charitable; et, au contraire, ils mourreront et périront infailliblement si vous les abandonnez."

The simple eloquence of these words, we are told, electrified the assembly; tears flowed from every eye, and from every heart of these noble ladies burst forth the cry, that the children must be saved at any price. St. Vincent succeeded in awakening the interest of the king and of the court, as we have remarked above; and from that period various letters patent, and edicts from kings and parliaments of Paris, continued to endow the institute with grants and privileges down to the revolutionary period of 1790.

From the original foundation, as an institution of religious charity, these establishments have gradually extended themselves all over France, and become compulsory *dépots*, under state protection, for the abandonment of both legitimate and illegitimate offspring. To such a length has the principle in later times been carried, that some persons even ask whether the institution of St.

Vincent de Paul has been or not a public benefit, and see in it only an encouragement and premium offered to indolence, egotism, vice, and demoralized affections. But before entering upon a consideration of the legislation and statistics from which have originated such doubts as the above, we ought perhaps briefly to describe the aspect and usages of the Hospital of Paris, concerning the precise nature and office of which we apprehend a good deal of misconception to exist on the part of our English readers.

The house in Paris is, like all those appropriated to the same purpose, throughout the departments, regarded merely as a temporary *dépot*, in which the foundling remains until he can be transferred into the country. It is situated, as is well known, in one of the most remote suburbs of the city, just within the *Barrière de l'Enfer*, and at the extremity of the long street known by the same ominous appellation. There is little to distinguish the building externally, and were it not for the old worn-out tri-colour above the gateway which marks as usual the government establishment, it might pass for one of the long straggling lodging-houses of which this distant faubourg is mainly composed. On the gateway there is indeed a scarcely legible inscription of the designation of the building, in keeping with the sort of half mysterious silent air it wears; and which conveys to one much the same sort of feeling as is experienced when surveying the walls of a private lunatic asylum. But what to a practised eye tells the enquirer after his long walk that he is before the institution he is in search of, is a sort of niche or aperture pierced in the wall at one side of the gateway, to which is attached a handle communicating with a bell inside. Nothing can look more trifling or insignificant than this simple apparatus, resembling very much the trap through which the concierge of Florence sells his master the prince's flask of wine, to all comers. The object indeed would probably escape all notice from one unprepared to look for it, and yet on the maintenance or suppression of this trifling piece of machinery depends, as it appears, an expense or an economy of thousands for the city of Paris and the departments: on it have been written pages of discussion by philanthropists and economists; on its maintenance, the former will tell you, depends the preservation of the true principles of Catholic charity, and on its suppression, according to the latter, the only national and philosophical application of the principles of political economy.

The contrivance in question is technically termed the *tour*. On touching the handle mentioned, the bell rings; the small black trap-door revolves round and presents to the person who gives the signal a sort of *crèche* or cradle. In this the infant is deposited, the bell rings a second time, the *tour* moves round again, and the foundling is received and marked with the official date and number which are henceforth to be the sole indices of his age and origin. It is impossible to view this apparatus without calling to mind the figures, which as we shall presently shew,

tell of the astounding numbers of infants abandoned by its instrumentality, nor without a thought of what feelings the long, lone, solitary street must have witnessed, as night after night one poor child after another was stealthily deposited in this cradle of oblivion. The origin of such an appendage to a foundling hospital is no doubt to be found in the *coquille*, inside or at the door of churches in primitive times. But the usage cannot now be traced back to a very remote date, and it is certain that under the system of St. Vincent it had no existence. The first modern mention of it now extant is to be found in the statutes of the hospital of Bordeaux of the date of 1720, wherein its uses and principles are thus defined: "The *tour*," it is said, "is not placed to authorize the abandonment of children, to invite father and mother to it; but in a spirit of charity, to prevent their exposure in streets and public places, where they are liable to be trodden under foot by the passers by, or injured by dogs and other animals. If the father or mother be discovered, the child will be returned to them, and that without prejudice to proceedings against the authors of the abandonment." But the first legal recognition of this means of abandonment was made by the celebrated decree of Napoleon of 19th January, 1811, of which we shall have more to say presently[a]. Suffice it at present to remark that on the terms of its third article establishing one of these '*tours*' at the gate of every hospital or dépot—on the maintenance or non-maintenance of a system affording such facilities—turns the whole of the present *vexata questio* of the administration of this charity: a question at this moment occupying almost as large a share of the attention of the French government, and of the more serious portion of the French public, as that formerly given in England to the re-organization of the poor laws.

The interior of the Paris Hospital offers little matter for observation. It exhibits the ordinary appliances for the reception of infants, and for the maintenance and instruction of such children as are temporarily its inmates. The interest of the establishment turns far more upon the more or less wide application of a principle, and upon the greater or lesser facility afforded to those who seek its aid, than upon its material arrangements. A certain number of nurses are there always at hand for the immediate wants of such foundlings as are received in an infant state. But both these and also orphans or children of more advanced age abandoned by their parents and brought to the dépot, are with the least possible delay transferred to country quarters. There the infants are put out to nurse amongst the peasantry, at a pension of from 8 to 9 francs per month, during the first year of

[a] Fatal to the infant, fatal to the mother, fatal to society, the *tour* appears too well to justify the saying of an eminent English statesman who witnessed its operation, "that it was the cleverest little demoralizing machine ever invented."—Report of M. F. Cuvier on *Enfants trouvés*, adopted by the Council of State, 1851.

infancy; of from 6 to 7 francs until the age of 6 years. Certain gratuities are granted in addition to the above to such nurses as have reared a child satisfactorily up to the above age, and taken care that it has attended the gratuitous instruction open to it at the parish school. At the age of 7 years should its first nurse not be willing to continue longer in her charge, the child is placed, if possible, in the family of an agricultural labourer, or *cultivateur*, to whom a pension of 6 francs or 5 shillings a month is paid until the age of 12 years, after which its services are considered equivalent to its keep. It is by their ultimate adoption and marriage into the family with whom they have lived, that by far the majority of the *Enfants trouvés* are absorbed into the population. Those who are not so placed out, or who subsequently from sickness or incompatibility quit a country life, are temporarily maintained and instructed at the Hospital to which they belong in Paris or the departments until they can be appointed to some trade &c. Unfortunately great difficulty is experienced in placing the children otherwise than amongst the lowest and most brutalized class of field labourers, a population in many parts of France, hardly elevated in intelligence above their own beasts of burden. Each hospital is provided indeed with inspectors and sub-inspectors of its district, who are bound to visit at least once a month each foundling, and ascertain that it is neither over worked nor under fed, and that it receives suitable instruction at the *Ecole primaire*. It appears, however, that much remains yet to be done to render this mode of rearing satisfactory, or the inspection what it ought to be: and although a certificate of capacity from the mayor, "*pour bien élever*" is necessary to entitle a peasant's family to receive these children, such guarantees are either from interest or necessity granted with too great facility[b].

Each Hospital itself therefore contains only such infants or children as have been newly abandoned and not yet placed out, or have for health or other causes been returned by their nurses, or are waiting to be placed out as apprentices, &c. &c. Such establishments are in a perpetual state of change; children come and go daily; new ones arriving, others being sent off with their nurses—others temporarily brought back. The final tutelage of the administration ceases at the age of 21; when all the papers and documents relative to the foundling and constituting his *état civil*, as it is called, are finally handed over to him. It may

[b] "The class of bad and vicious foundlings, unhappily at present so large, would greatly diminish, if instead of being brought up by mercenaries taken out of the lowest and most necessitous classes, where they acquire only habits of theft and pilfering, they could be confided to the hands of honest instructors, who would set them a good example."—Observations sur les Enfants trouvés, par M. Gautier.

"No individuals can be found to accept the terms of the administration (six francs per month) save those who possess positively nothing, and live by rapine and pillage."—Ibid.

"Above all it is essential to avoid lending ourselves to the traffic of certain individuals, who seek to rear eight or ten children at so much a-head, as they would a head of cattle."—Ibid.

be remarked however, that at the present moment, the whole law respecting the administration of the *Enfants Trouvés*, is in so unsettled and unsatisfactory a state that each Hospital is left to act very much as it can, or as the public feeling in the department happens to dictate. The civil and economical administration of the interior is conducted by a director and directrice, who superintend, the former all that relates to the legal admission, enrolment, and future identification of the children; the latter to their physical wants. But each separate department of the domestic establishment from the *crèche* and the *cuisine* to the school-rooms and chapel are placed under the immediate control of the *Sœurs de Charité*, or the *Frères Chrétiens*, according to their respective vocations. The religious instruction imparted is therefore exclusively Roman Catholic, and to this fact may perhaps not be unfairly attributed the zeal of the Ultramontane party for these institutions, regardless either of the increase of expenditure or of the number of their inmates.

Owing probably to the short time during which the same individuals remain under the charge of their instructors, we were unable to obtain any satisfactory replies to our questions as to the dispositions developed by children placed in so isolated a position, and in whom one might suppose the ordinary affections of family and kindred to lie dormant for want of objects. We were again and again told that the children were very much what other children were. A greater degree of *amour propre*, a very general feeling of indignation against, rather than regret for, their unnatural parents, a distinction often very manifest between the lowly and the more highly born, were the only observations worthy of remark we could elicit from their instructors.

The only department in the building marking distinctly its character was the *bréche;* a long gallery fitted up with more than a hundred cradles, of which some thirty or forty gave audible proofs of being occupied. A machine stands in the centre of the apartment for stamping the number and date of the admission on a small leaden plummet, which is immediately suspended round the neck of the infant to distinguish it from its fellows. If the child be one found absolutely abandoned on the common thoroughfare, the name of the Saint for the day is generally given as the Christian name, and often that of the street or locality where it was taken up as the surname. But according to the present system enforced, the name of one parent at least is generally privately revealed to the Director of the establishment. As we have before remarked, however, the chief interest of the subject lies, not in the ordinary routine of any one of these houses of reception, but in the results of the principle on which they rest and of the variety of legislation which has endeavoured to grapple with its difficulties. Without stopping to enquire why the necessity for these establishments seems to have been greater in France than in any other country (a point upon which we have nowhere

met with a satisfactory explanation, nor are we capable ourselves of suggesting one), let us briefly trace their development from the original charity, until, as a state institution, they have assumed dimensions of such alarming magnitude.

Even so early as the time of Louis XVI. we find the private charity degenerating into a public abuse. A decree of the date of 10th January 1779, says that "His majesty remarked with pain that the numbers of abandoned children daily increased, that the greater portion of these were non-legitimate offspring, so that asylums originally intended to prevent the crimes to which mothers might be incited through fear of shame, had become by degrees dépots, which favoured the criminal indifference of parents:—that the hospitals of the great towns were overburdened by the multitude of children for whom it became more and more difficult to provide the necessary subsistence." But with the very commencement of the revolution the evil broke forth in all its violence. By a law of 10th September 1790 the expenses of the hospitals of the *Enfants Trouvés* were made chargeable upon the municipal towns and the departments; by another law of 10th December of the same year, they were made a direct burden upon the resources of the state. A decree of 8th of July 1793 established in every parish houses of depot for the children and succour for the mothers. In July 1794 complete liberty of abandonment of children was proclaimed, and the children themselves ennobled by the title of *Enfants naturels de la patrie*. Such was the state of things with which Napoleon had to deal after the revolutionary tumult had subsided, and to which order was attempted to be restored by the famous decree of 19th of January 1811. By that law the receiving hospitals were limited to one for each arrondissement, and no children were to be admitted, save 1st, those found in the public ways; 2ndly, those abandoned by known parents; and 3rdly, orphans left without visible means of support. But the most controverted section of the decree was that which enacted that "to every hospital there should be attached a *tour* in which the children should be deposited." The framers of the above article thought probably only of saving the infant from cruel and needless exposure in the public streets; but the result proved that instead of serving merely for a place of deposit, the *tour* became the ordinary and only mode of admission into the hospital. "The number of these establishments," says the able report of Mr. F. Cuvier on this subject, "and the too great indulgence of the law, open great facilities for the abandonment of children; the spirit of debauch made easy as to the means of escaping the consequences of its excesses, openly paraded its bad examples and culpable practices. Insidious advisers stifled in the hearts of mothers the germ of a good resolution, and a first fault so easily effaced only led the more readily to a second. In many localities a complete traffic was organized; the task of abandoning and getting rid of children at a distance became a matter of speculation; and at last, thanks

to the example set with impunity, the idea gradually gained ground that to separate oneself from one's children, and confide them to public charity was quite a natural thing[c]; and by the combined action of these causes, the abandonment of children assumed proportions frightful to contemplate."

A few years after the decree, the attention of the government was drawn to the continual increase of the children. In 1784, M. Necker had estimated it in France at 40,000; in 1810 it had reached 55,700; in 1814 84,500; and in 1818 M. Laine in his report to the king remarks with anxiety that it exceeds 97,900. Towards 1823 it had further increased to 111,400; and in 1826 M. Corbere, then Minister of the Interior, writes: "The number of children everywhere augments in a frightful manner. It is now above 122,000. If such a state of things be tolerated, we shall see the resources of the departments absorbed by the expenses of the *Enfants trouvés* alone."

In 1831 the numbers increased to 127,600; and in 1833 touched the calamitous point of 131,000. The expenses, it is needless to say, followed the same progression. In 1792, M. Roland gives them at three millions (£120, 000); in 1833, they amounted to nearly ten millions and a half, or upwards of £400,000. Nor was this increase of number and expense the only evil; the mortality of the children at the same time assumed proportions that were excessive. Calculated upon the lives of the whole number between the ages of one day and twelve years, it shewed a mortality of 13 per cent per annum; being double or triple that of children reared at home by the mother, let her penury be ever so great. Another odious consequence of the system was that of miscreants setting themselves up as regular agents for the exposure of infants[d]. This traffic had its origin mainly in the *Maisons d' accouchement* organized for the express purpose of ridding parties of their illegitimate offspring: "It would be difficult to believe," says M. Rémacle in his report of the 30th April last, "did not the result of judicial proceedings place it beyond a doubt, that the transport of infants to the hospitals has been, and perhaps still is in some towns a regular business. Many agents follow it. They have correspondents in the rural districts, who put them in communication with the mothers, and overcome the last scruples which they may entertain against abandoning their offspring[e]."

[c] "In giving up my children to the state," says Rousseau, "for want of means to rear them myself, in devoting them to become labourers and peasants, I thought I acted only as a citizen and a father, and regarded myself as a member of the Republic of Plato. My third child was placed in the *Enfants Trouvés*, as was the first, and the two which followed, for I had five in all."

[d] A curious question had recently to be decided by the Court of Cassation, viz., whether the putting an infant in the *tour* constituted of itself a penal action. The decision was at first in the affirmative, but was overruled by a subsequent judgment.

[e] "Under favour of the institution of the *tour* an abominable traffic has grown up. Men and women, to gain a livelihood, make a business of the transport of the children of unmarried mothers; nay more, to solicit and tempt these unfortunates in their own houses. To this end, a regular tariff was established, varying in amount,

Such is the picture of immorality, expense and mortality exhibited by these institutions in 1833. One of the first measures adopted to check the vicious habit of abandonment was the *déplacement*, the exchange that is of children from one department to another. Mothers had found means to trace their forsaken children from the *tour* of the Hospital to the peasant family in which they were put out to nurse; nay, there were cases in which the very mother contrived to receive back her own child and to be paid for nursing it. In the space of two years 36,000 children were thus removed. But this system was soon abandoned, because it had too much the appearance of treating the infants like mere "things." The government next determined upon the gradual reduction of the depots, and of the *tours*, as too facile instruments of abandonment. In 1834, five houses of reception and seven *tours* were closed; in 1835, thirteen depots and twenty-four *tours*; in 1836, thirty-six depots and thirty-two *tours*. In addition to this many departments adopted the plan termed *surveiller le tour*; that is, of not admitting the child presented at it until the person bringing it had been interrogated, and the motive of abandonment known and appreciated. This latter system has now been in use at the Paris Hospital since 1837. Whenever the bell of the *tour* rings, the directrice before turning the trap-door, warns the director who goes out, and invites the applicant to enter and give the required explanation. In practice it is found that a *tour surveillé* is in fact suppressed; for although the secret is respected, the facility of abandonment is lost. Nearly all the children are now either brought direct to the office of the Hospital and there registered after the required explanations, or the same ceremony is gone through before a Commissary of Police, who is authorized to receive the declarations of the mother, of her inability to support her offspring[f]. This measure was the more necessary at Paris, whither it had become a general practice with unmarried females to come, enter the public *maisons a'accouchement*, where they were received without one word of enquiry, maintained until after their recovery, suffered to depart unques-

like that of any other business, according to the necessities of the moment, or of what economists call the demands of the market. This was bad enough, but was far from being all. It would have been something, if at least the infants were treated with humanity, but it was far otherwise. The poor little creatures given up to these greedy keepers, were hawked about (*colportés*) like bales of merchandize, often stripped of their every garment. What mattered it in fact to the pedlar of such wares, how they arrived at the hospital? whether the *tour* received them dead or alive? He received his pay, and that was enough.... Nor was this all. There were men and women sufficiently devoid of every human feeling to throw into ponds and quagmires, the infants they were to have carried to the tour. The records of courts of justice reveal the cruelty of a woman in whose house were discovered traces of the dead bodies of 25 infants thus destroyed in the course of two years, and the lamentable tragedy of Tourney is unhappily not the only one."—M. Bandon, "De la Suppression des tours."

[f] One of the conditions invariably stated to the mother before the child is received is, that she will only be allowed to have tidings of it every four months, and that upon payment each time of five francs.

tioned, and their offspring sent as a matter of course to the Foundling Hospital. The numbers formerly received from this source alone, we are informed, amounted to 2,000 yearly, whereas at present they rarely exceed 5 or 10 per month; no female being now received in the *maison d' accouchement* without evidence of a year's residence in Paris, and of inability to provide for herself. The number of Hospitals, originally 293, has been gradually reduced to 152; that of the *tours* from 236 to 77. The Hospital is always open, but means are adopted, without aggravating the position of the mother or revealing her secret, to enable the authorities to judge of the condition under which she presents her child. Very often she is satisfied to keep it with the aid of a small out-door relief. If on the contrary it appears for the interest of both mother and child that it should be received, it is admitted. By these measures the number of foundlings which in 1853 was 131,000, fell in three years to 109,600. In 1838, it was reduced to 97,900; and in 1848, to 86,000, since which period there has been little variation. In 1831, there were 36,000 abandonments; in 1851, they amounted to less than 20,000. The expenses have also diminished from £410,000 in 1832, to about £300,000 in 1851; whilst finally the mortality which formerly averaged 13, has been reduced to 8 per cent. In 1811 there were nine departments in which no *tour* was opened; if we compare these with the nine departments which opened the greatest number of *tours*, we find in the former, one *enfant trouvé* for every 1426 inhabitants; and in the second, one for every 324 inhabitants; in the first, again, one abandonment for every 120 births; in the second, one for every 40 births. The most precise calculations seem to shew that the proportion of legitimate children in the whole numbers of *enfants trouvés*, for Paris and the department is about 10, and in some towns as much as 20 per cent. "More than 12,000 children born in wedlock," says M. Rémacle in his report above quoted, "are thus confounded with the offspring of guilt[g]."

The arguments put forward against these measures by the ultramontane party in France, assert such restrictions to be inconsistent with the intentions of the original founder; any sort of enquiry, they say, substituted for the *tour*, is destructive of the institution, that it drives mothers to infanticide[h], or to expose their offspring in the public streets; that to withdraw such children from the influence of their mothers is an advantage to society, that the contrary opinion is opposed to religious tradition; that the *tour* exists

[g] The minimum, which can always be calculated, has long been known to be at Paris, a twelfth; at Lyons, a fourteenth; at Poictiers, an eleventh; at Montaubon, a fifth.

[h] In his elaborate report to the Minister of the Interior on Infanticide (1845), M. Rémacle shews that whilst infanticide has no doubt deplorably increased, the augmentation has been 43 per cent. where the *tour* has been suppressed, only 6 per cent. where it has never existed, and 100 per cent. where it has been newly established.

at Rome under the eyes of the head of the Catholic world[i], and is in fact but another form of the *criche* which stood formerly at the church door, and that it has for its advocates those who have penetrated most deeply into human miseries, both moral and physical, the priest and the *sœurs de charité*[k].

It is in the face of such contending principles that the present government is attempting to legislate upon this important question. At the present moment three projects are under consideration; one, that of an extra-parliamentary commission appointed by the Minister of the Interior in 1849, and which proposes the closing of all *tours* whatsoever; another that of the Commission of Public Assistance, which demands their re-establishment in the *chef-lieu* of every department, and finally that of the present *Conseil d'Etat*, which leaves the decision of the question in each department to the *Conseil Général*. The last report on this subject, by M. Rémacle, the learned author of the History of the Foundling Hospitals of Europe, modifies this latter suggestion, and in accordance with the spirit of the present legislative body, leaves it to the Minister of the Interior to decide when and where the system of the *tour* shall be suppressed, retained, or re-established. And such will probably become the law of the land should the present *régime* last long enough to pass the bill next session, but it is not difficult to foretel that a question of such magnitude is not finally to be set at rest by placing its chief difficulty under the arbitrary direction of M. de Persigny or his successors.

[i] "England and Germany, after having included these establishments in their system of public charity, both early renounced them, because they found it impossible to separate the application of the first principle from the abuse of it."—*Reports of M. Rémacle*, 1853.

[k] The Univers, organ of the Ultra-montane party, in its number of 15th May last, says that "the whole gist of the question lies in the maintenance or suppression of the *tour*, that admirable creation of Catholic charity." It also bitterly attacks the bill in progress, because it "legalizes the measures against the *tour*, and completes the ruin of the decree of 1811, so outrageously violated during eighteen years."

THE PUBLIC CHARACTER.

WHAT greater affliction, what more lamentable lot than to be a Public Character, a man of note and name, a celebrity, whose very "dumb show" is watched, whose shake of the head, like Lord Burleigh's, has its interpretation, whose silence has its voice and meaning, whose slightest utterances are caught up and hummed abroad as "the last saying" of the great man. Such a one seems to occupy a sort of honourable pillory; he is the mark of the criticisms, judgments, opinions of every idle or inflated passer by, every unit of the judicial public, every Daniel who sits oracularly in his easy chair in every back street, who holds it his bounden duty for the general good to arraign the public character before the petty Sessions in the back parlour in the back street, and roll forth his pompous animadversions evidently beyond reversal in any higher court.

And where is any blessed privacy, any neglected nook to creep into out of the glare of a thousand glaring eyes? To what dim dusky woods, to what green obscurity and rustic hiding-place can "the public character" fly for a little peace or ease, a little breathing time, a little repose and rest where he may lie down amid the daisies and the buttercups and pluck the grass? Where can he throw himself down? Where can he pull a shade over his eyes? Where can he cast himself at the foot of some "antique oak" hard by some "brawling brook," and there lie unnoticed for a time and babble if he will about all kinds of lesser things? Suppose he has rushed off towards the green fields, the lion must be poked up; a speech must be got from him and a great oration; he must be walked out and looked at through and through; he becomes a sort of windfall to the sight-lovers and sight-seers of the country place who have read "the papers;" their own county papers in particular, and have him all by heart. Some neighbouring corporation, you may be sure, has got scent of him in the woods, and there they are waiting for him at his noble friend's whose country house he has sought because of its old trees, and quiet glades and avenues; there they are with an address, with the freedom of the town. One of the public's "detectives,"

a reporter, is at his elbow, or perhaps his own household drag him out, and his butler sends word to the aforesaid papers that he has arrived at such a place or is on a visit to such an earl.

If he goes to church, he runs some risk even there; in the very house of God he becomes to the more curious of the curious the object of observation, and glances are turned towards him, remarks inwardly made on his height or shortness, his nose, his eye, his chin, his manner, and he is not able even to hide himself among a multitude of sinners kneeling down in the sacred place.

His whole life seems to be printed in large type, in capitals; he cannot sidle into the smaller type of almost illegible paragraphs in the corner that fill up the page. There is no obscure corner for him. If he writes some little nothingnesses, the scribble, the autograph is clutched at by some eager hands to be paraded in some wearisome album; the merest smudge, the veriest scrawl, is seized upon as booty. In short, every thing he has, or is, or does, is the public's. A public man, according to the saying which stamps and stereotypes his misery, is "public property;" yes, "public property!" Most awful lot, to be the property, the goods and chattels, the belongings, of this many-eyed, many-mouthed, many-minded public! And let it not be imagined that in any such case the public actions of the public character alone are claimed. No, the broad arrow is on everything, on every part and portion of his life. There are your busy custom-house officers ransacking every trunk, every desk, every secret drawer of the desk, every hole and corner of his life, to see if he has kept anything back from the public eye.

Consider his letters, his most private letters, when once he has become great, what must he think of them? How can he write out his heart any longer upon paper? How can he let his thoughts trickle out at his fingers' end and his pen's end to his bosom friend far away? Is not the public looking over his shoulder, with its great eye seeing all that nonsense, as it may be, the light kindly pleasantry of the familiar note. Think of foreseeing the day when his letters to his own little Alice, the fair delicate girl sent into the country for fresh air, are opened out, blazoned abroad, printed off in books and "Memoirs," printed over again in

Reviews and Magazines, cast to the four winds, and to all the people of the world upon whom the four winds choose to blow. What a thought, that all is sure to come out, all his little tender sayings, all his playful speeches, all the gushings out of his heart that burst from him amid his bustle and his cares and his dry toils, just perhaps as he snatched a sheet of paper, while some tedious deputation was happily behind its time waiting for its interminable spokesman, or some portion of its tail. Must all come out, I say, when he is dead, all about the gray pony and the tumble amid the furze, and the new bonnet quite crushed, and the message in Italian which little Alice had a sore puzzle, notwithstanding the dictionary, to make out, and the "God bless you my child" at the end?

And yet what can preserve "the public character" from these unfoldings and unravellings of the innermost portion of his life? What between an inquisitive public and too open-handed biographers, the home scenes are all laid bare; we are led into the great man's closet, into the pleasant room where he pushed his papers quite aside and played at battledore and shuttlecock with Alice till his arm ached and to his delight a rich colour warmed the delicate girl's cheek. Doubtless it is interesting to see the great man in the undress scenes of life, to follow him into his quiet haunts where he unbends and talks without weighing words, to peep into his own little room where he sits by his daughter's side, to break the wax of all his confidential letters, his unreserved communications in which he pencils his own portrait without that stiffness of attitude with which he sits to the public's artists. Your peeping, prying antiquarian will sometimes rake up dead men's bones and fumble the skull and look into the dusty coffin; but to my mind it is something worse to peep into writing desks, to fumble the packages of letters put out of sight, to pore over bosom secrets, and to scramble into the inner history of the great man's life. Very interesting it is to pick the lock of his inner life, and get into the very cabinet of his heart. But is it moral? Is it right? Have there not been some monstrous immoralities in biographers in these latter days? In vain have great men marked this packet "to be burnt," that as "private and confidential," or thrust a third into some out-of-the-way hole where it might escape detection.

On catching sight of such a packet the biographer shouts out his "eureka;" this is the prize of all! Off with the wax! off with the tape! here it is; poor Alice, all the news to Alice, the whisperings of the man's spirit, breathed on treacherous paper into her ear, are the very choice morsels for the public's appetite. The biographer with such booty in his hands proceeds with conscious power to the dissection of the great man's heart. He operates before the gazing multitude; he opens it out vein by vein, shews the lesser veins, the minuter threads of the history, folds back the skin, goes to the very core; "There, there," he exclaims triumphantly, "I have shewn you all!"

And if there is danger of these revelations of the inner life of "the public character," must not the public character, while he is a living walking man, dread the showman and distrust the very friend at his elbow, and detect a Boswell in every intimate, and fancy note-books in every companion's pocket to chronicle every chance remark? Must not the prospect of this exposure check the flow of confidential intercourse, deepen reserve, deprive him of the refreshment of many communications of his mind, chill and stifle the affections, or send them back from the door of the lip when they were minded to break out, and make him always act as if he were in a room full of looking-glasses, as if portrait-painters were ever at work upon him, as if telescopes were ever turned towards him, as if bulls-eye lanterns were ever glaring after him in the dusky scenes of his retirement? Surely the dread of exposure will dry the ink in his pen and make him tear up all the deeper expressions of his mind. Surely it will drive him into himself, and lessen, nay, what is worse, what is sadder far, stiffen his notes to this same little Alice; the outbursts of nature will be restrained; all will be formal, business-like, cautious, deliberate; for there is no such thing as "private life" now to public characters.

In the vainer sort of public characters the effect will be worse still; they will be always acting; they will write little private-public notes; they will sit in an attitude for their portraits in their library as in parliament; they will express what will sound well in their biography; they will make up a good "life" before they die, and get up the material of a winning, taking kind; the drawing-room will

be like the drawing-room on the stage, with one side open to the public and the foot-lamps shewing it all off: the public character wonderfully amiable and talking as if nobody heard.

Well, fellow-privates in this regiment of humanity, we have much good in our privacy, much blessedness in our obscurity: we may be thankful that it is our lot to walk along the green lanes of life, without reporters, newspapers, critics, portrait-painters, biographers to bother us, to swarm round about us, to pester us, to pry after us wherever we go; there is no slight luxury in being nobody.

A FEW WORDS ON LEGENDARY ART.

A TASTE for art is, perhaps, in the present day as frequently possessed as it was once affected. Every movement of late years has tended to increase our dislike of ugliness; willow-pattern plates have lost their almost magical prescript, the graceful and emblematical beech-wood platter has superseded the japanned "bread-basket" of old, and a porcelain hen keeps our eggs warm for us at breakfast. There is a continually increasing love of epigram, so to say, and congruity, even in the lightest things of every day life; and with good reason. There is no more occasion for a thing to be graceless and ugly, because it is intended for a simple and useful purpose, than for a church to be built with mouse-trap windows, after Sir Christopher Wren's worst of fashions. People are every day beginning to feel that the love of the beautiful is no superstition, and that, whether its application be to the most humble or the most sublime ends, art is the most refining medium for chastening as well as developing the conceptions of the mind.

And yet the means of pursuing this study are comparatively limited, or rather, the materials are so unlimited, that few persons know whence to begin, and where to seek for the information they want. How easily is the mind tempted to wander from one object to another in the British Mu-

seum, and how difficult it is to determine upon a conscientious understanding of one object before we flit away to another. Again, if we turn to miscellaneous collections of pictures, we may admire, in succession, a Madonna, a Lycian temple, and an interior furnished and peopled after the days of Louis XIV., but our views of their real excellence are somehow confused with each other, and we quit the room, having seen "something more," but without being much wiser in consequence.

Fortunately, the classification of works of art is now making great progress, and we are rapidly obtaining the means of studying each department, and of blending careful and complete experience of one school or of one set of objects, with that knowledge of general principles, which must form the substratum of all sound information on the subject. A knowledge of perspective, for example, would enable us to distinguish a Van Eyck from a Claude, but some other knowledge is required to judge between a Van Eyck and a Giotto. The mental process requisite to identify a Grecian Bacchus in a room full of slabs from Nimroud is simple and straightforward enough, but to ascertain its probable antiquity from the presence or absence of a beard, makes a demand both upon our reading and our memory.

It is with the view of introducing to our readers some charming specimens of such classification that we have made the above remarks. Were we to attempt to notice all the valuable works, in various departments of art, which have from time to time appeared within the last ten years, our whole number would speedily be converted into a catalogue of names, and our readers would be more confused and less satisfied than before. We shall therefore confine ourselves to some recent publications by Mrs. Jameson, and to the "Christian Iconography" of M. Didron.

It is almost superfluous to expatiate upon the world-known ability of Mrs. Jameson, whether as the delineatrix or the interpreter of works of art. But in legendary art she claims especial pre-eminence. She is endued with a religious respect, which never degenerates into superstition. She displays veneration for the object symbolized, but without being blind to the incongruities of the representation. She has a deep sense of the poetry of religious art, but is never forgetful of the stern, prosy truthfulness, always neces-

sary, but too often wanting in the most brilliant efforts of the artist. Finally, she writes with a delightful freedom from narrowness of spirit. Herself removed from Romanism, she, nevertheless, to use her own words, "will neither be guilty of a scoffing allusion to any belief, or any object held sacred by sincere and earnest hearts;" but "neither," she adds, "has it been possible for her to write in a tone of acquiescence, where she altogether differs in feeling and opinion."

And it is only in this generous spirit of leniency towards the errors of others, and of allowance for the possibility of ourselves being mistaken, that the subject of legendary art can be approached, so as to become a study of interest and profit. As well might we condemn the Apollo Belvidere, because it was the work of a pagan artist, as cast an eye of coldness upon some wondrous production of Italian art, because it represents some apocryphal miracle of a doubtful saint. We must think of art only, and from art in the abstract, we must judge how listless would have been its productions, how stunted and still-born its conceptions, had not a piety, though sometimes even wild in its errors, fostered and developed what the hand, unaided by the heart, could never have effected.

There are few persons who can really enjoy a visit to a cathedral, and yet there are very few who are not sensible of some feeling of elevation as they enter the colossal nave of Winchester or Ely, or survey the detailed and uniform magnificence of Salisbury. It is only those who have learnt something, at least, of the developement of Gothic architecture, of the different character of monumental structures, and of the wondrous historical link between the dead and the living, who can spend five hours where half an hour would otherwise excite a yawn, and who can feel regret when they leave, and go again the first opportunity.

It is so with art. It is not necessary to be a *painter*, in order to enjoy a picture, but it is indispensable that we should be able to trace the connection of the picture with the subject. Is there a greater misery than to walk through a gallery destitute of a catalogue, and when does a brighter gleam of satisfaction glance upon our minds, than when the unquestionable clearness of the treatment suddenly recalls to us the subject of a painting, while some mighty freak of

genius leaves us in no doubt as to the artist? But to do either, we must have *read*, as well as seen.

When we consider that the majority of pictures by the artists of the middle ages, as well as of the greater schools which followed, embody sacred subjects, the importance of Mrs. Jameson's works will at once be perceived. It is in her works that we find the means of watching the gradual expansion of the same idea through whole centuries of art, through nations varying in every thing but belief, through endless vicissitudes of taste and feeling, and through revolutions which, while they have oftentimes destroyed kingdoms, have regenerated and restored art.

Of this universality of art, as applied to a single subject, this concentration of the world's genius on one object which it should glorify and adorn, the following eloquent passage is an admirable illustration.

"Of the pictures in our galleries, public or private, of the architectural adornments of those majestic edifices which sprung up in the middle ages (where they have not been despoiled or desecrated by a zeal as fervent as that which raised them), the largest and most beautiful portion have reference to the Madonna,—her character, her person, her history. It was a theme which never tired her votaries,—whether, as in the hands of great and sincere artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as in the hands of superficial, unbelieving, time-serving artists, one of the most degraded. All that human genius, inspired by faith, could achieve of best, all that fanaticism, sensualism, atheism, could perpetrate of worst, do we find in the cycle of these representations which have been dedicated to the glory of the Virgin. And indeed the ethics of the Madonna worship, as evolved in art, might be not unaptly likened to the ethics of human love: so long as the object of sense remained in subjection to the moral idea, so long was the image grand or refined, and the influences to be ranked with those which have helped to humanise and civilise our race; but so soon as the object became a mere idol, then worship and worshippers, art and artists, were together degraded[a]."

It is no small compliment, and yet a deserved one, to say that Mrs. Jameson's preface to the "Legends of the Madonna" abounds in matter which is important to the student of ecclesiastical history, as of art, and that her learning and diligence are as unquestionable as her taste and appreciation of the beautiful.

But as we have drawn the attention of our readers mainly to the admirable *classification*, which we hold to be the most important feature in a work of this description, as well as to the necessary existence of some common principle by

[a] Legends of the Madonna, pref. p. xviii.

which the details of criticism must be regulated, and to which they must ever be subject, we will venture on another extract.

"After this rapid sketch," writes Mrs. Jameson, "of the influence which modified in a general way the pictures of the Madonna, we may array before us, and learn to compare, the types which distinguished in a more particular manner the separate schools, caught from some more local or individual impulses. Thus we have the stern, awful quietude of the old Mosaics; the hard lifelessness of the degenerate Greeks; the pensive sentiment of the Siena, and stately elegance of the Florentine Madonnas; the intellectual Milanese, with their large foreheads and thoughtful eyes; the tender refined mysticism of the Umbrian; the sumptuous loveliness of the Venetian; the quaint, characteristic simplicity of the early German, so stamped with their nationality, that I never looked round me in a room full of German girls without thinking of Albert Durer's Virgins; the intense life-like feeling of the Spanish; the prosaic, portrait-like nature of the Flemish schools; and so on. But here an obvious question suggests itself. In the midst of this diversity, these ever-changing influences, was there no characteristic type universally accepted, suggested by common religious association, if not defined by ecclesiastical authority, to which the artist was bound to conform? How is it that the impersonation of the Virgin fluctuated, not only with the fluctuating tendencies of successive ages, but even with the caprices of the individual artists?"

Such have, doubtless, been the doubts, such the natural enquiries of many who have strolled through even a small collection of pictures, and who have been astonished at the variety of countenances displayed in the representations of the Madonna. Mrs. Jameson has brought criticism and poetry into happy re-union on this subject; and we dismiss our readers to her pages, to read, and to be satisfied.

A careful enumeration of the symbols, with which the portraits of the Virgin are adorned and heightened, follows. How many have observed the crescent moon quaintly interwoven in the carpet beneath[b] the feet of the Virgin, without thinking of the paganism of the idea, the Diana-worship seemingly implied—and of that only. And yet it is but an application, though an incorrect one, of a text of Revelation; *a woman clothed with the sun* (represented by the *nimbus* round her head), having *the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars*, this text really referring not to the Virgin but to the Church. And who can find fault with the religious poetry of such epithets as the "Star of the Sea," (alluding to the Jewish name

[b] There is a good example of this in a very early Byzantine "Virgin and Child" in Fox Strangeways' collection in Christ Church library.

Miriam), the "Fixed Star," the "Lily," or with the blending of the saints of the Old Testament for the illustration of her purity whom the Spirit of God overshadowed?

The following extract from the conclusion of the preface must be read for the value of the truths it contains.

"I have heard the artistic treatment of the Madonna styled a monstrous theme; and to those who see only the perpetual iteration of the same groups on the walls of churches and galleries, varied as they may suppose only by the fancy of the painter, it may seem so. But beyond the visible forms, there lies much that is suggestive to a thinking mind—to the lover of art a higher significance, a deeper beauty, a more various interest, than could at first be imagined.

"In fact, the greatest mistakes in point of taste arise in general from not knowing what we ought to demand of the artist, not only in regard to the subject expressed, but with reference to the time in which he lived, and his own individuality. An axiom I have heard confidently set forth, that a picture is worth nothing unless 'he who runs may read,' has inundated the world with frivolous and pedantic criticism. A picture or any other work of art, is worth nothing except in so far as it has emanated from mind, and is addressed to mind. It should, indeed, be *read* like a book. Pictures, as it has been well said, are the books of the unlettered, but then we must at least understand the language in which they are written. And further, if, in the old times, it was a species of idolatry to regard these beautiful representations as endued with a specific sanctity and power; so, in these days, it is a sort of atheism to look upon them reckless of their significance, regardless of the influence through which they were produced, without acknowledgment of the mind which called them into being, without reference to the intention of the artist in his own creation."

The "Sacred and Legendary Art," and "Legends of the Monastic Order," furnish us so much that is interesting and valuable, that we pass over them almost with pain. But our object has been to shew the importance of accurate classification of the produce of art, leaving it to the reader to seek the individual treasures in the great storehouse which our accomplished countrywoman has reared for his instruction. We can only express our hopes that neither the pen nor the pencil will enjoy a long rest in hands so capable of using them.

The work of M. Didron is of more humble pretensions, but scarcely inferior in utility. It may be said to concern the archæologist rather than the artist, but both will benefit considerably by its perusal.

The significance of Gothic architecture is now so universally admitted, and so much better understood than heretofore, that there is little necessity to insist on the fact.

Even the most fantastic gurgoyle had its meaning, and, however we must dissent from much that M. Michelet has written, we have always been struck with the power and imagination displayed in his remarks on this theme.

The work of M. Didron is essentially a work of classification. And yet, strange to say, it commences with a condemnation of the principle which led the authors of the middle ages to do little more than commonplace the writings of their predecessors. Hence the vast folios, which despite their absurdities and errors, must still be looked upon as wonderful illustrations of perseverance, and the bare transcription of which would seem ample work for the life of a dozen ordinary men. But the folios even of Vincent de Beauvais are still useful to the scholar and the philologist, and it is only the flippant who will attempt to cast unqualified ridicule upon labours, of which, though under more genial auspices, we are still reaping the fruits.

M. Didron proceeds to draw a most interesting parallel between the written encyclopædias, and those which adorned the exterior of the wondrous cathedrals of the same age. Eighteen hundred and fourteen statues form a history of the world round the mighty fabric of Notre Dame de Chartres. The creation of the world, and of men, and of animals, the first malediction pronounced against the human race, the rise of the arts of life and refinement, the studies and investigations of the mind, the varied motley of virtues and vices, the redemption, and the life of the Redeemer, and of those who followed Him in His work of grace, all these live in stone, and form a marvellous visible treasury, which in an age of few books and readers, must have been of a value which our more fortunate position scarcely allows us power to estimate.

M. Didron commences with the iconography, or archæological history of God, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost respectively, which will be shortly followed by the history of the Angel, the Devil, the Seven Days of Creation, the Birth and Fall of Man, the Archæological history of Death, and of the "Dance of Death," etc.

It is sincerely to be hoped that this design may be carried out with the same efficiency that distinguishes the portion now made known to the English public through

Mr. Millington's translation[c]. We will meanwhile, for the benefit of our readers, cull a few useful remarks from M. Didron's account of the nimbus, aureole, and glory.

This ornament (for in effect the whole three are identical, though different in their application), he observes, "will often alone be found sufficiently expressive to enable us to determine the dignity and character of the personage invested with it."

"The glory is constantly adopted by artists, both in painting and sculpture, as a characteristic ornament: it either encircles the head alone or the entire figure. As an attribute it serves to denote a holy person, in the same manner as the crozier or the sceptre distinguishes a bishop or a king. When this attribute encircles the head only it is called a nimbus. In this case it is analogous in signification to a crown, from which however it differs essentially in position if not in form. Both the crown and the nimbus are circular, but the former is placed horizontally on the head. The position of the latter is vertical.

"The nimbus may sometimes be almost microscopic in dimensions, but its importance ought never to be overlooked. Every sculptor occupied in making or re-modelling Gothic statues, every painter engaged in the restoration of ancient frescoes, or of early stained glass, each antiquary whose time and energies are devoted to researches in Christian Iconography, will find this characteristic to be of the highest practical importance, and one, too, which requires to be studied with scrupulous attention, since the omission of it may transform a saint into an ordinary mortal, or an incorrect application elevate the mere mortal into a divinity. Errors of this description are frequently committed by artists of the present day in their representations of religious themes. Some years since, for example, a painting on glass, representing Christ and a few saints, was exhibited. One of the saints, a bishop only, was adorned with that form of nimbus, which is appropriated to the Deity alone, and the figure of Christ was entirely destitute of the insignia which Christian artists have universally employed as the symbol of His divinity. Consequently the saint was represented as divine, while our Saviour appeared but as a man. The nimbus therefore, in Iconography, is of equal importance with the fingers and the mammæ in zoology; and although its form may be by no means striking to the eye, the idea it should convey is often of the highest importance. In some instances not the head alone but the entire person is encircled by a nimbus; in this latter case it ought to be designated by another name in order that two ornaments, varying so much in size and nearly always in form, may not be confounded one with another. The nimbus encircling the body will for the present be distinguished by the term aureole, and the propriety of this denomination will be justified hereafter. The aureole is of less universal application than the nimbus, or ornament of the head, properly so called; it is very rarely seen in Pagan Iconography, and in Christian art is restricted almost exclusively to the Divine persons, to the Virgin Mary, or to the souls of saints, exalted after the death of the body into the kingdom of heaven.

[c] In the Illustrated Library. H. G. Bohn. 1851.

"The nimbus of the head and the aureole of the body differ in a remarkable degree, yet both are sometimes figured in the same manner, and both usually impart the same idea, that of apotheosis, glorification, or deification. It seems therefore desirable that one single word should be employed as a generic term to include both species of nimbus, and express the union of the two ornaments.

"In speaking of the combination of the nimbus and aureole, I shall in future employ the term glory: nimbus will be applied peculiarly to that encircling the head, aureole to that of the body, and glory to the union of both."

It would be easy to point out dozens of passages equally important and useful, did not our limits prevent the possibility of so doing. Moreover, our previous remarks on Mrs. Jameson's writings apply, *mutatis mutandis*, with equal force to the labours of M. Didron. We part from the perusal of such works with the satisfaction of finding one more link in the history of art recovered, one more impulse given to the formation of sound taste. Whether we are in the picture gallery or the cathedral, whether we would discuss the authenticity of a painting, or the relative antiquity of a mosaic, it is only by a previous acquaintance with the classification (the true chronology in works of art) of the subject and its treatment, that we can hope to arrive at a sound and unprejudiced conclusion.

A FEW NOTES FROM THE NILE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LETTER No. III.

VOYAGE TO CAIRO.

From our Nile Boat, Boulac, off Cairo, Nov. 18th.

MY DEAR ——

My last was posted for you from Alexandria, and now I have to give you our first experience of voyaging on the Nile; it will make my letter more intelligible if I put it in the form of a diary, first premising a description of our boat and crew. She is a long narrow vessel, like some of the light passenger boats on our rivers and canals, with a raised cabin and long pitched bows. She carries two large lateen sails, and both in front, an unusual and rather inconvenient arrangement; it is better to have one in the bows and one astern. The fore-part is occupied with the kitchen and hold, in the waist is our cabin, a pleasant little room, large enough abundantly for two, with a good divan covered with clean chintz on each side, and furnished with hanging book-shelves and mahogany cabinets for our glass, dishes, &c. Astern of the cabin is our bedroom, with a comfortable bed (not a ship's berth) on each side; there is but little space between the beds, for I can reach out from mine, if necessary, and wake S——, but this matters little, as we have a dressing room still astern where is all the washing apparatus, &c. Our clothes stow away in drawers under our beds, and every available place in the boat is turned into closet, cupboard, and store room. There is a sort of ante-room to the cabin which, with the help of a good sail-cloth curtain to let down at night, we have formed into a sleeping place for our English servant. The dragoman sleeps in the hold, the rest where they can, some on the deck in front and some on the roof of the cabin. Our crew are as follows:—

1st. The dragoman, Derwush Ramadan.
2nd. The captain, or Rais Taeed.
3rd. The steersman, Amer.
4th. An Arab servant, Mahoumed.

Then we have eight men as sailors and a boy, their names are 1. Omar; 2. Abed; 3. Mahoumed Awad; 4. Mahou-

med Abubekr; 5. Mahoumed Haudron, i. e. the little; 6. Ahmet; 7. Hassan; 8 Juliman, and last of all a very sharp merry boy named Mahmoud, whose chief office is to cook for the crew. These men receive from us 60 piastres (the piastre is worth nearly 2½) per month each, the boy half as much. We have also a good cook, named François, he is a German, but speaks also bad French; we pay him double what we should give an Arab cook, viz. £4 per month, but it is worth the difference, the Arabs are so dirty. The Rais and steersman are included in the hire of the boat.

Nov. 10. I said good bye to our hospitable friends after taking supper with them, and embarked at half-past nine, a clear bright moonlight, the light wind is against us and the boat is quickly poled across to the other side of the canal, and the Arab sailors leap on shore with the tack-rope, with a repeated and monotonous cry, which seems to me, (mind I give you notice once for all, my Arabic spelling is mere spelling by ear,) "Allah E-sar Ya Mohammed." The banks of the canal at first sight are fringed with trees, and some country houses and gardens, and present a beautiful appearance in the still moonlight; it was a warm night, and I sat for an hour on deck; but soon the canal became uninteresting and monotonous, and we retired to bed leaving the men tracking.

Nov. 11. Still tracking, the sides of the canal most uninteresting, high banks of earth and sand, and beyond them a wide dead flat of swamp and rice grounds. It gets very hot towards afternoon, the thermometer in our cabin was at 83°, yet the air is pleasant and exhilarating.

We had a strange disturbance this afternoon. It was just 5 o'clock and the boat slipping quietly along, S—— was on shore shooting, with Dirwush and Mahoumed, the Rais gravely squatting in the bows with his pipe, and the steersman with equal gravity and similar pipe squatting in the stern; I was lounging idly with a book on the little divan in the ante-room, when I heard an extraordinary clatter of voices which brought me out to see. There I saw just appearing above the top of the high bank Dirwush and Mahoumed dragging a struggling Arab whose face was covered with blood, and dozens more running up from different directions in the fields, and surrounding them; in a moment our eight sailors who were tracking on the other side of the canal, got hold of the little boat which we carry

astern, and hurried across with loud cries to support Dirwush, the Rais threw them each their "naboot," a stick about seven feet long and the girth of a good walking stick, and himself armed with another followed. My first care was to persuade S—— to come on board, as he had his double barrel loaded, and I feared they might try to wrest it from him and some serious consequences follow. Then I was content to let them settle the row their own way. A confused clamour of tongues with violent gesticulations followed for about half an hour; and we stood looking on in ignorant amazement expecting a fight to begin every minute; but nothing of the sort; after much disputing a grave old Arab, the senior of the party on shore, gave a decision which appeared satisfactory, and the quarrellers separated one from the other like sulky dogs drawn off from a fight, and our men took up their rope and proceeded tracking. It was some time before I could learn the cause and meaning of this scene. Dirwush was too excited to give any connected explanation, and S—— knew little more than I did; at last I gathered that S—— had been shooting on the borders of some rice grounds, and having seen a jackal was stealing down to get a shot. The guardian of the rice thinking these movements suspicious, came out and charged him with coming to steal, Dirwush indignantly stood up for his master, a row followed, the result of which was that the Arab got a bloody nose, and then Dirwush and Mahoumed seized him, intending to drag him to our boat, tie him, put him on board and carry him to the next village and there have him bastinadoed for insulting us. In the mean time the other men from the fields had come up to the rescue, and then followed the scene I have described. They seem to have determined at last that the man was wrong in charging S—— with stealing and abusing him, and deserved his bloody nose, and so we parted. I was surprised by the pluck shewn by our crew, I had not expected it in a race so long accustomed to oppression; they are mostly rather little men of a reddish brown colour, with good teeth and eyes, well turned hands and feet, broad chests, and the brawny arms of men accustomed to hard work; their dress is a loose blue or white gown fastened at the waist, and some sort of turban; if they wish to come to the boat from the shore they will roll up their whole

wardrobe on their head and so swim in. This evening when we came to moorings after a long and hot day's work, they crouched themselves round in a circle at the bows, and after partaking of a mess of small yellow beans prepared by Mahmoud, they lighted their common pipe which was passed round from one to the other, and amused themselves with singing for more than an hour. Their airs as yet appear to me singular and strange, but not unpleasant; they usually commence with a strong clear solo and then all join in unison, and often the song stops suddenly and abruptly, something in the same way that I have heard a Gregorian tone end, as if it were asking a question.

Nov. 12. A thick damp mist this morning till nine, leaving great drops of water hanging from our window blinds, and the shore looking white with dew. Reached Atjeh at eleven, the point of junction with the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It is a wretched assemblage of mud huts, reminding one of the pictures one has seen of the habitations of Esquimaux; yet Atjeh is a place of some concourse, and there is always a crowd of boats waiting at the lock. There is also a custom house and some Turkish officials. We left our boat while the arrangements were making for passing the lock, and walked through the bazaar or market; it is a narrow dirty place, filled with dirty people and dirtier food and flies; the chief articles for sale are vegetables and common fruits, tobacco, a little bad cutlery, and Manchester cotton goods; and here from the sight of the meat shops I made an inward resolution to buy no meat in Egypt, but to purchase a sheep or lamb as we required and kill for ourselves. Emerging from this dingy habitation, we caught our first view of Old Father Nile. There he was before us flowing down in a wide turbid stream. At this season the Nile is full to its banks, the floods being only just subsided. We sat down on the bank and watched it come sweeping by, with mingled emotions of pleasure and wonder, as we strove to realize that we were indeed looking on that ancient and marvellous river. But it was time to return to the boat, which was already in the lock, and stepping into her we pushed out through the open gate into the stream; the wind favoured us for the first time, and unfurling our sails we breasted the current easily, and with a pleasant motion and gentle rippling sound soon left Atjeh out of

sight. S—— got out his gun and stood watching for stray water-fowl, while I ascended the roof of the cabin with the laudable intention of finding even the dull banks of the Delta interesting. In the evening the wind dropped and we came to anchor. Four days more we spent in the Delta with baffling winds and making slow progress; the country is most uninteresting, a dead flat intersected with canals, and every here and there a palm grove, and a shapeless heap of mud walls which the dragoman calls a village; the white domes and minarets of the mosques stand up conspicuously from the dark mud-like mass, and sometimes a group of spreading sycamores enlivens the scene. S—— meets with cranes, and pelicans, and hoopoes, and now and then ducks. Every morning we had a thick damp mist till eight or nine. One evening we had a strange invasion of flies; we had lighted our candles and were just sitting down to tea, when suddenly our candles, our tea, our bread, our butter, our everything, were filled with a crowd of large white transparent flies of the shape and about half the size of our common May fly; we hastily shut the windows and doors, but the deck for nearly an hour presented a singular appearance; myriads of these flies crowded round our two lanterns, fluttering against the glass and then dropping on the deck, from which they were swept off in heaps; they came, our men said, from the rice grounds, attracted by the lights, and as the night grew on they gradually ceased.

Nov. 16 was Sunday, a fine delicious day, and after our morning service we went on shore with Dirwush to inspect a village; never did I behold such dismal and squalid hovels; they are built of unbaked brick smeared together with mud mortar; they have holes in the wall for windows, and the roof is flat, laid with rough boards, and over that a coat of the same universal mud; on the top of this is usually a pile of flat round dark cakes, this is fuel, composed of the dung of animals and chopped straw; sometimes a pigeon-house surmounts the roof, and appears the best part of the habitation, it is usually whitewashed, having a number of rough sticks and branches plastered into the wall as resting places for the pigeons; the children are a miserable spectacle, usually stark naked, and often with sore eyes and covered with flies, which they seem to make no effort to drive

away; the women and girls in long blue gowns like those of the men look slatternly and dirty; they usually but by no means universally cover their faces with a black veil. I observe that the old women more frequently cover the face, while the girls and young women would rather prefer to be seen, but the faces even of the young girls are usually dull, flat, and inexpressive, nor could I mark any of the ordinary brightness and happiness of childhood. Outside the village I marked a man making bricks; he was squatted on the ground with a small wooden frame in his hand of the size of a brick, he would put this on the ground, stuff it full of mud and chopped straw, then slip it off and leave the brick to dry in the sun. One could not but think of the Israelites and their cry for straw. In the evening we anchored below the great "barage."

Nov. 17. Went out before breakfast to see the barage, it is a superb castellated bridge with forty arches complete, and requiring twenty more; each arch has a sluice, and in the centre it is intended to have a large lock gate for the passing of the boats. The building was begun by Mehemet Ali on the design of some French engineers, and was intended to regulate the rising and sinking of the Nile; it would also serve the purpose of a fortification; it does not look as if it would have sufficient strength to resist the tremendous power of the current, and in its present imperfect state is a great hindrance to the navigation; we were drawn through by the help of a rope worked from a capstan above the bridge. The wind freshened, and in a few hours we had the pleasant view of Cairo rising before us; it looks like a fine town, and the citadel especially shews well with its huge mosque and towering minarets. Our sailors had decked themselves out with clean turbans and gowns, and now gathering in the bows they commenced a song in chorus with loud clapping of hands, and beating their earthen drums, and so with a flowing sail we ran into Boulac, which is the port of Cairo; however we found ourselves in a crowd of dirty boats, and not liking our neighbours, pushed on half a mile higher and anchored under Rhode island.

To-morrow I hope to ride in to post my letters, and get my first impressions of Cairo.

I remain, &c.

TRAITS OF AMERICAN-INDIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER. BY A FUR TRADER.

London: Smith and Elder.

FROM the days of Montaigne, who seems to have fancied that Plato's imaginary republic fell far short of the simple manners first taught by nature, to the novels of Fenimore Cooper and the graceful sketches of Washington Irving, including Erskine's famous war-cry and tomahawk oration, Indian life has been clothed with a reputation for primitive virtue and simple grandeur which we suspect is in great manner spurious. To sweep away this illusion, which of late has been strengthened by modern travellers, is one purpose of the Fur Trader's volume; and he is a writer who certainly has had a more prolific experience, and wider opportunities for observation, than those who have preceded him. It is matter for regret that these opportunities have been so scantily applied, for he has produced a book of detached sketches, and without the sterling thought we look for from a man who imparts an experience which none of his readers can have shared: the narrative, too, is vitiated by a clumsy rhetoric, which has no vivid pictorial power to compensate for the loss of that simple and racy naïveté, which should be one charm in stories of adventure; the book, however, bears unmistakeably the press-mark of good faith, and in spite of deficiency in matter and faults in manner, is one of lively interest; an interest which is certainly not lessened when we bear in mind that it pourtrays a phase of life which will soon be obliterated.

The writer is an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose operations embrace the whole extent of country from Hudson's bay to the Pacific ocean; the scenes he describes are those in which he himself was an actor, and consequently there may be here and there a stronger bias than is altogether just; however this may be, his impressions tend to this, that so far from the native character being in *reality* softened by intercourse with traders and the influx of emigrants, the ameliorated surface is only *veneer*, and that whatever primitive virtues they may possess are choked by an over-growth of ferocity and rapine, which in their dealings with traders are supplanted for a while by cunning and thieving skill; one tribe, however, form a notable exception to this base rule, the chivalrous Flat-heads, as brave as the Blackfeet and other Indians their hereditary foes, but who unlike them have never been known to shed a white man's blood. Our author certainly found in his own person provocation for his strictures, as the reader will see from the incidents which follow.

In the year 1829, with a party of thirty men, he commenced an exploration of the tract which lies between the river Columbia and

California. Their equipments were of the simplest, their privations such as nothing but a noble fortitude could have braved; their food was so slender that when the horses sank subdued by cold and want of provender, the men to ward off starvation fed on their emaciated carcases. We fancy our fair readers have no conception of what they encounter whose vocation it is to provide them with their winter luxuries; viewed only in this light the volume is worth their attention. The company whose movements we are following, journeyed for a month through a sterile country without a single trace of mankind; at this period, however, signs of human inhabitants began to present themselves, and next day the advanced guard lighted on a party of about fifty Indians, who took to their heels, it seems to us in the exercise of a sound discretion, since, as it was, two were immediately captured. This in the eyes of people at home is rather an aggressive proceeding, though we are told it was tempered by all possible kindness, the only object being to elicit information; of course the natives could not do otherwise than appreciate the kindness, and must have been delighted to yield the information; but imagine being stopped in the country to direct a questionable stranger to the nearest market-town, whose most conciliating act is to seize you by the collar and brandish a bludgeon over your head. Our fur-trader does not view it at all in this light, and even suggests it might have been better in the end if they had been sacrificed and sent on in front to warn from outrage, as crows are hung up in corn-fields to deter from depredation. All information being gained the twain were dismissed with presents, which had the effect of bringing down a large party on the morrow, who remained all day, and wanted to know if they could be accommodated with beds. But the traders regretted that unfortunate circumstances, &c., &c., compelled them to forego the pleasure of their company, thus baffling a scheme to ascertain the precautions taken against surprise in order effectually to overcome them. The writer being an old hand and well acquainted with their ways, had all his party on the alert at earliest dawn, knowing that for that hour the Indians usually concerted their attacks. His sagacious preparations were not unnecessary; day-break shewed a large troop approaching; the intention of their visit (rather early for a morning call) was proclaimed by a shower of arrows; the men only escaped beneath the shelter of the horses, three of which were wounded. Retaliation of some kind was absolutely necessary, (what would Mr. Cobden have done at such a crisis?) but much scope was not allowed, for on one fellow being brought down by a rifle bullet his comrades incontinently fled. Three days' further travelling brought our party into the nest of another tribe, who were strongly suspected of having recently massacred eight men, one of whom was an American gentleman in high estate. They mustered in great numbers, but were by no means oppressive in their civilities, the only homage offered being that of burlesque, which was effected by a deputation who strutted be-

fore the encampment with sticks upon their shoulders in mimicry of European guns. Of course this posture of affairs demanded measures in defence, which were only taken in time to repulse a fierce attack, in which the Indians left twenty-six of their number "down among the dead men." We must let our author point the moral of this expedition for himself:—he says,

"It would be inconsistent with my object to continue the narrative of the expedition and our travelling adventures in this region. It is not my purpose to write a book of adventure, but to illustrate as far as my acquaintance with circumstances may enable me, and from various points of view, the character of the Indian tribes. The little I have advanced from my own experience may suffice to shew that they do not possess the fine qualities attributed to them in recent publications, and the following sketches will make both their better and their worse characteristics still more manifest. If any one be sceptical, after all, in regard to the latter, I can only say, that it would be easy to multiply instances of the most atrocious and unprovoked cruelty, practised by the Indians against those engaged in the fur-trade. It is enough to hint at the sad fate of Livingston, Henry, Hughes, Millar, Jones, Kennet, Smith, Mc Kenzie, and Corrigal, chiefly officers of the service, besides nearly three hundred and fifty men, Americans and servants of the Company in nearly equal proportions, who have fallen victims within the last twenty years."

He gives, however, a picture which has some brighter tints, of which we must sketch an outline. On one occasion he commanded an expedition for waging war on a certain species of beaver which had been up to that time unmolested; having to pass through a country unusually infested with marauders, his party effected a coalition with a company of friendly Flat-heads who were going to their buffalo hunting. The march was superintended by a chief of tried ability, who somehow or other had stumbled on the queer name of Cut-thumb. For fifty days nothing could be more delightfully tranquil than their journey; good fortune deadened their vigilance, and the travellers went to sleep in the lap of a treacherous security; this was visited on them by the abduction of several horses; of course every body was in a passion; a council was held; reprisals were determined on; but while Mr. Cut-thumb had earned by his administrative talent the post of home secretary, the seals of the Foreign office were reposed in a certain Mr. Redfeather, whose consent was indispensable; this sagacious gentleman discountenanced the proceeding as impolitic.

"'Peace for a while,' said he, 'don't be in a hurry; the Blackfeet are even now on their guard against our enterprises, and would frustrate them. Let us send the pipe of peace toward them, and meet them as friends; time rolls on and we shall yet be quits with them, before the grass is withered on the prairie.'"

This advice was acted on, and for any thing that appears to the contrary with the approval of the very gentleman who so strenuously denounces Indian insincerity. The place of conference was

fixed; our friends and the Blackfeet met; after various imposing preliminaries they proceeded to the calumet of peace and other amicable demonstrations; after this there was a display of Indian oratory, consisting mainly of "tu-quoque" arguments which resulted in concluding a peace; the organized humbug was then brought to a close, each party chuckling over the other's credulity.

"Three days afterwards, Red-feather said, 'To-day I go for horses, the Blackfeet are unsuspicious; my young men have seen their camp; their horses are unwatched. The *Black*,' added he, alluding to one which had attracted his attention from the symmetry of its shape, 'the *Black* must be mine.' At night he set off with two followers, all on foot, each bearing a small supply of dried meat and a tough lasso. Be it observed, the above mentioned *Black* is as much the hero of the story, as the maiden in the Magician's tower who enlisted our youthful sympathies. In every respect but one the foray was successful; *the* horse could not be secured; he was seen, but his master slept with the tether in his hand, and an alarm prevented its being cut. Red-feather, however, would not shew the white feather, and vowed he would yet bestride him. In course of time he started again and was long absent, to the chagrin of our Fur-trader, who particularly wanted his advice; at last one afternoon there was a cry which announced the advent of a stranger; a few minutes shewed it was the son-in-law of Red-feather; his horse was sinking with fatigue; he raised no answering shout; gloom was on his countenance; he bore portentous news for the Flat-heads, 'Red-feather is no more, he is gone the way of his fathers.'"

His end was indeed tragical. He had secured the coveted *Black;* but discovery pressed quickly on their track; they were pursued. This was unavailing, but malignity, which like necessity is fertile in resources, prompted an expedient; a bright blaze gave notice that the prairie was fired; they were followed by a foe infinitely swifter and more terrible than human arms. The narrator with difficulty out-stripped the element, but Red-feather was left a blackened corse.

These narratives may serve to disenchant the exaggerated notions which drawing-room travellers have formed concerning the social happiness of uncivilized life; but it may be said, and with reason, that any discredit which may attach to such proceedings is rendered less flagrant by the fact of their arising between those who live in acknowledged enmity. But unfortunately we could cull from these traits of Indian life mournful illustration that their bearing towards those who have done every thing to win their gratitude, is dictated by no gentler impulse; this evidence as to character would carry but little weight if it were only the threads of a wide and scattered experience gathered into a halter to strangle the reputation of unfortunate aborigines, but being by no means solitary instances, occurring beneath the eye of a single observer, they are more deeply significant. Let us, however, quit such painful details, and turn for a time to some traits in their manners and customs, many of which, indeed, must be classed in

the category of the pithy old traveller, "manners *none*, customs *too bad to be recorded.*"

The Fur-trader's volume if not very methodical, at least offers a variety to select from, and we can invite our readers to a feast, a festival, and a funeral.

A Mr. Hanayah, who though he only stood four feet ten, was a chief of some eminence, determined on giving "a spread." This gentleman contrived to extort the most passive submission to his will, which of course was not accomplished by his physical prowess; but he had that which with his subjects was far more formidable, namely the reputation of being a seer, and of wielding the awful power of evil-eye. This gentleman, as we have said, had determined to recreate himself with a dinner party, and procure a white man to be the lion of the evening. The honoured visitor was placed in a position which commanded a view of the whole assembly, his interpreter being seated near him. The other guests to the number of two hundred sat on the ground back to back; all vacant places being occupied by huge piles of dried meats, which were to be served up with tureens of bear's grease and fish oil, and a certain confection which our author calls berry cake. Even he, habituated as he was to Indian customs, found it a revolting exhibition. Mr. Hanayah inaugurated the entertainment by placing before the white man a whole beaver; this it will be seen was done in a spirit of rare delicacy, for returning to his heap he seized another, and squatting down before the most dignified of his native guests, held it before him, while he attacked the dainty with his clasp knive, and for a little while appeased his voracity. The same etiquette was scrupulously followed throughout; but towards the close of the evening the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," was interrupted by a startling incident. Hanayah filling a can with bear's oil, placed it before a certain Mr. Kusmalah, saying, "*Drink this.*" "What for?" enquired his guest, naturally somewhat astonished. "Who accused me of eating all my grease last winter? I've enough left to give you a surfeit," said Hanayah, "Drink! I insist upon it." Poor Kusmalah was compelled to try, but broke down about the middle of the task; and purchased exemption from the remainder by the sacrifice of his coat. This it appears is not by any means an unusual retribution for evil-speaking, lying, and slandering.

This being a specimen of what could be accomplished by the resources of an individual, will the reader accept a card of invitation to a public dinner in another quarter? It was at Fort Simpson, near the mouth of the Nass river, where the 'natives congregate to make havoc among innumerable shoals of a certain little fish which is considered peculiarly desirable. The score of Europeans who occupied the fort, were not, it will be imagined, placed much at their ease by the presence of such an over-powering number of Indians. One morning they were terribly scared by a great gathering opposite their gates, which turned out to

be nothing more than a deputation to request assistance in giving a great feast. This was of course cheerfully conceded. For ten days the preparations were noisy and incessant; on the eleventh the affair was to come off. Shortly after sun-rise two Indians bearing a long pole, at the end of which dangled some feathers of the bald-headed eagle, sought an audience of the white chief; this being permitted they advanced, performed an obeisance, solemnly tapped with the pole the Fur-trader and two friends who were with him, which completed the formality of invitation. When the time arrived they went to the banquet hall, which was of ample dimensions, furnished at one end with a raised stage, before which there hung a parti-coloured curtain. The rest of the room was occupied by rows of seats arranged as in the pit of a theatre; being honoured guests they were shewn to a couple of chairs within a short distance of the stage. It is curious to remember that a somewhat similar incident caused the introduction of stalls into the pit of our own theatres. The late Duke of Wellington, having heard of the advantages of that portion of the house, wished to make the trial, and was one evening accommodated with a chair in the orchestra. After a brief period of suspense the curtain was raised; erect on the stage stood the lord of the banquet. On his face he wore a grotesque mask; his head was crowned with a radiant figure, lighted from within, which was emblematical of the sun. He gradually sunk, leaving his little world in total darkness, an alarming thing to those who were acquainted with the treachery of Indians. Soon, however, Phœbus re-appeared bearing the source of light. Thrice was the alternate setting and rising repeated amid the rapturous applause of the native lookers on, and our author admits very much to the credit of the principal performer. This was followed by dancing; after that the promised feast, from which the guests immediately withdrew, leaving all the delicacies untasted, having a misgiving that human flesh might form a portion of the entertainment, it being known that slaves are often sacrificed to grace such grand repasts. So much for native festivals; let us now turn from the place of mirth to the place of mourning. It is an awful scene, the burial of the dead and the living.

"Eagle, a powerful and opulent chief, had lost a son, the second within a few months. He still had wife and daughters remaining to him, but all his hopes had centred on his two sons, and their departure had left him broken-hearted. By the grave wherein was placed the body of the deceased stood the afflicted father. He commanded silence and spake as follows. 'Now the string of my bow is broken, the last hope of my declining days has forsaken me. Seek not to dissuade me from the resolution I have adopted, for I am resolved on following him, and all you can urge will be in vain; life has no longer any charm for me. I was once a hunter, but am now no longer so; I was once the proud father of two noble sons; but, alas, where are they? I was once a warrior, but am no longer so. Wherefore shall I continue to cumber the earth with my useless presence?'

"Then folding his blanket round him he calmly laid himself on the corpse of his son. 'Throw in the earth, fill up the grave, cover up my last earthly residence,' exclaimed he. "Nay! do not hesitate, for I am resolved to die.'

"No entreaty or expostulation could move him, so after a consultation it was resolved to comply with his desire. Meanwhile," continues our author, "I had advanced to the brink of the grave, in order to observe narrowly the face of the old man. I could perceive no symptoms of weakness. The same stern calmness which was at first perceptible still continued to characterize it, and as the clods of earth began to shower down on him, still not a muscle relaxed. In the midst of most fearful howlings and lamentations were the horrid obsequies performed; the clay and the sand being filled in, the green sod was at length carefully arranged over the small spot, which marked the last resting place of the *living and the dead.*"

We have now endeavoured to place before our readers the chief features of Indian life as revealed in the present volume; there are other sketches, all of more or less interest, though some have little relation to the Indians themselves; as for instance the closing one, which forms a link between those busy stirring scenes of adventure, and the tranquil life of old England; it pictures in animated language the anxiety and excitement which await the arrival of an English packet. Welcome indeed must be the event, to those who have been so long separated from friends and familiar associations, and many of whom doubtless share the regrets which our Fur-trader sometimes expresses with so much feeling. He writes:—

"Ten or twelve years are now elapsed since I was stationed at Fort Killmaurs, on the seaward frontier of Western Caledonia. Since then I have been a wanderer far and near, my perverse fate never permitting me to sojourn long in the same spot, but driving me about without cessation, like a ball in a tennis-court. While in the hey-day of youth, this life was not without its charms to one of my unsettled disposition: with advancing years, however, sober tastes and less adventurous desires have crept over me, until I could heartily wish for a life of greater tranquillity. The potentates who rule my destiny seem, however, otherwise inclined, and I now discover to my overpowering chagrin and discomfort, that what I began willingly and regarded as amusement, I must continue in earnest and against the grain, like physic administered to one who would wish it "to the dogs,"—*le flux m'amena, le reflux m'amene.* When, oh when will this life of involuntary peregrination cease?"

Notices of books have for this month been unavoidably postponed.

National Miscellany.

CYPHERS.

Most people must have noticed the curious advertisements that from time to time appear at the top of the third column in the *Times*. I do not mean those where "John is entreated to return without delay to his inconsolable parents,"—nor where some unknown person is desired to "address as before, and to depend on the strictest secrecy," —how much misery and perplexity those two or three lines may cover! but those which say, "*uif nbuufs nvtu cf efgjojujwfmz tfuumfe po xfeoftebz*," and bear other the like mystical inscriptions. The good people who so advertise might nearly as well employ common English. Those who are not interested would never notice that which they wish to keep secret; and those who are would take no long time in decyphering the gibberish I have just copied, into "The matter must be definitively settled on Wednesday."

There is nothing, indeed, of which the motto *Nil desperandum*, is so emphatically true, as of cypher. A few hours' application will generally unlock the hardest. If scholars, knowing neither character nor language, have been able to explain the arrow-headed inscriptions of Assyria, how can any one despair of reading in their own language that to which their own language supplies, if they can only get it, an ample key?

The simplest kind of cypher is that which substitutes the preceding or following letter for the letter it is intended to represent: thus *upnpsspx* or *snlnqqnv*, for to-morrow. This can hardly deceive a child: and yet it is odd to find how often people trust to it. A vast improvement is the substituting of arbitrary letters for those which are meant. The correspondents have a table to which each can refer: and

the substitutions are made as irregularly as possible. Thus, *x* for *l*, *a* for *p*, *z* for *q*, and so on. It was by a cypher of this kind, as I have somewhere read, that the friends of the Chevalier de Rohan tried to convey to him in the Bastille the intelligence that his accomplice was dead without confession. He, of course, had no clue to the meaning; and they were afraid to send it in a plainer way, lest, being discovered, it might ruin instead of saving him. We can imagine the unhappy man, knowing that his fellow-traitor had been put to the rack, and that his own trial came on the next day, endeavouring, in an agony of impatience, to make out the mystic inscription, written in invisible ink on a shirt. "*Mg dvlhxcclgv ghj yxvj lm ct vlgc alj.*" One can fancy him straining his eyes to the last glimmer of twilight in decyphering the meaning; taxing his memory during the dark awful hours of the night to read its signs; devoting every moment of the next morning's precious hours to all possible and all impossible conjectures, till the officer's steps were heard in the passage, and the last chance of interpretation was over. He went and pleaded guilty: simply because he had not been able to read, *Le prisonnier est mort:* IL N'A RIEN DIT.

I hope my readers will never have their ingenuity put to so tremendous a test. But should they, I can tell them for their comfort, that such a cypher may generally be read in from two to three hours. It is, after all, only a variety of what is perhaps better, the arbitrary symbols which were so much in use in the Jacobite troubles.

Suppose that a partisan of the exiled family had been imprudent enough to send such a missive as the following; —and that we were—which, thank GOD, we are not—the Hanoverian officials endeavouring to explain it.

||— ᴀδoo /— γ—ɔ |—§|×* ϕc ᴀ—||c—)||×| *ϕ+c ξ↓ μϕχ+

We should take the first and third words, both of two letters, and having the last character the same, and should probably read with a great certainty of being right, *If* . . . . . *of* . . . . . ; and should conclude that directions are being given for conduct, in case a certain set, or certain number of persons did something else. But we should presently find that, in that case, the fourth word, of only three letters, has *f* for the middle one. This is a puzzler;

and a still greater difficulty would occur in the next word, which would then have *f* for the second letter, the first and the fourth being the same character. We should soon find that there are no such words in the English language. Trying our first and third words again, we should before very long get to *He* and *be*. The decypherers would begin to brighten up.

"Well," says the officer in command.

"Well," says the clerk, "I think, Sir, we have the clue. *He*—and then a word we don't know,—and then *be*."

"*Must*, perhaps," suggests the officer. "*He must be*."

"Won't do," says the other. "The last two letters of the second word are the same. I have it—*will*. *He will be*, and the next must be *in* or *at*."

Then they try the long word in the middle. They have made out thus much: *weh-e-h--*. That they twist for a long time in vain. Therefore they go back to the other word of two letters: *ϕc:* and after puzzling over *by*, *to*, *if*, and *of*, some one suggests *on*.

"Right, I do believe," says the clerk. "*He will be at*—some place unknown—*on*—what can that be? The letters are *wehne-h--*."

"Must be *Wednesday*," cries the officer.

"No, Sir. Then the first word would be *de*."

"Fiddle-de-*de*!" says the other. "It must be so. *De will be at*—some place—*on Wednesday*. 'Fore George, gentlemen, I have it. DERWENTWATER *will be at*—this confounded place—*on Wednesday*."

"It's very like," says the other.

"Like! it's certain," shouts the officer. "What can that place be? Six letters, and the second an *e*, and the fifth an *a*."

"*Newcastle* has the second an *e* and the fifth an *a*," says the clerk.

"Yes," says the officer, "but it has more than six letters, and, moreover, the third is not a *w*."

"*Hexham*, perhaps," suggests the other.

"Right again, for certain," says the officer. "'*Derwentwater will be at Hexham on Wednesday*.' You will, will you, my good lord? Well; two can play at that game."

The poor Jacobites! The next word, now interpreted to be *-o-n* is soon made out into *morn;* and then a word of

two letters occurs, neither of which is met with elsewhere. But one of the letters must be a vowel: the only two vowels we do not yet know are *u* and *y:* the word then must be *by:* for it cannot be *us*, as *s* we have already. The last word is more troublesome; only the second letter is known; at last it is seen that it can only be *four.*

What was then matter of life and death may be made an agreeable and ingenious game now. We will give our readers an example, which they may amuse their leisure by guessing. We will just add this hint, that it is a proverb.

$$\|6+\ \gamma\times 6\ \gamma\times\backslash\ \phi+\times 2\ \times\ \S\|=\div+\ *\|\ *\S+\ \P\times *+=\ o)*$$
$$\eta\P+6\eta\backslash\ \gamma+6\ \lambda\times 66\|*\ \gamma\times\dagger+\ \S|\gamma\ 2=|6\dagger.$$

A quarter of an hour should be sufficient for so very easy an example.

Of this kind of cypher I will only add, that it is vastly improved by writing words of one or two letters naturally, and not like the rest: and rendered infinitely more difficult if any other word be purposely made senseless.

All the above kind of cyphers, and they may be infinitely varied, require nothing after the first conception. We now come to those where verbal skill is necessary.

Sir John Trevanion was a distinguished royalist officer in the Great Rebellion. He is sitting a prisoner in Colchester Castle, the night after the bloody murder of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle. Darkness is closing in over the town. One or two rooks caw, as they sail past the battlements to their home in some Essex wood. Sir John is thinking of the two officers, whose blood cries for vengeance against Fairfax, and anticipating his own fate: for it is whispered that he also is to be made an example to deter men from loyalty.

The door creaks and opens, and the gaoler enters.

"Well, friend, any news?"

"None, that I know of," answers the Puritan, "except that we seek the LORD to-morrow after the crowning mercy of to-day."

"It will be a long time before you find Him by such bloody doings as this morning's, methinks. What is that paper?"

"A letter for you," replies the gaoler. "Truly godly master Bampfylde did make some difficulty about passing it: but as he deemed that there was no harm therein, after he and precious Master Tatham, the lecturer at Peter's, had read it over to their best judgment, he even bade me carry it to you."

"I am obliged to you," says Sir John. "Hold, here's a half Carolus for you. Some day I may chance to pay my debt to Master Bampfylde in a different manner."

The gaoler departs. The royalist, going close to the grated window, reads the letter.

"Worthie Sir John,

"Hope, that is y^e^ beste comfort of the afflictyd, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That I wolde saye to you, is this only: if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking me. 'Tis not much I can do: but what I can, bee you very sure I wille. I knowe that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it, it frights you not, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a rewarde of youre loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this so bitter, cup. I fear not that you wille grudge any sufferings: only if by submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you would have done. The general goes backe on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command, R. T."

This letter, which to my reader will seem nearly pure nonsense, contains all that Sir John wants. He and other cavaliers had a cypher of this kind: every third letter after a stop was all that was to *tell*. Read so, the letter runs thus:—

P, a, n, e, l, a, t, e, a, s, t, e, n, d, o, f, c, h, a, p, e, l, s, l, i, d, e, s.

I must leave others to tell how, fortified with that information, Sir John Trevanion asked leave to be locked in the chapel: how his gaoler, believing him a superstitious worshipper of Baal, permitted that building to be opened by a golden key: and how when, an hour after, he went to look for the royalist, he found emptiness and silence.

A still better arrangement is the following. Suppose a letter begins, "*The circumstances under which I write are such as to preclude any long expression of feeling.*" The first word has three letters,—that signifies that it is the third letter which is to tell. The next has thirteen: the thirteenth word then would be the first employed. The next has five: the eighteenth word would be the second: the third has five; the twenty-third word would be the third: and so on.

Another variety of this kind is the pitching on some particular word of every sentence to bear the meaning: one of the most ingenious things done in this way took place, I think, in the Portuguese war of liberty. When the Castilian yoke had been cast off, and the duke of Bragança proclaimed under the title of Don João IV., Mathias d'Albuquerque was appointed military governor of Alemtejo, where the brunt of the war would be: in the May of 1644 the Portuguese forces, under this general, and the Spanish army, commanded by Baron Molinghem, lay within two miles of each other, near Badajoz.

I will not profess to give the exact facts, for the best reason in the world, that I do not know them, and I doubt if they are known. But the general features of the case were these.

D'Albuquerque was desirous of communicating with Don Manuel de Costa Real, who, with a small body of troops, was then in Elvas: and of arranging a night attack on the Spanish forces. He trusted his errand to several adroit messengers; but the Spanish lines were too well formed to permit their passage. At last he hit on the following plan. He had previously concerted a system of cypher with Costa Real, in which each twelfth word was to tell the true meaning. He now prepared a letter, on a plan which the reader will see presently, and gave it to a soldier who, besides fidelity, possessed ingenuity.

"This letter is for De Costa Real," he said: "if you are taken by the Spanish, you may confess that you are in the secret of the cypher; to save your life, explain to them that it consists in the first word after every stop. You will be careful however not to say that I gave you any such permission."

Joaquim set off on his dangerous expedition, and in the

course of the same evening was taken by the Castilian patrols.

"Despatches, my lord," said an aide-de-camp, entering the Baron de Molinghem's tent, at nightfall, "sent from the rebels' head quarters to Elvas. We took them from a messenger about an hour ago."

"Is he alive or dead?" asked the general.

"Alive, my lord, under good guard."

"So, so!" cried De Molinghem, "this may be important." And taking care not to break the seal, he read a long verbose epistle, without any great sense, and quite unworthy of being despatched by private messenger between two generals. It needed less than the Spaniard's sense to discern that it was in cypher. Accordingly he desired Joaquim to be brought in; and questioned him very closely as to his errand. The wily Portuguese suffered himself to be drawn into a confession, that the letter was in cypher, and that he was acquainted with the key.

"So you know it, sirrah," said De Molinghem. "You will then have the goodness to explain it at once."

"My lord," said Joaquim, "I am a man of honour, and will not betray my general."

"Ho, there!" cried the other, "order out a file of soldiers, De Mello. Now, Sir, explain this at once, or in five minutes you shall be shot."

"But, my lord—"

"There is my watch," said De Molinghem. "Not a second over the five minutes; and I care very little about the matter, for we shall easily decypher the thing."

Joaquim permitted a minute or two to elapse, and then whined out, "Will you promise me my life if I tell?"

"I will," said De Molinghem.

"Well, then," said the Portuguese, "I will:" and he explained the cypher.

The general read it, and made out that a night attack was meditated on his quarters at two in the morning of the next Wednesday. The letter, in reality, was written in double cypher—a true one for De Costa Real, a false one now explained by Joaquim. The latter personage had been removed under guard, and was now brought back.

"Well, sirrah," said the general, "you may carry in what you brought. Take my advice and say nothing of the

discovery you have made; or your head is sure to answer it as a traitor."

On all this D'Albuquerque had counted. He reckoned on the Spaniard's preparing himself for the night attack of Wednesday evening, and transmitting the letter, in hopes of taking advantage of the enemy's confusion when they discovered that their design was known; and Joaquim had his orders accordingly.

De Costa Real received the packet safely, read it according to *his* cypher, and came at the true meaning: a night attack, with its full arrangement for the Tuesday, not the Wednesday evening. De Molinghem, meanwhile, gave information to his officers, and lay down asleep on the Monday night, with the pleasant impression that on the Tuesday night he should take the Portuguese in their own trap. Unfortunately for himself he was caught in theirs. And the results of that Tuesday morning brought on the battle of Montijo, which settled the independence of Portugal.

I will mention but one more kind of cypher, and it is the best of all, because though it may be guessed, it can never be discovered for certain.

The correspondents write on paper of a particular shape. Each has a card of exactly the same size as the sheet. The same holes are cut in both cards. When the writer wishes to communicate anything, he lays his card on the sheet, and writes what he has to say through the holes. He then removes it, and fills up the interstices as well as he can. His correspondent puts his card on the letter, and gets the information, which but for that no one could procure. Thus, the message to be conveyed is, "All is ready for the rising. Come at once." The Chartist or Socialist, who wishes to communicate this pleasant intelligence, without coming under the notice of the police, might write thus through his card:

all

is

ready

for the

rising.

come

at once

And then, removing the card, he would thus address his correspondent:—

> Dear Sir,
>
> I believe I have received all the letters which you promised. It is odd that I cannot get you to give me an account of your own health. Charles has already left Bath. After residing there for the year, I do not wonder at it. He will never be well, till he takes to early rising. When will you come and pay your promised visit to us at Burdham?—Do settle at once.
>
> I remain, &c.

Thank God, we may now amuse ourselves with such contrivances: and long may it be before they are used by bad, or forced upon good, men.

ROMAN LONDON.

In the title of this paper we have a combination of words fully as magical in its effect as the ancora pancorene of the alchemists, or the mystic words inscribed on the seal of Solomon. They carry us back in fancy 1800 years along the stream of time, to the days when London *was* to Rome what Sydney *is* to London, and when Martial thought he could not praise a British lady more agreeably than by expressing his wonder that she had Britons for her countrymen.

Although London was in the power of the Romans for more than 400 years, that is, for nearly one fourth of the time that has elapsed since its existence is first noticed in history, only one relic of that mighty people is to be found above ground in the modern city.

If we would raise up before our mind's eye the London of the Romans, we must endeavour to scrape off the thick stratum of dirt that intervenes between us and it, and attempt to arrive at a correct understanding of the

ground upon which the ancient city stood. London, like Venice, or the cities of the Dutch republic, has risen from out of the waters, over which, in a glorious imitation of those cities, she was destined to rule. The Romans who first visited the place found no more firm ground than a narrow strip lying between the great fen (Moorfields) and the river. The Thames of that day, at flood tide, seemed, within a mile perhaps of London itself, to be, not a river, but an arm of the sea. When the tide ebbed large tracts of marshy land were seen on either side. The Romans determined to make those tracts permanently visible, and to that intent raised embankments, chiefly on the shores of Essex; without whose protection, even at this day, the Essex farmer would be still less able to compete with the dreaded foreigner. As London was selected for a commercial and not for a military station, and as it was long before the invaders had leisure to fortify any but military posts, the merchants reasonably fixed their habitations in that part of the beforementioned strip of land which nature had rendered most easy of defence. The great fen lay almost parallel to the river, and at right angles to both there ran from the river to the Thames a deep, broad, swift stream, swollen with the superfluous waters of the marshy grounds. The ground declined considerably from north to south, so that 800 years afterwards, when this stream, then called the Walbrook, was much narrower and shallower, and not so copiously fed by the moor, it was noted for the occasional turbulence of its current. In comparatively modern times the course of this brook was from the church called Allhallows on the wall, Broad-street, to St. Margaret, Lothbury, thence along the present Prince's-street, to St. Mildred in the Poultry, thence behind the west side of the present street of Walbrook, in an almost straight line to the Thames. But recent discoveries have shewn that in ancient days its stream was continued from St. Margaret, Lothbury, in a straight line to the moor, and that the portion from Allhallows to St. Margaret, was only a subsidiary brook running into it.

On the east of the Walbrook, and almost parallel both to the river and the fen, ran another stream, afterwards called the Langbourne, which took its rise in Fenchurch-street, and joined the Walbrook near to the present Mansion House. The Roman merchants therefore, by settling on

the east side of the Walbrook, secured these advantages, that they were defended on the north by an almost impassable fen, on the south by the river, where their ships lay, and on the west by a broad, very rapid, and therefore not a fordable stream. Thus they were only exposed to attack on one of four sides, and as the great fen, though nearly parallel to the Thames, was not quite so, but inclined somewhat towards it on the east of the Walbrook, the side thus left without a natural defence was the shortest, and consequently the most susceptible of being artificially protected. Let it be added to this description of the locality, that the course of the Langbourne from east to west, and of the little stream from Broad-street to Lothbury, proves the ground to have declined somewhat from Aldgate towards the Walbrook. As one or two little streams (rising in Bread-street and elsewhere) ran from west to east, and joined the Walbrook on its western side, we may infer that the ground on that side also declined towards the Walbrook. Now that stream, on the line of its ancient course, divides the modern city as nearly as possible into two equal portions; and so it always did, if we have regard merely to that tract of ground enclosed within the city wall. But far more than half of Roman London lay on the east side of the brook. London commenced its career in the east, somewhere near to Aldgate, and for fifteen centuries it has been struggling westward and labouring to escape from its birth-place. The early Roman colonists, however, associated May Fair and the West End with horrid visions of painted savages, chariots armed with scythes, and thick woods fitted only for ambuscades and Druidical orgies. Therefore they preferred the east, and even when the country was tranquillized and the city fortified, do not appear to have built many dwelling houses on the west side of the friendly stream. But their habitations ranged closely from Finsbury to Dowgate along the east side of the brook. Villas studded the bank of the Thames from Dowgate to the Tower. Another line (perhaps a double one) of houses followed the course of the Langbourne through Lombard-street and Fenchurch-street to Aldgate, and another skirted the little stream from St. Margaret, Lothbury, to Allhallows on the Wall. Thus much we know from the walls and pavements which have

been discovered in the aforesaid localities at various periods; whilst, though the remains of houses have certainly been found on the west of the Walbrook, we have not there any such proofs of continuous streets as the eastern quarter affords.

We shall understand this arrangement of the city still better, if we consider that the Walbrook was then navigable, not merely to Bucklersbury, as in later times, but as far, at least, as Coleman-street. A Roman boat-hook has been found in that street, and, as I shall presently have occasion to shew, on the spot where it was habitually used. This premised, we at once perceive how advantageous to the merchants it must have been, to have a street skirting the shore of, and other streets running at right angles to, a navigable stream. But as the city grew more wealthy, these natural defences became insufficient for its protection. Boadicea burnt and plundered it, and at a later period it well nigh met the same fate at the hands of a party of mercenary soldiers, who, after labouring very zealously on behalf of some pretenders to empire, were trying to do a little business on their own account. Therefore, we are told, it was resolved that the city should be fortified; but as this is nowhere expressly stated, and scarcely even hinted, it is quite possible that a partial or even a complete fortification may have been projected before the time (A.D. 306) usually allotted to the inwalling of the city. But we prefer to speak of certainties, and, as the Roman origin of the city wall can be proved by the testimony of the wall itself, we will not care to enquire into the precise date of its erection. So much has been already written concerning the wall, its bastions, towers, and gates, and its course from the Tower by Postern-row, behind the Minories, to Aldgate; thence within Houndsditch to Wormwood-street; thence westward along the street, now called London Wall, to Hart-street; thence southward to Noble-street; that we shall not say any thing of it in its passage to the last named point. There, however, we take it up to remark, that originally it continued its straight course from Noble-street to the Thames, but that at a later day, though still within the Roman period, it was carried westward from Noble-street to Giltspur-street, and *thence* in a straight line to the Thames. We shall here say no more of the Roman wall

than that the lines from Noble-street to the Thames, and from Giltspur-street to the Thames, were both, as nearly as possible, parallel to the old line of defence, the Walbrook. To this circumstance I attach some importance. The bank of the Thames was also defended by a wall, though that disappeared many centuries before the landward fortifications. This wall stood about 50 feet from the campshot or under edge of the present wharf wall, that is, about 50 feet from a kind of shelf on the river side, whereon at low water you may see a great deal of mud and a few barges. And at the several distances of 58, 86, and 103 feet, within the range of the existing wharfs, have been found three several lines of wooden embankment; the faithful witnesses to the patience of those Romans, who, on three separate occasions, narrowed the bed of the Thames, and reclaimed from its waters the ground on which the Custom House and the rich warehouses of Thames-street are built.

On the west side of Walbrook the ground within the wall, and particularly that lying north of the present Cheapside, was probably for a long time very marshy; for, at least 800 years after the Roman dominion in England, there were numerous wells, bosses of water, and even large pools, in that neighbourhood. In the year 1595, in digging at the north-east corner of Bread-street, a vault and pavement were found at the depth of seventeen feet. Stow, who mentions this discovery, does not give us any clear description of the pavement, but its distance from the surface proves it to have been Roman. On a level with it, and not far off, was found a tree, lying on what appeared to be the edge of a brook that had run towards the Walbrook. This tree was cut into five steps, as if it had been used for the purpose of a bridge, and near it, also on the shore of the brook, were lying two other trees, close to the roots and stumps, from which they had been sawn, and which still remained firm in the ground. This discovery helps us to another feature in the picture of ancient London, though it is difficult to fancy that a rivulet bordered with trees ever ran along the course of Cheapside. We must not conclude that the marshy character of the ground on the west side of the brook deterred the Romans from building there. In digging the foundations for the new Exchange the workmen came upon a sure proof—both that Roman London

rose out of a swamp, and of the manner in which the Romans overcame the difficulties of the ground whenever they were minded to do so—in the evidence that a large pond, 50 feet in length, 34 in width, and 13 in depth, had formerly existed there, but had been filled up by the Romans with the rubbish and refuse of their shops and houses. The bones of sheep; the bones and horns of deer and other creatures; the skins and shells of fishes; fragments of walls, pillars, and tablets; broken pottery and glass; lamps, styli, knives, implements for weaving, the brushes and flesh-scrapers used in baths, and tools of all kinds were found, mixed with ashes, dirt, and moist earth, and resting upon a foundation of wooden piles which had been driven into the bed of the pond. Coins of Vespasian, Domitian, and Severus, were found at the bottom; coins of a much later date at the top of this rubbish. From the latter circumstance it has been inferred that the deposit was made at a late period of the Roman rule, when it was desired to build upon the spot, but, as no trace of any building has been discovered, it is at least as reasonable to infer that this was a common laystall for the use of the town, and that the accumulation of the rubbish there spread over a period of many years. But, though the city was so much less densely populated in the western than in the eastern division that in a thousand years later Cheapside remained an open space, or, as some say, a field, whilst Stow remembered to have seen many great void places about Ironmonger-lane; yet the Romans had several buildings in that portion of the city. Traces of their habitations have been found in Bread-street, in Pancras-lane, in Budge-row, in Ludgate-hill, on the site of the present Post Office, near St. Andrew's church in Holborn, and in Long-lane, Smithfield; but these traces are indeed scanty and isolated, when compared with the relics with which the eastern quarter of the town is strewn.

The main road through the city was the Watling-street, which ran from the vicinity of the modern Ludgate along the modern Watling-street and Budge-row to the Walbrook, crossed it by a bridge placed at the junction of Cannon-street and Budge-row, and then, branching off at London-stone in Cannon-street, ran along the Langbourne to Aldgate. It is of course probable that several smaller

roads intersected a city of such extent; and that, in particular, a road ran from the ferry at Dowgate, in the direction of Cripplegate, but that these were the only roads of importance may be safely inferred from the fact, that during the Roman rule in Britain the only gates in the wall were Aldgate, Cripplegate, and another, answering to Ludgate. This is just what the character of the ground would lead us to expect. No Roman remains have been found on the site of the fen; and no one could have occasion to traverse it, so that no gates were needed between Cripplegate and Aldgate. And as the strip of ground between the fen and the river was rather narrow, one broad road running through it might well be found sufficient. Enough of remains of houses has been found in Budge-row and Watling-street, to shew that the rudiments of a street, in continuation of the line from Aldgate, existed on the west of the brook. If, however, we can find no evidences of *perfect* streets in this quarter, we may yet have reason to see that the western division of the town had its own objects of interest.

On entering the town, either from the north-east or south-west, the traveller would in those days have beheld on either side of the road the tombs and monuments of the departed Romans and Romanized Britons. And here we have an additional proof of the greater importance of the eastern division, in the greater populousness of the eastern cemetery, which appears to have extended from the ward of Bishopsgate Without almost to Wapping, and to have covered Spitalfields and Whitechapel with the Roman dead, whilst the western cemetery only comprised part of the site of St. Paul's, and the space between that cathedral and Ludgate. From the contents of these two cemeteries we can only infer that the two divisions of the town resembled each other in the character, though they may have differed in the density of their population. In both have been found monuments erected to military men; in both the urns of the pagans; in both the stone or wooden coffins of those who having embraced Christianity had abandoned the practice of incremation; in both the Romans and Britons, peaceful in death, sleep side by side; in both are coins as well of early as of late periods; nor are the urns, vases, lachrymatories, drinking cups, brooches, trinkets, and weapons

which are found in the one at all richer than those which are discovered in the other cemetery. Besides these two public cemeteries other resting-places of the dead have been discovered. In Queen-street a curious tile-tomb has been found, having in it a corpse stretched at full length, in the mouth of which was a coin in second brass. We might infer from this that at the period when second brass coins were in most general circulation, that is, between the reigns of Severus and Gallienus, the western division was not even so much frequented as I have allowed it to have been in after days. In one or two other places, particularly in Billingsgate, where the better class of residences stood, urns containing ashes have been discovered beneath the tesselated pavements of private dwelling-houses, whose owners perhaps thus preserved the relics of those dear to them, with the view of one day restoring them to that Italy which gave them birth.

Hitherto, guided by the unquestionable testimony of walls and pavements, which of course still occupy their original position, we have been able to trace out with tolerable certainty the ground-plan of the ancient city, but we are now about to enter upon a line of enquiry more or less speculative. This paper would not be complete, would not be written in the true antiquarian spirit, if it contained no conjectures; for antiquaries have given utterance to more surmises concerning ancient London than perhaps concerning any other city whatsoever. Sir Christopher Wren conjectured that in a causeway of Roman construction found by him under Bow church in Cheapside, he had discovered the extreme northern boundary of the Roman city, and for years this conjecture was repeated as an authenticated fact, until the many discoveries of which I have spoken, and above all the certainty that the foundations of the city walls were Roman, proved the conjecture to be baseless. Again, when he discovered the tomb and monument of a soldier in the neighbourhood of Ludgate, he inferred therefrom that this soldier's place of burial was the vallum of the prætorian camp. But the discovery of soldiers' tombs in Spitalfields, and near to Postern-row, shews that if his reasoning were correct the vallum of the prætorian camp must have been in three distinct quarters of the town. Then again the site of the supposed prætorium has been changed from day to

day to suit each fresh discovery, so that whenever a remarkable pavement or goodly-sized house has been laid bare, it has been said, "Here stood the prætorium!" Ludgate-hill, the Poultry, and the Tower, have in turn been selected as the site of a building which never existed at all (at least for the purposes ascribed to it), for London never was a camp or military station, and consequently never had a prætorium at all. Then again the remains of some large buildings in Bush-lane, south of London Stone, caused Sir Christopher to infer that the stone which had long been held to be the milliarium (the point whence distances were measured) of the Romans, must have stood by a building resembling the great Aureum Milliarium of Constantinople. But recent discovery has shewn that buildings quite as remarkable as those in Bush-lane, lined the whole bank of the river from thence to the Tower; that some of them (one at the Coal Exchange for instance) had hypocausts; whilst those in Bush-lane do not appear to have had those signs of wealth and distinction; and that a few of these villas, near to Galley quay, were so remarkable for size and strength of construction, that they endured, though in ruins, even to the time of Stow. So that any inference which might be drawn from the size of the houses in Bush-lane might be drawn with equal justice from any house in the whole line thence to the Tower.

Again, two small brazen lares, some articles of pottery, and a variety of coins, having been found in the Fleet ditch, (whilst that ci-devant river was being cleansed in 1606,) Maitland and Pennant concur in thinking that these articles had been thrown in by the Romans on the occasion of their flight from Boadicea, as if during a four hundred years' occupation of a navigable river, in the neighbourhood of a great town, such things would not, as a matter of course, be lost in the stream. Their supposition appears the more absurd when, on some Saxon relics being found in the same stream, they immediately infer that the Saxons threw in *those* articles when *they* fled from the Danes. When in forming the modern Prince's-street the workmen came upon the course of the ancient Walbrook, they found in the first place that the Romans had embanked the stream with wooden piles, doubtless to preserve so useful a channel; and in the second, that the bed was thickly strewn with such articles as coins, brass

scales, styli, needles in brass and bone, knives, tools, pottery, and a thousand other things which had been dropped either from the houses on the bank or from the vessels which floated on the stream. It would be as absurd to infer that these things were thrown in by the Romans under the influence of fear, as to say that a shilling of George the Third, found in the bed of the Thames, must have been thrown in by a Romanist during his flight from Lord George Gordon's mob. And I would here remark that of the remains which have been and are yet to be discovered, it is only of the buildings we can say that they are where their owners intended them to be. It is not altogether here as in Pompeii, where the tide of life was suddenly checked, and the inhabitants, like the friends of the sleeping beauty, were caught, and fixed by a deathlike sleep in the midst of their daily avocations. Roman London held out long against the Saxons, nor do we learn that those pirates utterly destroyed it when they gained possession of it. The Roman houses doubtless afforded shelter to the Saxons for many an age. It is true that together with the remains of a house in Lombard-street were observed traces of some conflagration. It seemed that the house then laid bare had been raised upon the debris of another, which had been burnt, and it was immediately inferred that Boadicea had been the incendiary. As however the traces of fire were confined to this spot, it is at least *probable* that the conflagration was partial, and the result of accident, for fires *do* sometimes break out in large cities, without the interference of Boadicea.

Again, if we are told that a bronze lamp, supposed to have been used in the service of Diana, has been found in Budge-row, it by no means follows that the Romans dropped it there. It may have given light to a score of Cerdics and Wulstans before it found the resting-place from which the excavation has just taken it. It is true that there is a class (though a small one) of remains which points to a period when some sudden check was put upon the business of life.

In Lothbury, between Founder's-court and St. Margaret's church, was found a large hoard of iron instruments, hammers, crow-bars, &c.

In Nicholas-lane were found, in a heap, and without any

other relics, three hundred brass pieces of Tetricus, who assumed the imperial purple in Gaul during the latter part of the third century.

In Coleman-street was found a well, having its sides secured with planks, quite full of earthenware vessels, packed neatly and carefully on their sides, one upon the other. Whatever they originally contained, they were now only full of the mud, which had oozed through the sides of the well. Underneath them was found a boat-hook and a coin of Allectus, who ruled in Britain towards the close of the third century. These are affecting relics. Too scanty to point with certainty to any general calamity, they tell us at least of individuals cut short in their career so suddenly as to leave no time to indicate to their survivors the spots in which their property might be found.

Nor have antiquaries been sparing of their conjectures concerning the position of the temples in Roman London. Tradition, for many ages, affirmed that there had been a Roman temple on or near the site of the modern St. Paul's, and accordingly—as in 1316, in digging the foundations of a chapel on the south side of the cathedral, more than 100 scalps of oxen were found—Stow tells us that "they were greatly confirmed in their opinion who thought that there had been in that place a temple to Jupiter, and a daily sacrifice of beasts." Further excavations after the great fire brought to light the bones and horns of stags, as well as of oxen, and this discovery was thought to tally with the tradition that the temple in that spot had been erected to Diana. This supposition, as we shall presently see, was to a certain extent correct; but it seems to have given rise to a general opinion that wherever the bones of animals were found in large quantities, there must have been a Roman temple. Thus when close to St. Michael's church in Crooked-lane was found a deep cavity resembling a well, crammed with fragments of Roman pottery, and the bones and horns of animals, it was immediately inferred that a temple had once occupied the spot. Again, when on the site of the present St. Mary Woolnoth they discovered a quantity of broken pottery, the tusks and bones of boars and goats, several medals, and pieces of metal, some tesselated work, part of an aqueduct, and a well (from which the water still flows), it was at once inferred that the Temple of

Concord mentioned by Geoffrey of Monmouth (!!!) had stood here, and that there had been a pottery in the same place. If we consider that the site of St. Mary Woolnoth was in ancient times insulated by the wanderings of the Sherbourne (a brook which broke out of the Langbourne, at Sherbourne-lane, and ran in a south-westerly direction to the Walbrook), we may admit that a spot thus cut off from the bustle of the town, was fitted to receive a temple. And it is much to be regretted that those who made this discovery (in 1716) did not leave us a more particular account of the aqueduct, as a correct description of it would have assisted us greatly in planning out that portion of the city. But with respect to the bones we must say that their presence is fully as indicative of a butcher's shop, or common shambles, as of a temple. The great forest which skirted the city on the north-west was full of stags and boars, even when Fitz-Stephen wrote, that is, in the reign of Henry the Second; and we cannot conclude that in the Roman age all such animals fell to the share of the priests. Both St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Michael Crooked-lane, stand on the line of the old Eastcheap, and Eastcheap was, in the Saxon times, the great market of the town. The position of a market is rarely changed, and if we go the length of supposing that the Saxons kept their market in Eastcheap, because they found it fixed there for them by their predecessors, we shall go far towards converting the so-called Temple of Concord into a Roman slaughter-house. Two things however are certain, that tradition, while it affirms St. Paul's to have been built on the site of a Roman temple, says nothing of the kind for St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Michael Crooked-lane; and that whilst altars to Diana and Apollo have been found in Foster-lane, that is, close to St. Paul's, no relic of the kind has been discovered near the other two spots, or indeed in any other part of London. As whatever bouleversement the city may have suffered, relics so bulky as altars are not likely to have been carried far from their original position, we may conclude with reasonable certainty that a temple to Apollo or Diana, or to both, stood in Foster-lane or in the immediate vicinity; and we shall perhaps also be justified in concluding that a fragment of a fluted column (the sole relic of the kind discovered in London) which had been built into the wall of

the Grey Friars monastery (the present Christ's Hospital) in Newgate-street, had once helped to adorn this temple. Let us add that a few bronze lamps, the handles of which represent the horns of a stag, and which are therefore supposed to have been used in this temple of Diana, have been found in various parts of the city.

But the bones of other animals have been found in the neighbourhood of London. In the year 1689 the skeleton of an elephant is said to have been found in a gravel pit, near the Sir John Oldcastle public-house; and in the same pit was found the head of a British spear. It was concluded that this animal had been killed in the great battle between Suetonius and Boadicea near Battle Bridge. A large skull, which some thought to be that of a giant, but which Casaubon, with greater safety, concluded to have belonged to an elephant, was found in the Roman cemetery in Spitalfields.

Are we justified in concluding that the great "shank bone, which," in Stow's time, "was hung up in the cloister of St. Mary Aldermanbury," and the great shank bone and tooth "of a very great bigness," preserved (according to the same chronicler) in the church of St. Laurence Jewry, were relics of the same animal? It is quite possible, of course, that the alleged shank bones and tooth may have been neither the one nor the other, but fossil bones of a different character; but the question is worthy of attention.

As, long before the departure of the Romans, Christianity had become general in England, we may conclude that Roman London had its Christian churches, but though tradition affirms very positively that the first Christian church was on the site of St. Peter's in Cornhill, no one relic has been found, and no one fact can be brought forward to confirm the statement. Tradition also states that Roman edifices, which are spoken of sometimes as temples and sometimes as churches, stood on the sites of Gerrard's Hall and Bakewell Hall, but this statement also is without confirmation, unless, indeed, we consider that the remarkable well filled with earthenware vessels, and found, as I have said, in Coleman-street (that is, not 150 yards from Bakewell Hall), is a corroborative testimony. Tradition also states that the Romans defended the river wall of the

city by two great towers; one at the eastern extremity, where our Tower stands, and one at the western, where stood Baynard's castle, and Montfichet castle. This is of course highly probable, and at all events we have ample proof that a remarkable building stood near our Tower in the quantity of Roman remains which have been found in Postern-row along the line of the old city wall. Here were discovered nearly forty cart loads of stones, varying in size from two to five superficial feet, and consisting of mouldings of different patterns, portions of pilasters and capitals, and fragments of a coarse oolite stone, coated with fine plaster on which were described devices and letters in a red colour, coarsely executed, and too fragmentary to be deciphered. Here also were found several cart loads of bones, chiefly allied to the *bos primigenius* of Cuvier, two monuments—one apparently to an officer of the fleet, the other to a soldier—an ingot of silver ten ounces in weight, and some coins of Arcadius and Honorius, the last emperors whose sway was acknowledged in Britain. Here we have evidently a fine field for conjecture. The monuments would induce one antiquary to call this spot "the vallum of the prætorian camp;" the bones would prove to the satisfaction of another that the ground had been occupied by a temple. But, whatever the nature of the building which stood here, no such testimony has been found in support of the tradition that a similar building stood at the western extremity of the river wall.

Among the most remarkable of the Roman remains we may mention a tesselated pavement of particular beauty, and nearly 25 feet square, found in Leadenhall-street, opposite the most eastern column of the portico of the India House;—a house in Lombard-street, in the walls of which were flues, either for heating the rooms or for conveying away the smoke;—a house in Bread-street wherein were some mural paintings, or rather some coloured patterns on the walls;—some Samian ware of the more elegant kind found in Lombard-street; a silver Harpocrates, and some bronze figures, all of considerable beauty, which were found in the Thames;—and some eastern water coolers, with perforated diaphragms, the property doubtless of some travelled merchant. The fact that London was only a colony of merchants, residing in it merely for purposes of trade, should

lead us to look for evidences of their numbers and wealth, rather than of their taste; such evidences we do find in abundance; but objects of vertu have been but rarely met with.

These Roman remains, then, have been found beneath the surface of our city at depths varying from nine to thirty feet, and here a curious topic presents itself for our consideration.

The splendid pavement found in Leadenhall-street, in 1803, lay only nine feet and a half below the surface; and, as such pavements cannot be moved without being broken, must have always lain where it was found. Now Stow tells us that in 1576 a Roman pavement was found at the Leadenhall-street end of Lime-street, at the depth of only two fathoms or 12 feet. And, again, he tells us that between Billiter-lane and Lime-street was found, under the surface, "a wall of stone, with a gate arched of stone, and gates of timber to be closed in the midst towards the street. The timber of the gates," he continues, "was consumed, but the hinges of iron still remained in their staples on both sides. Moreover in that wall were square windows, with bars of iron, on either side of the gate." Now it seems certain, that when this submerged house was on a level with the street, the closely neighbouring pavements in Lime-street and Leadenhall-street, could not have been below the level. For, after making allowance for inequalities of surface, the case stands thus. The pavement in Lime-street was only twelve feet below the surface, when the wall with the arched gateway was totally covered; and the pavement in Leadenhall-street was only nine feet below the surface 300 years afterwards, and when the debris of the great fire had been strewn over the ground. If, then, our conclusion be correct, and if Stow be right in supposing that the arched gateway belonged to a house destroyed by a conflagration in the reign of Stephen; (a supposition perfectly consistent with the character of the ruin, which was evidently not Roman;) then we have this result, that some remains of the Roman city were standing, and in use even in the reign of Stephen.

Again, Stow tells us that in his time there existed in Thames-street "over against Galley quay, Wood quay, and the custom house," the remains of some large buildings in

stone, the origin whereof the common people ascribed to Julius Cæsar, but which had been patched up in strange fashion, with wood, by some rough builders whom he took to have been shipwrights. It is true that he adds, "they seemed to be built of Caen stone, which is commonly thought to have been brought into England by the Normans," but as modern excavations have discovered on the spot named relics of no other stone buildings than Roman villas, it seems probable that Stow actually saw, above the surface, though in a very ruinous and strangely altered state, some of the villas, in which a Suetonius, an Agricola, or even a Constantine may have feasted.

Of the durability of the Roman buildings, and of the manner in which the Saxons or Normans adapted them to their wants, we have many proofs in the fragments of the city wall; whose Roman foundations and base, promise long to survive the patchwork that has been raised upon them. One of these fragments is to be seen under the office of the 'Times' newspaper. Upon the portion of original wall is a reparation in Norman or Early English work; and upon that are the remains of a passage and window, which probably belonged to the Blackfriars' monastery. The proprietors of the 'Times' have determined to preserve this curious fragment, the strangest portion of whose career is, that it has come under their protection. They have done wisely. The shelter which they extend to this record of three epochs, is an illustration of the care with which the press watches over and preserves from oblivion the otherwise fast-fading memorials of by-gone civilizations.

THE TABLE-TURNER OUTDONE.

A TRUE STORY.

My friend, the late Mrs. Wickens of Footherley Flats, was, as she hourly affirmed, (and of course she must have known best,) the victim of morbid sensibility and shattered nerves.

For my own part, I was sometimes presumptuous enough to think that if she had taken less ether, and more exercise, her nervous sensibilities would have been less susceptible, and the atmosphere of her parlour would have been certainly pleasanter. But being, as she was wont to say, so finely strung, so soon excoriated, so quiveringly alive to the jarring influences of an unfeeling and unsympathising world, she was just the kind of person on whom Fortune (like a great bully, as she is) rejoices to play off her most mischievous pranks. Here was one of them.

Reader, do you remember *Swing?* Well, well, I know you are in the bloom of youth, and all that, and can't be expected to remember events which date back some twenty, or may be (for I am too idle to refer to the Annual Register), five and twenty years. No, you don't remember him; but I do, and any thing but pleasant are my recollections of him. How he came into existence, where he was born, who gave him his name, nobody could ascertain: but he wrote that name of his in chalk on every dead wall; he grew in a few months from an unnoticed infant into a relentless tyrant who set the laws at defiance, baffled its officials, and here, and there, and everywhere, turned our comfortable homesteads into blazing ruins. He was cradled, I think, in Kent; at any rate that county was the especial scene of his atrocities. I happened, I remember, to be residing at Canterbury during some portion of that dreary winter, and night after night I heard the rattle of the fire-engines through the streets, as they hurried off to some fresh conflagration. Late one evening I was invited to ascend the Bell-Harry tower of the cathedral, and from its summit saw, unless my memory fails me, not less than six rick-yards blazing at the same moment in as many different directions.

Such being the state of things, the state of nerves at Footherley Flats may be more easily conceived than expressed, when Mrs. Wickens, looking out of the window, beheld her husband sharpening his sword on the grindstone, and heard from his own lips that the yeomanry were called out, and the weavers were rioting. It is my solemn conviction that the male Wickens would, any day of the week, have preferred encountering an infuriated mob, to his own wife when she was suffering from an attack of nervous susceptibility. It has been said that on that very occasion, the lad

who turned the grindstone heard him singing through his firmly-set teeth,

> "Women are best when they are at rest,
> If you can catch them still;
> Cross them, they chide; but are worse (I have tried),
> If you grant them their will."

"And you are going to leave me, John? harassed, worn, isolated; my spirits broken, my health destroyed,—the anxious mind wearing out the body,—the body? You are going to throw on me the burden of the farm? Agricultural solicitudes are to commingle with desolation of the heart? And bowed down as I am,—yes, John, bowed to the very earth with exhaustion and depression, I am to be left unfriended and alone? No one near to protect our dwelling from mysterious fire-raisers; no one to cheer or support me . . . . and the pig just killed too, and the cook leaving us to-morrow."

"Please, marm," interposed the boy at the grindstone, to whom the latter sentence was alone intelligible, "there's a young 'ooman just come arter the cook's place."

"Gracious! how glad I am," exclaimed Mrs. Wickens, "I am sure I must take her at a venture. I hope she can come at once. As for making pork pies myself, in the shattered state of my nerves, it is not to be thought of." So saying, she retreated from the window, and forgetful for the moment of the excoriated fibres of her heart-strings, hastened into the kitchen, and after an interview with the aspirant for culinary honours, proceeded in search of her husband, to report the result; but of course discovered that (what brutes men are!) he had availed himself of her temporary absence, to effect his retreat. Mrs. Wickens's over-wrought sensibilities gave way, and she sunk upon her couch in a state of depression, from which she was happily revived by the stimulus of ether, to make a tolerably substantial dinner on pig's fry.

"Certainly," observed Mrs. Wickens to herself as her nerves grew tranquil under the influence of repletion, "there was nothing very prepossessing in that young woman's appearance; her squint was positively awful; and she seemed rather stupid; but cooks are so hard to find, especially for farm-service. There was nothing for it but to hire her at once. Kitty, (so wilful,) insists on going to-morrow, in order that she may marry Tom Long on Wednesday; and how is it possible I can get on without a cook? My nerves so shattered, my health so physically unequal to exertion of any kind! Oh no! impossible! It would have been better, certainly, if she had brought a character: but how could Mrs. Harris, that is dead and buried, write a character? And she said she had lived a year with her. And she would not have ventured to say that if it was not true, though I suppose Mrs. Harris was rather childish at last. However, she was in new mourning, and no doubt that was given her by the family: a clear proof of their good opinion of her;

better indeed, than any character. Besides, she can come to-night."

And so that very night Rhoda the new cook was installed in her office, and Mrs. Wickens's nerves were no longer agitated by any risk of their owner having to predominate over the saucepans at Footherley Flats.

But alas! other trials awaited them. "Let me be where I may," said Mrs. Wickens, "or do what I may, it's all the same. No respite, no cessation of carking cares, which wear me down, lay bare my sensibilities, and leave me quivering like a shorn lamb in the winter's wind."

In which remarkable speech two things are much to be noted, first what a wonderful farmer John Wickens must have been to have lambs ready for shearing in winter; and secondly, what a blockhead he must have been for shearing them. But perhaps the acuteness of Mrs. Wickens's nerves had duller perceptions in natural history.

However, be this as it may, there can be no doubt that whether Mrs. Wickens was most like a shorn lamb, or a laughing hyena, or a dying duck, she was in a pretty considerable state of nervous agitation when smash after smash in the kitchen gave unmistakeable evidence of the havock going on among the crockery.

"Rhody, Rhody Feakes," she ejaculated at last, "it is the rule of this house that the servants should pay for whatever they break. I don't wish to be hard upon you, but . . . ."

"Dear, dear, ma'am, what a coil about a few old crocks! Why, ma'am, I was born in the potteries, and I knows the valley of sich like. Two or three cracked plates, ma'am, has come in two in my hand, (I'm sure it's lucky they didn't injure me,) and I'll engage to replace them any day for fippence."

"It's not so much the value of the articles, Rhody, as the dreadful shock you give my poor nerves with the noise you make in breaking them."

"Dear heart! ma'am, I'll try and break them more quietly, if you wish it: but as for *not* breaking them the thing is not to be done. Mr. Saggers,—he that's king of the potteries,—always says that he's a good friend to servants, and they are good friends to him; for if *they* didn't break, *he* must."

"But, Rhody, consider my nerves . . ."

No, Rhody would do nothing of the kind. She fairly out-talked her mistress, and drove her out of the kitchen.

A few more days passed away, and then Mrs. Wickens became satisfied that this new-found treasure had no idea of cooking. First the jack was in fault; then the saucepans wanted tinning; then the weather was so bad that nothing would keep, and then the coals were so bad that it was impossible to make a fire. Mrs. Wickens was injudicious enough to remark that they burnt well enough in the parlour, upon which Rhody Feakes observed that for her part she was glad to be near things that would *not*

burn, for it was evident that Swing was coming nearer and nearer to Footherley every night,—master was out, the pump was dry, or nearly so, the ricks were all in a row, and so near the house that if they were once alight, nothing could save it. She fully expected to be burnt in her bed, and had had but one repentance since she came to a farmer's service. Mrs. Wickens immediately fell into a paroxysm of nervous agitation, and besought Rhody not to desert her in her helplessness and solitude;—a request which Rhody after an exhibition of considerable dignity condescended to grant.

But now a new enemy to Mrs. Wickens's peace appeared on the scene,—the cat. Till within the last month, (till Rhody, that is, had entered upon her office,) Pussy's conduct had been looked upon as unexceptionable: indeed Kitty, the last cook, had made quite a favourite of her: she was conspicuous for her talents, and universally respected for her discharge of duties, social, domestic, and feline; an experienced mouser, a consistent and conscientious licker of dishes, a stedfast friend of the family. But now all was changed. "That wicked cat" was enough to corrupt a whole neighbourhood. Whatever mischief was done in the house, she was the doer of it.

"And you are sure you put the pigeon pie in the larder over night, Rhody, and before morning the cat had drawn the bolt, and got in, and eaten it all?"

"Yes ma'am, all, quite clean but a few crumbs and the bunch of claws at the top as was quite dry and fizzled like. O laws! she has the cunning of an imp, and is quite as wicked."

"This can't go on, Rhody. I don't wish to hurt the poor thing, I'm sure: but you know what my nerves are, and really these perpetual annoyances wear me to fiddle-strings, or rather I should say harp-strings, or lute-strings. I'm too finely strung, Rhody, too sensitive: don't you think the cat had better be hanged?"

"We can try her a bit longer, ma'am, if you please, I can't abear the thoughts a taking a fellow-creature's life," was the quick and decided answer.

"Certainly Rhody, I'm very unfortunate; don't you think so? Whatever attaches itself to me perishes; you remember Napoleon's fishes, Rhody, at Longwood?"

"Ma'am?"

"And the young gazelle, Rhody, the young gazelle?

'O ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle....'

How does it go on, Rhody?—'died' of course for the next ending; and 'always on the buttered side' for the rhyme to match it, but I can't go on. My nerves confuse my memory. But the currant

wine, Rhody, wasn't it very strange that a cat should lap that up, and eat a pound cake too?"

"O dear no, ma'am, the late respected Mrs. Harris, during the time I lived with her, had a cat that ate up a whole turbot that her son had sent her, and the lobster that was to have made sauce of it. Not so much as the shell of a claw left: but then cats are so very partial to fish."

"I never heard the like, Rhody. Indeed we had better have our cat hanged at once... please to tell John Waggoner to....

"You must excuse me, ma'am. I didn't come here for to perpetrate cruelties. Of course the cat is your own, and you can hang her if you like; but I must take leave to say, ma'am, that I never can stay in a house where there is no cat. Rats is my particular aversion, and I can't live where they are not kept under. If you please ma'am, since the cat is to be hanged, we had better part. And indeed, ma'am, at any rate, hanged or unhanged, I must request you to set me at liberty: this day month, if you please: there was a barn burnt last night at Puddlecombe, Mr. Dilbury's ricks the night before; I know I shall be burnt in my bed, and then who is to support my aged parents? unless farm-servants have their wages raised it isn't worth their while to run the risks of fire and slaughter."

"*Slaughter*, Rhody?"

"Yes, ma'am, in the fire at Dilbury's there was a sow and whole litter of pigs burnt. My life is not a burden to me yet, ma'am. I'd rather leave. You're sure to be burnt out."

"How can you say such shocking things, Rhody? my poor nerves..."

"Dear heart, ma'am, it isn't I only that say it; it's the talk of the neighbourhood. I can't put my head out of doors but some one twits me for my fool-hardiness. 'You don't think that Swing will pass by Footherley Flats?' they say,—and the master out, and the well dry, and the servants at such beggarly wages that if they stay they deserve to be burnt too?"

"I'm sure Rhody, I don't wish you to be burnt. Your master is very kind. I am positive he wouldn't be against increasing your wages now there's so much danger. If you will stay, I shouldn't be afraid to offer you a pound more."

"Couldn't possibly do it under ten shillings a quarter, that is two pounds; and if we have any alarm I should expect to be paid extra."

Mrs. Wickens's nerves were too finely strung to permit her to hesitate, and Rhody gained her point.

But further trials yet were in store: that same night, after the unfortunate victim of nervous sensibility, having duly locked her bed-chamber door, looked under her bed, and jumped into it with a bound, (under the full expectation that Swing would catch hold of one heel in mid air,) had fallen into her first sleep, she was suddenly roused from it by the most violent screams: then came wailings

most lugubrious, then a scuffling along the passage, and then Rhody's voice at her door, "Murder, Swing, fire! O ma'am, wake up, let me in, let me in!"

"Merciful goodness! what's the matter?"

"Fire's the matter, ma'am. Swing's the matter. We shall be burnt in our beds, and my aged parents...."

"*Fire!* where's the fire?"

"Nowhere yet, ma'am, least-wise I hope not. Didn't you hear me scream to terrify the villain. He's off by this time, I'll warrant."

"Who's off?"

"Black Jack!"

"Black Jack! who's he?"

"Dear ma'am, how can I tell? I've had a misgiving all day that mischief was brewing, and so instead of going to sleep, I gets up every now and then to look out of the window into the rick-yard. Time after time, I sees nothing, but says I to myself, 'Rhody, do you be a faithful servant, and save the house if you can,' and sure enough when I peeped out the last time, what should I see in the bright moonshine...."

"Moonshine! why the moon set hours ago. I saw her setting."

"Well then, if it wasn't moonshine, it must have been the light of his dark-lantern, and that was more awful; but at any rate, what I saw was the figure of a great, black-whiskered man, with a light in his hand, skulking, skulking under the big hayrick.—And then,—O dear! I feel so faint... O, I'm a going, I know I am."

"O for pity's sake don't,—what shall I get you? what will you have?"

"A little brandy, ma'am, if you please."

"O dear, there's none out. Have you strength to go into the cellar? Where are the men?"

"Dear, dear, I turned the key of the passage door upon them. How could I let them out, and I in my shift? O yes, ma'am, I can go to the cellar if you'll give me the key."

Mrs. Wickens sank into the chair by her bed side, listening to Rhody's retreating footsteps, as door after door was opened. Last of all the cellar door. Then silence. Then,—did her ears deceive her? a loud pop, followed by a dismal scream. *Rhody was being pistolled in the cellar!* What should she do? Another loud pop, louder than the first—(O Mrs. Wickens, have you forgotten who it was that helped you to bottle your spruce beer, and who persuaded you that string,—so easily cut,—held the corks better than wire?) Another pop. A louder scream. A window opened and shut. Steps drawing nearer and nearer at full speed. Rhody dashes into the room:—"You're saved, ma'am, you're saved," she cries out, and then falls comfortably across the bed (taking care not to drop the bottle of brandy) in a dead faint.

The next morning all Footherley was ringing with the tidings that the Flats farm had been attacked by Swing, and gallantly

defended by Rhody Feaks. And John Waggoner had been sent off to the town where the yeomanry was quartered, with an earnest entreaty to his master to return home, for that his mistress was very bad, and Swing had attempted to fire the ricks, and had effected an entrance into the cellar. He returned with the expression of a placid hope that Mrs. Wickens would have recovered her alarm, and an order that the ricks should be watched night and day, and the cellar door kept locked.

Mrs. Wickens forthwith confided her sensations on this absence of conjugal sympathy to the faithful Rhody, and that worthy individual did not fail to turn it to account.

"Of course the master knows what is best, ma'am, and it isn't for the like of me to advise, but this night-watching will never do no good. It's almost sure to lead to bloodshed, and Swing is such an awful being, by all accounts, that he has a thousand ways of effecting his purpose which no one can stop. It is my notion ma'am, that he is not altogether of this world. He's too fond of fire for that. I fear master is very rash. He is just like a man that is crossing his own fate, and no good ever comes of that, you know. Perhaps it is not so well to speak of such things, but there have been two death-tokens in the house ever since I've been in it."

"The smelling-bottle, Rhody: and a little more water. Thank you. Go on: I can bear anything. The shorn lamb grows callous at last to the howling blast. Go on about the death-tokens, what were they?"

"Two almighty cracks right under my bed, ma'am, last Friday was a fortnight. I heard just the same, (crack, crack, it sounded all through the house,) the week before Mrs. Harris died. It never bodes no good: and other tokens are sure to follow. They did so at Mrs. Harris's, just at the last. I saw them every day, but it was no use speaking of them. I wish you good night, ma'am, and hope you will rest well."

No, Mrs. Wickens did not rest well: her nerves were too shattered, the vital fibres too disorganised, the chords of sensibility too rudely struck, and besides, she had eaten pickled pork for supper. So she lay awake, and had the comfort of a good palpitation, produced by hearing three awful groans at her door just as the church clock tolled midnight. Certainly if Mrs. Wickens's nerves were a luxury to her, she had now every temptation to indulge in it. And she did; and lay shivering till day broke, and Rhody entering the room abruptly, desired her mistress to get up directly, and come down stairs, and judge with her own eyes. There were the tokens: just the same as at poor dear Mrs. Harris's.—"You must excuse me, ma'am, but I can't possibly stay with you: there's no saying who may be the victim."

Mrs. Wickens hurried on a bed-gown, and preceded by Rhody, entered the parlour. Four heavy horse-hair chairs, which usually rested with their backs to the wall, had been turned upside down in the night. Mrs. Wickens thought it mysterious, but was hardly

as much alarmed as Rhody expected. However, it was a death-token to somebody, where furniture was moved without hands; and the house was so quiet last night that you might have heard a mouse stirring. "I hope you rested well, ma'am?" Mrs. Wickens shuddered at the remembrance of the groans, but was too nervous to speak of them.

The next night there were more groans; and the next morning greater disorder, and so it went on, even though Rhody, by her mistress's order, locked the parlour door, and gave the key (*or what she thought was the key*) into her own hands.

However, it was too much to be borne when not only all the chairs and all the tables had been discovered turned topsy turvey, but the venerable portrait of Mr. Wickens's grandmother was found hanging the wrong way upwards. On seeing so portentous a sight, Mrs. Wickens made the same exclamation as Napoleon did from the window of the kremlin, as he gazed on the flames of Moscow,—"This forebodes great misfortune," and she speedily sent to me for another bottle of ether.

But as her medical adviser, I thought she had had quite ether enough, and so instead of sending the cordial, I went myself, and (for a rumour of what was going on had reached me) bade the parish constable keep near at hand.

"Well, really it *is* very awful," said I, in my most believing and sympathising tone, after I had listened to the ample, joint recital of mistress and maid. "And you are quite sure the door was locked, and the bottle safe in the cellaret which you left full and found empty?"

"Quite certain, Sir," answered Rhody with a respectful curtsey.

"And the chairs, you are sure you didn't accidentally move them yourself?"

"Me? dear heart, no, Sir! It was all done by unseen hands, in the dead of the night. Evil sperrits, Sir, no doubt."

"It looks like it, indeed. You have never seen the chairs actually in motion have you?"

"Not exactly, Sir," replied the damsel, led on by my easy credulity. "But when I entered the room this morning, that little black table was spinning round all by itself. O it give me such a turn to see it!"

"No wonder. I'm sure I should have turned as fast as the table, had I been in your situation. Well, my good girl, what you tell me is quite conclusive. It is a most awful business. Perhaps, Mrs. Wickens, a little fresh air would revive you; will you walk with me in the garden, while I think what is best to be done?" The maid was sent for her mistress's bonnet, and in the interim I ascertained that the lock both of the room door and cellaret were broken, and could be opened in a moment with a bit of crooked wire.

When I had got Mrs. Wickens into the garden I told her it was absolutely indispensable that she should go to bed, and that as it

was getting late, I would stay through the night, and watch whether my medicines were benefiting her.

To bed accordingly she went, and having got her out of the way, I laid my own plans. By watching my opportunity while Rhody was engaged with her mistress, I slipped into the kitchen, and provided myself with a wooden bowl of flour, and conveyed it to the parlour unseen, where I had more than one fidgety visit from Rhody: but I was so profoundly amiable and credulous that I quite won her heart.

"You can remove the supper tray," said I, about ten o'clock, "but this wine is so very good that I must have another glass: and perhaps that plum-cake would go well with it. If you will leave it, I will lock up the wine when I go to bed, and also lock this room door. If *I* take the keys, and anything mysterious happens after that, I shall feel bound to tell your mistress that servants who stay in such an unpleasant house ought to have their wages raised considerably."

"Thank you, Sir; but I am not mercenary. I only think of my aged parents. I am sure I wish the mystery was cleared up: but it can only be sperrits, Sir,—a terrible wicked sperrit."

"I quite agree with you. Good night, Rhody. Call me if you hear anything." Rhody assented and departed.

Quickly I removed the bust of Shakespear from the bracket over the door, substituted the bowl of flour in its place, and so connected it by the door handle with a string, as that its contents would inevitably be discharged on the first person who crossed the threshold. Then taking the cake and the bottle of wine, instead of putting it in the cellaret, I placed it on a table which stood outside the door, but not before I had drugged it with a powerful emetic of rapid action. Then I carefully closed the parlour door, locked it, and carried the key to my bed-room, and waited the event.

It was not long in coming. Midnight was scarcely past when I heard a crash in the passage below, followed by a scream. Candle in hand I dashed out of the room, and to my infinite satisfaction met Rhody,—the faithful Rhody, with her black dress covered with flour.—In another quarter of an hour there was unmistakeable evidence that she had been drinking port, and eating plum-cake. And of the rest, the constable, the turnkey, and the treadmill can tell. But Mrs. Wickens's nerves mended; and she took no more cooks without characters.

TURKEY—ITS PAST AND PRESENT.

THE question of Turkey being at present the great question of the day, a brief outline of the past and existing career of the Turks may be interesting—interesting as the records of an ancient and in many respects an honourable people, but a people whose power, unless regenerated by new energy, revivified by new blood, is in all probability about to become extinct.

The origin of the Turks, like that of every ancient race, is necessarily involved in obscurity. According to most historical writers, they emanate from the great Caucasian tribe; but with greater propriety perhaps they may be considered to take their rise from that great body of ancient Scythians and modern Tartars by whom the old world was overrun.

Be this as it may, Osmar, or Othman I., may be regarded as the great founder of their race. Till the close of the thirteenth century they had been wanderers, or Turcomans, as their name implies—leading a roaming life like the great majority of eastern tribes, following their flocks at one time, in the service, as soldiers, of some petty despot at another—until the year 1299, when this fiery leader, bursting across the Hellespont, established their dominion in Greece. From that day they have maintained their ground in Europe, occasionally threatening it, and not unfrequently threatened with that extinction which again seems destined to be their lot. On the whole, however, they have held, and by like firmness they may hold, possession of that power which they originally acquired.

But it is not till nearly a century later that their history interests posterity. The rude conquests of the ruder successors of Othman, would now as little excite our attention as those of the Saxon heptarchy. 1362 is indeed an important era in their annals. In that year the janizaries—*Yenghi Cheri*—were founded; consisting originally of Christians captured in war, but ultimately recruited by the most promising striplings from all the adjoining tribes, generally purchased as slaves at first, yet eventually becoming the masters of the empire. A quarter of a century later, another great leader arose. Bajazet I., or the Thunderbolt, in 1389

burst into the Morea and overran it, with the whole of Asia Minor. Macedonia, Transylvania, and all the adjoining districts, were soon reduced to his authority. He was doomed, however, to defeat in turn. Tamerlane, the great conqueror of the east, then returning flushed with his Asiatic victories, fell upon him with the overwhelming force of an avalanche; and after being crushed by the great but ruthless Tartar, the unhappy Bajazet was doomed to afford a memorable instance of human vicissitudes, by concluding his life in an iron cage. In 1421, Amurath II., a ruler greater still, uprose. He first reduced Hungary to Ottoman sway, and having twice abdicated, was twice recalled to a throne. He seems to have been the first of the Moslem sovereigns who united philosophy with that stoicism which has long been the characteristic of the nation; and by his successor, Mahomet II., the great event in the annals of the Turks was accomplished—the capture of Constantinople.

It was on the 29th of May, 1453, after a siege of fifty-three days, that this, one of the greatest events in human annals, was accomplished. Since the fall of the Roman empire, Europe had witnessed no event so memorable. A mighty city, which had survived the overthrow of Rome, was then hurled in the dust: a mighty empire was thrown to the ground. And, more important far than all, a vast and ancient system of religion was overthrown. Christianity was contemptuously cast to the ground, and Islamism erected in its stead.

From that period the dominion of the Turks continued long to advance in Europe. Repulsed at Belgrade, with the loss of forty thousand men, in 1456, they returned in 1460, under the same sovereign's reign, in such overwhelming numbers, that Italy was perhaps only saved from being overrun by his death. As it was, Otranto fell before the fury of his vizier, the fiery Achmet Pasha, and a footing so firmly obtained that his successor Bajazet II. deemed it prudent to have his own brother destroyed by poison there, lest a new empire should be revived in Italy, and Constantinople again fall under the dominion of Rome.

Bajazet died after a reign of thirty years, and it was now that the janizaries began to play an important part in the government of the empire. Supported by them, the late sovereign had, notwithstanding many disadvantages, been

enabled to maintain his power; and their aid now placed Selim, his younger son, on the throne, at the expense of the life and the rights of his elder brother. The unhappy prince was destroyed in one of those seraglio revolutions which under these fierce prætorians now became frequent; but the victor did not enjoy dominion undisturbed, and his throne was perpetually in danger from the same mercenary barbarians who had raised him to it. Even in the midst of all these sanguinary deeds, however, the Turkish sovereigns gave a certain degree of toleration to the Greek Church, and the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Armenia, were suffered to attain considerable wealth, and to exercise considerable spiritual influence.

After some decline of power, there appeared, in the person of Solyman the Magnificent, one of the greatest sovereigns who ever upheld the banner of the Prophet. Under him Belgrade and Hungary were conquered, Rhodes and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem subdued. Three years afterwards he assailed Vienna; but with the loss of eighty thousand men he was driven back. Yet this was the culminating period of the Ottoman empire. It had now reached the zenith, and every future step was one of decline. Its power was more extended than at any subsequent period. From the Euphrates on one side it reached to Algiers on the other; from the Black sea to the most distant extremity of the Morea and Epirus no other dominion was acknowledged than the sway of the Prophet. At the siege of Belgrade, Solyman carried off two hundred thousand captives; after the advance of Charles V. to the relief of Vienna, his power was so reduced that he failed to take even the island of Malta.

Under his son, Selim II., the Ottoman empire sustained its first decisive blow. This prince at the outset of his reign took Cyprus; but at the memorable battle of Lepanto in 1571, he had the whole of his fleet destroyed and power in Europe utterly broken by Don John of Austria. Had the Spaniards on this occasion pursued their victory with energy, the Turks might have again been driven into Asia. The vast empire of Charles V., however, was also already in its decline, and exhibiting symptoms of that lassitude and inaction incidental apparently to nations as well as individuals. Selim accordingly recruited his resources and recovered from

the shock. The Moslem empire never became so powerful as in the reign of his predecessor; but before his death he had so far recovered his ascendancy as to have taken Cyprus from the Venetians and Tunis from the Moors in Africa.

With his son Amurath III., the days of Turkish conquest seemed to revive. He extended his dominion eastwards, and caused the Persians to surrender Tauris, Teflis, and many other important cities. Mahomet III., however, who followed him, introduced a bloody era into the history of the Mussulmen. Nineteen of his brothers were strangled by this sanguinary wretch with a view of precluding them from the throne. His object was accomplished, but his reign was inglorious. All his efforts were unsuccessful against the Christians in Europe, and he eventually fell a victim to the plague in 1604. The career of his two successors, Achmet and Osman, was almost equally obscure; the former, though he restrained the Austrians, with difficulty retaining his ground against the Persians in the east, and the other being cut off in the sixteenth year of his age by one of those insurrections of the janizaries who now alternately raised and deposed the puppets of a throne.

Amurath IV. was the first who broke the power of these turbulent troops. He destroyed a host of them by a sudden impulse fierce and sanguinary as their own; and the glory of the empire, as well as the power of the sovereign, was consequently for a time restored. He afterwards took Bagdad, but sullied his victory by a savage massacre of the inhabitants, in revenge for the ferocity with which they had defended their walls. Like most of the Ottoman rulers at this period, he became dissolute in his age, and died from a debauch of a stimulant (wine) especially interdicted by the Koran. His brother and successor Ibrahim was equally dissolute, and expired a victim to the revenge of the janizaries. He had previously, however, expelled the Venetians from the Egean sea; and his successor, Mahomet IV., accomplished a still more decisive triumph over the declining mistress of the Adriatic at Candia. Chiefly through the fiery energy of his grand vizier Cuperli, he captured this noted town, after it had stood a siege of thirty years, during which eighty thousand of the defenders, and at least double the number of its assailants, it was calculated, had been consigned to the dust. A fierce contest with the Austrians

supervened, but the Turks in almost every instance prevailed; their own arms and impetuosity being at this period invigorated by those of the Cossacks, who, throwing off their allegiance to Poland, entered the service of the Porte, and fought fiercely in its ranks until some caprice on their own part, or contumely on that of their rulers, induced them to transfer their aid to the Russian Czar, to whom subtlety and plunder have since rendered them faithful.

But before this transference they advanced with their new masters in a tremendous march on Vienna; and vengeance, with other motives, impelled John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland, to that memorable course which, in his country's own hour of adversity, was afterwards so infamously requited. By a prompt movement to the relief of her metropolis in 1683, he saved Austria from that overthrow and partition which a century later she requited by the spoliation of Poland. With loss unprecedented, it is well known, the Turks were sent staggering back; and a career of adversity so uninterrupted ensued that in the course of four years they were driven to the eastward of the Danube. Mahomet had in the interval atoned for his misfortunes by the loss of his sceptre. More fortunate, however, than most sovereigns in such emergencies, he retained his life, and was merely shut up in a prison, to be succeeded by his brother Solyman II.

The usual and unvarying scene of carnage and strife marked the reign of this prince and his brother Achmet; but one of the old race of warlike sovereigns succeeded them in the person of Mustapha II. Heading his army in person, this sultan had many a fierce contest with the Austrians, but he was eventually defeated at Zenta by Prince Eugene, then the most noted commander in Europe. Twenty thousand of his followers on this occasion fell in the field; ten thousand were drowned in the river: and he shortly expiated his disaster by deposition from the throne. His brother Achmet III., who was raised in his stead, has acquired interest in the eyes of posterity by the magnanimous shelter which he afforded to the heroic and meteor-like Charles XII. of Sweden, after his defeat by Peter the Great at the fatal action of Pultawa. Yet this, which is one of the brightest traits in the Turkish empire's history, may also be considered as its first day of real danger and disaster.

The country was consequently brought into collision with Russia; and Peter, flushed by recent victory, advanced with a powerful host, inflamed at once by the love of conquest and revenge. He advanced, however, without the usual foresight and calculation of his crafty nature; and becoming involved or cooped-up in one of those angles of the Pruth which at present excites an interest so vivid, he was rescued only by the generosity or corruption of the vizier, and the devotedness of the Czarina, from utter and otherwise inevitable ruin. Collecting all her own jewels, as well as the plate, money, and gems of the army, the Russian emperor's wife transmitted them to this official, and thus purchased safety. Peter was consequently enabled to escape and establish a name in history, as well as mature those designs against the Ottoman empire which his descendants have ever since unswervingly pursued.

The scene of action was next transferred to a country which has since exerted, and may yet exercise, an influence so powerful upon the fate of Turkey. Carrying his arms into Hungary, the grand vizier at first scattered devastation and ruin far and wide; but the forces of the empire were again eventually met and discomfited by Prince Eugene, who in 1718 compelled them to conclude a humiliating treaty at Passarowitz. In Persia they were not more successful; and the vizier and admiral who had lately humbled Peter the Great, and threatened the existence of Venice, were accordingly beheaded on their return. The sultan was simultaneously deposed, and a new descendant of the Prophet, under the name of Mahomet V., installed in the seraglio.

But he failed to stem the tide of misfortune. He was defeated by the noted Khouli Khan, and forced to recognise that bold usurper as ruler of Persia. Against the Austrians he had at first superior success; but, becoming involved with the Russians also, he was forced to conclude a disgraceful convention to save Constantinople itself from assault. He died in 1754; and from this period the history of Turkey becomes almost a transcript of Russian aggression. Often advancing, and rarely receding, or receding only that it might again advance with more steadiness and stealthiness than before, the cabinet of St. Petersburg has since this epoch pursued a uniform system of attack upon the Porte;

occasionally menacing her by arms, more frequently gaining its point by treaties, but ever undeviatingly prosecuting the system devised and counselled by Peter the Great in his will, until his descendants should finally obtain possession of Constantinople. Osman III., who died in 1757, and his brother Mustapha who expired seven years subsequently, were but the victims of this foul and Machiavelian system of manœuvres. The latter was defeated in a disastrous war commenced in 1769, and shortly before his death compelled to sign the disgraceful treaty of Kainardghi. By this treaty Russia obtained possession of New Servia; and Crimean Tartary, which had hitherto been subject to the Porte, was declared independent. A new movement also was introduced in the course of this war. The Greeks were secretly enlisted in the service of the Czar, and every where excited to slaughter the Turks without mercy. Fire, havoc, and desolation, were commanded in every quarter; renegades from every country in Europe sought after to destroy the unhappy Porte. On one occasion a town, a castle, and a fleet, were simultaneously assailed in the bay of Natolia. They were all in existence, and basking in the alluring sunshine of the east, at nine o'clock in the morning; but midnight had scarcely descended ere, of the whole, not a vestige remained. In the plaintive language of an eastern proverb which has given rise to a touching line of western poetry: there they stood

> "at break of day,
> But, when the sun set, where were they?"

In 1787 the war was recommenced; the weak and capricious, irresolute, and vacillating Joseph II. then joining the turbulent and aspiring Catherine. She had scarcely completed her celebrated journey to the Cherson, during which, at the voice of Potemkin, pasteboard villages and towns arose at once to gratify her vanity and swell her ambition by the way, than her domineering insolence and impending aggression compelled the Porte to hurl a declaration of war, in the hope of profiting by that boldness which in war, as in life, generally leads to success in the hands of those who adopt the initiative. Nor, at the outset, were her expectations baulked. The Austrians were signally repulsed at Belgrade, and under the Prince of Saxe Coburg driven ignominiously back; but, having been joined by Russia,

and entrusted to the command of Landohn, an abler general, they promptly recovered their ground. The Turks however rallied, and in the reign of the next sovereign, Selim III., Vienna was again in danger. Yet it was but an expiring effort, and the last ray of conquest which seemed either to illumine or to animate the standard of the Prophet. Landohn quickly took Belgrade; and Bender, with other possessions on the Black sea, was betrayed to Potemkin. Bucharest opened its gates to the prince of Saxe Coburg under circumstances equally suspicious; the grand vizier was everywhere unsuccessful, and soon the unfortunate sultan could only console himself with the reflection that he was almost the first of his dynasty who did not deem it indispensable that a defeated general should part at once with life and command. He moreover discarded the example of his predecessors, whose almost invariable policy it had been to dismiss the ministers and reverse the measures of the previous reign; but had not Austria, on the accession of the more pacific Leopold II., withdrawn from the hostile alliance, it is difficult to predict what might have been the result of the campaign. As it was, the Russians continued the struggle alone, and, under the vehement and ruthless Suwarrow, took Ismail with a fury and a carnage unexampled. The slaughter was so terrible, and the ambition of Russia so unmasked, that the other powers of Europe deemed it expedient to interpose. Prussia added her remonstrances to those of Austria; but "Tell your master that the empress of Russia makes war with whom she pleases, without the interference of any foreign power," was the only answer vouchsafed by the haughty Catherine. The king of Great Britain, who next interposed, experienced no more courteous reception from the modern Aspasia: "The British court cannot be permitted to dictate terms of peace:" was her curt and contemptuous reply.

But an era was now approaching which taught even the most arrogant of sovereigns humility. The French revolution had burst out, and already hurled the oldest throne of Europe in the dust. Other powers deemed it expedient to unite for their common safety, and to ward off a danger which seemed to menace the existence of all. The position of Catherine was too distant to be endangered by the armies of the republic; her subjects too enslaved and intoxicated

with slavery for her to fear the influence of revolutionary example: but the northern courts were already engaged, and she herself might ultimately be involved in the vortex. The king of Sweden had quixotically embarked in a new anti-Gallic crusade. Denmark and Norway were preparing to follow, or at least range themselves on the side of England: Catherine at first entertained hopes of being enabled to pursue uninterruptedly her ambitious views in the south, while these powers were employed in the west. But a new union of all taught her that she was not thus in a moment of general peril to seek only for her own aggrandizement, and disturb the balance of Europe. Affairs were too complicated for a state such as Turkey to be erased all at once from the map. Catherine was accordingly constrained to arrest her forces when half the march for the destruction of the Ottoman empire was accomplished. On the 3rd of June 15,000 Turks had been defeated by a party of cavalry under Kutuzoff: 70,000 men, the flower of their army, were next overthrown by Prince Repnin: Oczakow, the key of the Crimea, had fallen: but with the exception of the last, to which she pertinaciously and with her usual deep policy clung, she was constrained by new remonstrances and menaces from the northern powers to abandon the results of the other, and in 1792 peace was concluded at Yassy.

During several years Turkey was left in tranquillity, and she pursued her career undisturbed amid all the revolutionary tempests that elsewhere prevailed. But she was at last involved in the struggle by the unprincipled, and unbridled, and utterly selfish ambition of the elder Buonaparte. In 1798, at a time when the two countries were on terms of profound tranquillity, this ambitious troubler of the world suddenly quitted the shores of France, and furtively invaded the colony of Egypt. Nelson pursued and destroyed his fleet, but the Corsican adventurer had ere this succeeded in accomplishing a landing. With his characteristic impetuosity he had hurried on in the hopes of founding a new empire in the east, if not of taking Constantinople itself. But the bravery of the Turks, always formidable in defence of their walls, aided by Sir Sidney Smith, opposed him at Acre; and, after a fierce and prolonged and bloody effort to capture it, he was driven reeling back. The keen scimitars of the Turks pursued him, and he escaped only by poison-

ing his own wounded to accelerate his flight. He had previously in cold blood massacred many thousand Turkish prisoners. But the hour of vengeance at last came; and, by the united efforts of the Turks and English under Abercrombie, his army was ultimately expelled from Egypt, after an expedition equally unprincipled in its origin and contemptible in its result. Napoleon had himself in the interval escaped; having basely abandoned his army to pursue his own egotistical ambition in Europe; to convulse it as well as Asia with new schemes of blood, ultimately to find in it defeat and humiliation, and, in a distant island, an unpitied and dishonoured tomb.

The Porte behaved magnanimously. It neither assailed him in his hour of danger, nor insulted him in his hour of defeat. Though in the treaty of Tilsit he had abandoned it to the mercy of Alexander, Turkey magnanimously refrained from assailing him in his march on Russia, and was with difficulty persuaded to conclude a truce with the Czar, by means of which he withdrew an army that at Berezina cut off the Corsican's retreat. Had the Porte on this occasion chosen to act, she might have interfered in the dispute with energy. In 1807 the European system of tactics had been introduced into the Turkish ranks, and though vehemently opposed, it had been firmly maintained. The janizaries rose in insurrection; the Sultan Selim was deposed, and for a time succeeded by the feeble Mustapha IV.: but their hour of discomfiture and annihilation came, not however without a tremendous catastrophe in the interval. The deposed Selim attempted to regain his power, and he was energetically assisted by Bairactar, one of the most resolute and sanguinary Mussulmen that ever waded through a career of carnage and havoc to aid in the elevation of a throne. In the terrible *melée* that ensued, Selim was strangled by the infuriated janizaries; but Mahmoud, his youthful heir, was successfully concealed by the devoted though ruthless Bairactar in the stove of a bath. Stalking on, after he had placed the child in safety, one of those revolutions common in the east enabled the bold barbarian speedily to gain possession of the seraglio. Mustapha was deposed, and Bairactar reigned as the infant Mahmoud's grand vizier. A dreadful era of carnage ensued. In his determined attempt to reform the janizaries, men were slain in hundreds, and

women in almost equal numbers consigned to the Bosphorus. But in the end he failed, and on the 14th of November, 1808, the intrepid and unhesitating homicide was himself blown into air.

Europe was at this era engaged in a struggle so tremendous that these terrific deeds in the east passed comparatively unknown. Mustapha was strangled, and Mahmoud, the late sultan, elevated to the throne in his stead. But for the present he was under the necessity of submitting to the janizaries, and they consequently domineered supreme till the year 1823. In the interval he employed them in reducing the influence of Ali, and other rebellious pashas. The year 1811 had been distinguished by a short but disastrous warfare with Russia, terminated as already mentioned; and it was not till 1821, when the Greek insurrection burst forth, that any incident occurred in Turkey of interest to Europe. That struggle, stained by the most savage excesses on both sides, terminated in 1828, on the memorable battle of Navarino—an event justly pronounced by the Duke of Wellington "untoward," his prescient eye discerning at a glance that while a worthless kingdom was thus elevated in Greece, the naval power of an ancient and important European state was utterly broken.

Russia, it may be remembered, looked calmly on during that struggle. A portion of her fleet was present; but she warily refrained from interfering, and left the Turkish fleet to be demolished by the navies of England and France. Her prophetic eye and subtle glance assured her that she alone would reap the issue. The Tartar accordingly stood back, while the duped powers of the west accomplished his task.

The next campaign realized his anticipations: but in the interval a momentous event—the destruction of the janizaries—occurred in Turkey. Forty thousand in number, they had long been formidable, and in 1822 evinced another disposition to dispose of the dominion of the empire. Circumstances compelled Mahmoud to dissemble his plans and resentment for the moment; but at last in 1823, when they were on the eve of insurrection, he suddenly assembled a host of his newly-disciplined troops and assailed the fierce prætorians in their barrack yard, when they were hemmed in on every side. Grape-shot in every direction struck

them down; and, when in despair they fled into the interior of their barracks, fire was employed to root them out. Placed between the unsparing element on one side and the equally merciless foe on the other, not a man of the twenty thousand who were stationed in Constantinople escaped; and the same relentless severity having been shewn to the others throughout the empire, their dominion, after an existence of four and a half centuries, was thus ruthlessly terminated.

A new war in 1828 marked the perpetual advances of Russia. Taking advantage of the humiliation of Turkey at Navarino, she caused her general Diebitsch in 1829 to cross the Balkan, and dictate the dishonourable treaty of Adrianople. The contest with Mehemet Ali, whom she soon afterwards secretly excited, still more weakened Turkey's power. The battles of Homs and Koniah, following in rapid succession, so effectually crippled the Porte, that the sultan was under the humiliating necessity of applying to St. Petersburgh for protection, and the Czar with a show of magnanimity interposed to prevent its impending ruin.

Mehemet Ali, being betrayed, was furious; and, after stifling his wrath for some years, Ibrahim Pasha, his son, in 1839, burst forth with the ferocity of a tiger. At the decisive battle of Nezib the Turks were disastrously defeated, and the Capitan pasha shortly afterwards went over with the whole of the Ottoman fleet to the Egyptian viceroy. The proud heart of the sultan Mahmoud survived but three days the intelligence of this humiliation and treachery; and the inexperience of his son and successor Abdul Medjid, the present ruler, then but a youth of nineteen, was ill qualified to contend with a politician so profound as Mehemet, or a leader so impetuous as Ibrahim. The latter accordingly carried every thing before him. Acre was taken, Syria overrun in a space incredibly short, and Constantinople itself in danger, when Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, deemed it expedient to interfere in 1840 with their celebrated quadruple alliance. The conduct of the Egyptian viceroy on this occasion, who chivalrously allowed the English mail and communications to pursue their course uninterrupted through Egypt, at a time when British fleets were battering his towns and assailing his forces, will probably be considered by posterity as the most interesting

trait of this contest; though it was memorable also from the circumstance of St. Jean d' Acre having yielded in three hours to the fire of the British fleet under Stopford, after it had for three months successfully resisted Napoleon, restrained during as many years Richard Cœur de Lion and the whole of the Crusaders, and finally, but a short period before, been captured only after a fierce siege of six months by Ibrahim Pasha in person.

For the consideration of those who would sacrifice all for the claims of commerce, and permit the erasure of an ancient state from the European chart merely in the hope of profiting by a temporary and delusive peace, it may be added that, even measured by the vulgar standard of trade, Turkey is not unimportant. It contains, in round numbers, a million of square miles, and twenty-two millions of men. Besides a vast militia, it has an army of a hundred thousand infantry and artillery, twenty-five thousand regular cavalry, and fully a hundred thousand irregular troopers, comprising in their ranks some of the fiercest horsemen that ever spurred across a field. It possesses a fleet, equipped or in ordinary, of fifteen vessels of the line, and at least as many frigates. In 1840 upwards of five thousand ships of commerce entered Constantinople, including five hundred English, whose tonnage amounted to a hundred and twenty thousand, with cargoes of the value of 625,000*l.* These considerations are not unimportant, and though the popular mind is inclined to think the days of the Turkish empire are numbered, the people are now shewing a spirit and an energy which may after all cause the Russian troops to be driven back ingloriously should they make an attempt on Constantinople. As far as the interests of the Greek Church are concerned, we cannot wish for the triumph of the Czar.

A STRING OF FACTS ABOUT SIAM.

A SKETCH of Siam will be in its main outlines a picture of the whole region situated between Hindostan and China. Recent events render it not improbable that our intercourse with this extensive tract of country will be less restricted than it has hitherto been, and a glimpse at the natural history, the government, the religion, the literature, the arts, the manners and customs, and the prospects of one of its most important nations may neither be uninteresting nor useless.

The territory under our notice is estimated to have an area of 190,000 geographical miles. It contains numerous rivers of small size, but only three of importance—the Menam, the river of Cambodia, and the river of Martaban. This territory is mountainous, with the exception of Siam Proper, which is a great plain, traversed and annually inundated by the Menam.

The Siamese style themselves Thai, "the free," and they are said to be divided into two races, the Thai Noe, the inhabitants of the low country, and the Thai Yai, a hardier race, who dwell in the mountainous districts. There are also numerous settlers from Pegu, Hindostan, China, and Cochin China, and a few of European descent, who are almost entirely of Portuguese extraction. Bangkok, the capital of the kingdom, is celebrated as a floating city, for none save the royal family, and the highest nobles, are permitted, except as a special favour, to build upon solid ground. "On each side of us," says one who visited this curious city, "as far as the eye could see, were countless little houses, neatly painted, and all floating upon the surface of the smooth waters, by means of strongly constructed bamboo rafts." Again this writer says, "Large Chinese junks, with a complement of full two hundred men, were hallooing and beating gongs, and hoisting up their anchors; others, that had only just arrived, were equally busy about their moorings; European ships, of all sizes and nations, were hoisting in cargo, or landing imported bale goods, whilst numberless canoes, chiefly moved about by women and girls, were paddling to and fro in all directions, laden with various sorts of commodities for apparel or for household consumption."

Amongst the articles of export are sugar, tin, timber, rice, gum, gamboge, oil, ivory, pepper, stick-lac, sapan-wood, and cotton. Amongst the imports are arms, ammunition, anchors, cutlery, piece-goods, crockery, and mirrors. Amongst the fruits are the mango, the mangostein, the durian, the orange, the lichi, the pine-apple, and others. Tobacco is also a Siamese product, and agila, or aloes-wood, is found in the hilly equatorial districts. Sapan-wood furnishes a red dye, and there is a fine-grained red wood, which is exported for cabinet-work. There are forests of teak, whose wood is chiefly employed at home. Gold, iron, copper, zinc, lead, and antimony, are mineral productions of Siam, and tin is found throughout the whole Malay peninsula.

The bear, a kind of otter, the dog, the cat, the tiger, and the leopard, are met with, and the elephant is considered to reach its greatest perfection in Siam. Elephants are freely used as beasts of burden, and for riding. White elephants are greatly reverenced; they are regarded as the temporary abode of a soul that has approached far towards perfection, and are adorned with jewels, attended by numerous servants, and exempted from all labour.

The ox, the buffalo, the goat, and various species of deer are found, and monkeys are plentiful. Tortoises, crocodiles, lizards, and snakes, are Siamese reptiles. Boas are met with twenty-two feet in length. The coccus lacca is a Siamese insect; the lac obtained from it is said to be much superior to that of Bengal and Pegu. White ants are annoying; to preserve books from them the edges were varnished with a gum named cheyram, which is very transparent, and cannot be eaten through by these insects.

The Siamese average about five feet three inches in height; their arms are long, and their lower limbs large. They incline to corpulence. Their faces are broad and flat, their cheek-bones high and broad, their noses small, their mouths wide, and their lips thick but not prominent. Their eyes are small and black, and their foreheads very low. Their colour is yellowish, and this is made almost golden by a cosmetic.

The Siamese dress very lightly. A piece of silk or cotton, about three yards long, is their chief garment. This is passed round the middle, and over this the richer Siamese frequently wear a China crape or India shawl. A narrow

scarf, worn around the waist, or loosely over the shoulders, is the only remaining garment that is essential. Dark and grave colours are most approved. White is only worn by the religious recluses, and by the lay servants of the temples. It is the mourning colour. The hair is worn about two inches long on the top of the head, the rest is shaved by the men, and cut close by the women; but this shaving is not very carefully attended to, so that a man and a woman are not generally distinguished easily by a stranger. Black teeth are in great request, and they stain them at an early age. Their nails are suffered to grow to a great length, and the higher classes even wear artificial ones of metal.

Their houses are said either to float on bamboo rafts or to be built on piles, but this probably refers to certain situations only. But many of their towns are on the banks of the Menam, whose annual inundations are a chief cause of the aquatic habits of the Siamese. They are simply furnished, and have a central apartment for the household deities. Mats, a table without feet, vessels of iron, copper, or tin, bowls of porcelain or clay, and buckets of woven bamboo, are their chief furniture. The richer classes have a sort of bedstead, and wall cushions to lean against, with some European articles.

The government of Siam is purely despotic. The name of the monarch is not to be uttered, and it is said to be known only to a few. His health is not to be asked about, for he is to be reckoned free from bodily infirmities. The present king however, who has only reigned a short time, is said to be an accomplished scholar. He has sent his sons to Singapore to be educated, and has induced many of the chief men of Siam to do the same. Every man above twenty years of age, with certain exceptions, is bound to serve the king for four months annually, in civil or military service. The revenue was estimated in 1823 at somewhat above £8,000,000, and this calculation has been approved subsequently.

Buddhism is the religion of Siam. The transmigration of souls is its chief doctrine. Do not kill anything, do not steal, commit no impurity, lie not, drink no intoxicating liquor, are precepts of the Siamese Buddhists. But the talapoins or priests do not object to have one of these commandments broken for them, for they will eat animal food

killed by another, and they have rice boiled for their use, although this is considered as an infraction of the first law, which extends to plants and seeds. Every man must be a priest during some part of his life, but by far the greater number soon weary of the monotony, the celibacy, the loss of the society of their friends, and the abstinence from secular business which are associated with the priestly office. The priests live on alms, and many become rich. They live in watas, or monasteries, which are small detached houses, in one or more rows, situated within a temple enclosure. These watas include also a temple, a spacious area, one or more sacred spires, and a library. Amongst other prohibitions the talapoins are forbidden to eat after twelve o'clock at noon, to listen to music, to look at anything as they pass along the street, to raise the voice in laughing, to extend their feet as they sit. These prohibitions are 144 in number.

The Siamese language is simple and easy of acquisition. It possesses no terminations denoting gender, number, person, tense, or mood. The literature of Siam is said to be scanty, and to consist of songs, romances, and a few chronicles. The establishment of missions will probably effect a revolution in literary affairs. The printing press is at work, and the Siamese are said to read the books circulated amongst them from an account of the proceedings of an American missionary society, where we read that the missionaries "have daily numerous calls from all classes of men. Those who have not previously received a book have one presented to them, and are informed, that, in order to receive another, they must be able to give some account of the contents of the previous one."

The bastinado is a common mode of punishment. Polygamy is practised, but one wife bears rule over the rest, and she cannot be sold by her husband, who has the power of disposing of his children and inferior wives. The useful arts have made little progress in Siam. Tin and cast iron vessels are made in large quantities in manufactories entirely conducted by the Chinese. Leather for the covering of pillows and mattresses is prepared to a great amount. Pottery, weaving, dyeing, and cutlery, appear to be at a low ebb. Wheel carriages are said to be unknown at Bangkok, though they have perhaps been introduced ere this. Images are cast or moulded, and it is said that a late king

of Siam gilded one daily, and presented it to some temple. Music appears to be in great favour with the Siamese. A copper cup, with an aperture in the bottom, floats in a bowl of water as a measure of time. The week consists of seven days, and the year opens with the first moon in December. Cowry shells and silver coins are the money of Siam.

Servility of manners is a very striking feature of Siamese life. Creeping upon all fours is a general practice. Great sacredness is attributed to a man's head, and no house has more than one story, because a Siamese has a horror of having his head passed over. Amongst the lower classes the females are the workers and traders, but they do not appear to be ill-treated, and their position as cashiers renders them influential. The general use of boats on the Menam, and the aquatic habits of the inhabitants, render them expert swimmers. Men, women, and children all swim.

Burning a corpse is the approved mode of performing the funeral rites. But malefactors, those who die suddenly, or of the small-pox, are regarded as under a divine curse, and they are buried. The bodies of the extremely poor are cast into the river with little ceremony, and sometimes a corpse is buried and afterwards dug up and burnt when the expenses of cremation can be borne. Persons of rank embalm their dead in an imperfect manner, and keep them for a period which varies. The corpse is arranged into a devotional attitude. The fragments of burnt bone are made into a paste, and then into an image of Buddha, which is gilded and finished by the priests, and then kept in a temple, or in the abode of a friend. Whether this practice is universal we cannot say.

From a recent narrative it appears to be the custom at Bangkok to sound a trumpet to indicate that the king has been pleased to dine, and that his subjects may do the same. Whether this ceremony is performed at the commencement or at the end of his majesty's repast is not distinctly stated.

In the same narrative the writer says, "We have now arrived at one of the Siamese temples, and are permitted to survey it both outside and inside. The court-yard is spacious and well paved, abounding with flower-vases and grotesque looking images of every conceivable bird, beast, and reptile. The temple itself is a stately building, with a

lofty capacious central room, surrounded by smaller ones, allotted to the priests; incense rods are burning; there is gold and silver tapestry, and the images are of the same costly materials, set with precious stones."

From another account we learn that "the missionaries," those of an American society apparently, "are also engaged in improving their types and general printing operations. In addition to furnishing the Siamese with the printed words of eternal life, and a religious literature, they render much valuable assistance to those of the natives who have mechanical and artistical tastes, by giving them valuable suggestions whenever it is in their power. The Siamese types used in Bishop Pallegoix's Grammar, a beautiful and valuable work, which has been recently published, were cast at the mission foundry. The first volume of a neat and convenient edition of the laws of Siam has been issued from the mission press. The second volume is now being printed. This work is printed at the expense of Kh'un Mote, a young Siamese nobleman of much promise and talent. And it is sincerely hoped that his intercourse with the missionaries may incline him to labour assiduously for the moral and intellectual improvement of his people, and that religious truth may be brought to bear upon his own mind. Religious toleration is largely extended towards the missionary. The king of Siam lately made in substance the following statement: 'Siam is a great country! and from ancient time till now, Siamese, Chinese, Malays, Portuguese, Englishmen, and Americans, have each been allowed to worship after their own religion; and they shall still, so long as they behave well.'"

Could efficient means be brought to bear upon the Siamese, perhaps they might be raised in even a short period to a condition of comparative civilization, and induced to become partakers of the blessings of the Christian Church.

SYMBOLIC JEWELLERY.

WHO does not remember that in the famous academy of Laputa how eagerly one of the professors communicated to the traveller a new system of conversation? The learned man explained that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on. Mr. Lemuel Gulliver in his simplicity remarks that there is only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to assist him. Now the wildest fiction is frequently nearest the truth. Mr. Babbage has progressed on the Laputan project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. He has perfected a machine which will work out a Rule of Three sum, and hopes to accomplish a quadratic equation. Perhaps the sage who would mutely pour out his eloquence may ere yet find his rather oppressive scheme infinitely improved upon—we say this avowedly, for we are fresh from an inspection of gold and silver hieroglyphics shewn to us by Mr. Phillips of Cockspur-street. By the elegant jewellery and metal work which bear the generic name of *breloques* or charms, we discover that you can make love, declare enmity, express joy, sorrow, hope, despair, disdain, neglect, confidence, suspicion, and carry on a correspondence by trinkets seemingly made to be dangled from a lady's watch-chain. There are the attributes of the Graces, of the Muses, of the Fates, and of the Charities. There are weapons and implements of sports, pastimes, such as masks and foils; boxing gloves, cricket bats, fishing rods, guns, pistols (fancy a case of duelling weapons complete, with flask, percussion-cap and shot case, which will send a bullet through a pane of glass and yet can be attached to a waistcoat watch-guard!) The sciences, professions, and trades of life, may be furnished with types of their apparatus and instruments. Birds, beasts, fishes, cats, dogs, parrots, monkeys, snakes, lizards, horses, lions, frogs, bulls, baskets of flowers, dishes of fruit, abound; rats, mice, spiders, snails, and bats, (all friends of the sorcerer,) are delicately pourtrayed. Soldiers,

sailors, harlequins, clowns, monks, devils, and opera dancers, lie side by side. Insignia of every description. Coronets, croziers, banners, bayonets, axes, and fasces, laurel wreaths, standards, cards, dice, daggers, coffins, death's-heads and bones, fans, fighting-cocks, manacles, horse-shoes, saddles, mummies, dominoes, pots and kettles, globes, bellows, crosses, opera glasses, locomotives, parasols, merry-thoughts, immortelles are mixed in an absurd variety. 'Tis a jumble of the emblems of life and its incessant toils, crafts, callings, trades, and conditions.

The eastern people have for ages adopted the method of conversing and corresponding by means of signs, emblems, metaphors, &c. Most of the women, says Mr. Lane in his notes to the Arabian Nights, convey messages, declarations of love, &c., by means of fruits, flowers, and other emblems. The inability of numbers of females in families of the middle classes to write or read, as well as the difficulty or impossibility frequently existing of conveying written letters, may have given rise to such modes of communication. The art was first made known to Europeans by a Frenchman, M. Du Vigneau, in a work entitled, *Secretaire Turc, contenant l' art d' exprimer ses pensées sans se voir, sans se parler et sans s' ecrire.* This vocabulary of hieroglyphic objects contains 179 articles. Fancy how a fantastic vivacious Frenchman must have gloried over his prize.

Mr. Lane also gives us a specimen of an Arab love-letter. An Arab sent to his mistress a fan, a bunch of flowers, a silk tassel, and a piece of a chord of a musical instrument; and she returned for answer a piece of an aloe plant, three black cumin seeds, and a piece of a plant used in washing. His communication is thus interpreted. The fan, being called *mirwahah*, a word derived from a root which has among its meanings that of "going to any place in the evening," signified his wish to pay her an evening visit; the flowers, that the interview should be in her garden; the tassel, being called *shurrábeh*, that they should have *sharáb* or wine: and the piece of a chord, that they should be entertained by music. The interpretation of her answer is as follows:—The piece of an aloe plant, which is called *sabbárah*, from *sabr*, which signifies "patience," because it will live for many months together without water, implied that he must wait; the three black cumin seeds explained

to him that the period of delay should be three nights; and the plant used in washing informed him that she should then have gone to the bath and would meet him.

But this is not so delicate a missive as Lady Mary Wortley's Turkish illustration; she writes, "The first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which must be understood in this manner:—

Pearl—Fairest of the young.
Clove—You are as slender as the clove.
You are an unblown rose.
I have long loved you and you have not known it.
Jonquil—Have pity on my passion.
Paper—I faint every hour.
Pear—Give me some hope.
Soap—I am sick with love.
Coal—May I die, and all my years be yours.
A rose—May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine.
A straw—Suffer me to be your slave.
Cloth—Your price is not to be found.
Cinnamon—But my fortune is yours.
A match—I burn, my flame consumes me.
Gold thread—Don't turn away your face from me.
Hair—Crown of my head.
Grape—My two eyes.
Gold wire—I die, come quickly.
Pepper—Send me an answer."

Some of these *gages d'amour* are truly significant. Does not the straw symbolise captivity excellently well? Cinnamon, generosity; gold thread, disdain; clove, grace; pepper, impatience; cloth, value; and the pearl, beauty?

Even we, colder climated and cynical as we are, have had poetry enough in us to make use of flowers as expletive of our feelings. We see this in the pleasant old country customs of strewing a bride's pathway with bunches of violets, primroses, lilies, or wild hedge flowers, (betokening the spring and freshness of youth,) or in hanging a chaplet of white roses over the cradle of the first child; and of decorating graves with those "just emblems," as Evelyn calls them, "of the life of man, whose roots being buried in dishonour rise again in glory." The gallantry of a more modern date has clothed each of Flora's treasures with appropriate sentiment and meaning. There is a dangerous little summary called Flowers and Heraldry, explaining the language of flowers, which should be in the hands of all duennas and mothers of marriageable daughters: the young folks are pretty generally well instructed in the craft.

We shall best realise our assertion respecting the apocryphal worth of the fanciful hieroglyphics to which Mr. Phillips has directed our notice by selecting some of the most curious, and appending their meaning, or rather the necromantic value absolutely attached to them in various parts of the continent:—

He who carries the mouse (*sorcio*) is protected against fear.
By the pointing hands (*mani á corna*) you ward off the evil eye.
The priest's hat (*cappello di prete*) secures one from priestcraft.
Napoleon's hat (*cappello di Napoleone*) averts war.
A pot (*boccale*) defies thirst.
A dog (*cane*) repels treachery.
A chair (*sedia*) keeps away idleness.
By the punch (*pulcinella*) you dismay spleen.
The monk (*monaco*) charms away lazy life.
The anchor (*ancora*) is a talisman against despair.
A pistol (*pistola*) is a talisman against duelling.
A poignard (*pugnale*) is a talisman against murder.
A spur (*sperone*) is a talisman against slowness.
He who bears the boot (*stivale*) is safe from a retreat.
An eye-glass (*occhiale*) disarms blindness.
By a slipper (*pantoffola*) you rebut female influence.
A key (*chiare*) averts theft.
The scissors (*forbici*) disarm slander.
The heart (*cuore*) rejects unfaithfulness.
With the fish (*pesce*) you repel illness.
A fork and spoon (*forchetta e cucchiaio*) banish bad digestion.
A guitar, (*chitaria*) or / A trumpet (*trombetta*) } neutralise discord.
A ladder (*scala*) is a surety against lowliness.
A mask (*maschera*) is a surety against intrigue.
A horse's hoof (*ferro di cavallo*) is a surety against a kick or rebuff.
A hatchet (*accetta*) is a surety against surprise.
A bucket (*cato*) is a surety against ignorance.

Finally, to be clear-headed and far-visioned, a candle (*candela*) must be added as a ward from darkness or deep designs.

All these and thousands more specimens of the same class of jewellery are executed with the most delicate art and ingenuity. Many display a most accurate research and taste: they are principally composed of gold, enamelled, and oxidised silver; are ornamented with precious stones, and exquisitely painted subjects in enamel. So much in vogue has been the use of them by the wealthier classes, that bunches of breloques, valued at three to four hundred pounds, have been known to have been worn by ladies as pendants to an ordinary chatelaine.

TANGLEWOOD TALES, FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

London: Chapman and Hall. 1853.

A NEW book for children in these days is no more a novelty than a new book for those who have entered on the toils and cares of manhood. If quantity alone were to be regarded, the young folk of the present day are wonderfully rich when compared even with their immediate predecessors. It seems little more than yesterday since the time-honoured tales of Robinson Crusoe and Sandford and Merton formed a sort of standard library for juvenile readers, with perhaps here and there some volumes of Peter Parley's entertaining stories. These had then (as they always will have) their own peculiar charm, but they stood almost without a rival in their popularity. Every child had read them, and every child was ready to read them over and over again; for they furnished occupation and entertainment for all the powers of his mind: each saw in Sandford and Merton the development of youthful character just as it is effected by ordinary education; and in Robinson Crusoe, that energy of man which acquires new force in proportion to the necessity which it has to grapple with and overcome. There was an idea in each book, worked out more or less successfully—something to think about, and something on which it was every way better that they should think. Accordingly, every one who wished to present a volume to his young friends, chose first one and then the other of these very popular works, and when they had given these, found themselves on after occasions very much at a loss what to choose next. The children themselves felt the same difficulty as to what they should read next, and looked about in vain for something which should at all come near the standard of these favourite stories. It was rather more the fashion then than now to debar them from reading "grown up" people's books, as being beyond the reach of their immature faculties; and it seems scarcely too hard a judgment to affirm that the general run of books intended especially for children were such as children themselves despised. It would be merely ridiculous to say that children may read any book which interests their elders; but it may perhaps be much nearer the truth to say that a book in which a grown up person finds neither interest nor amusement, will not receive a more favourable criticism at the hand of a child. In reading a book which we may call beyond him, he *may* comprehend something, and so far be better off than he was before; but many will readily call to mind the very disagreeable feelings which they have experienced as children on receiving as gifts volumes which they felt to be utterly beneath them. By such productions the mind of a child can in no way be strengthened or educated; if he comes to like such books, his thoughts will be kept

down in proportion: if otherwise, he will, however unconsciously, take it as an injury inflicted on his self-respect, and the feeling has often shaped itself into words like the following: "They must think me very stupid to like such a book as this." And in the vast majority of cases the judgment of the child was perfectly true and just. The difficulty lay in finding books which might be suitable to them as children, while at the same time they should be beneath neither their notice nor that of their elders; and very few people then, in comparison with the number of present writers, gave themselves the trouble to supply the want.

That this want has been amply supplied in respect of quantity is not a matter of question; and that the standard of quality is incomparably higher than what it used to be, will perhaps be almost as generally admitted—not possibly because less of folly is given to the world, but because works of an opposite character are more numerous. At all events in choosing books for the young, none can any longer be at a loss from the thought that there are so few books to choose from.

Mr. Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales are (as the title-page informs us) expressly designed for boys and girls; and if the possessing an interest for those whose childhood has passed away be a test that a book will interest children also, then this little volume will have answered its purpose. Few probably, whatever their years may be, but would very readily read through all of it once, and many would perhaps go over some portions of it many times—with the more pleasure possibly because tales so simple have come from the pen of the author of the "Scarlet Letter." Between these two productions no comparison could, of course, be instituted; there can be no similarity between a series of legends put forth in the plainest language for youthful readers, and a tale, if not of the darkest times, yet of a state of society the most unnatural and therefore the most repulsive that perhaps the world has seen. In the deep interest of the latter there is involved a feeling of painfulness, as if we were breathing a vitiated atmosphere, and moving amongst people who did not see things as they ought to be seen, or furnish the proper remedies to those who needed them—a desire to escape from the delineation of a polity so little calculated to answer its fitting purpose—increased and strengthened indefinitely by meeting here and there with a strain of thought which jars with our moral sense, and is opposed to our innate convictions of what is right and what is wrong. No such objection can be brought against these simple and unpretending legends; no parent would wish to debar his children from the teaching conveyed by them, whatever question he might be disposed to raise as to the quality of the sources whence they have been obtained.

This question has been much mooted of late years, and that too not in England only; and probably the discussion of it might seem to some like handling a subject long since set at rest; while to regard it as a settled point may appear to others a mere begging of

the question altogether. In short, these tales open up the whole subject of what is called classical education. They are tales, as has been noticed, of a very simple character, but they are taken from mythological legends which some regard as the springs of all impurity: they are meant expressly for children, but they come from a literature which to some appears a mere storehouse of evil, while in the eyes of others it is looked upon almost as a treasury of unmixed good.

It is indeed most probable that children who have heard or read these and such-like stories, will be desirous of knowing more of the characters contained in them, more of the history and literature of the people amongst whom these legends sprang up; and it would be strange to tell them, "We have gathered thus much for your amusement and instruction; you must not seek to know anything more; the rest is sure to do you no good, and may do you a great deal of harm; it must all be left alone, and not be thought of." To those who object to classical education on moral grounds, these mythological legends of Greece and Rome appear the very strongholds of the evil which they desire to struggle with and overcome; or it is because they consider them to be so closely interwoven with all classical literature, that they put their veto on the perusal of the whole to guard against the corruptions which lurk in certain portions.

In truth, anything which relates to the education of the young is a subject of very solemn importance: still more when the growth of their moral character, their advance in manliness, their uprightness and purity, are concerned. But it is no purpose of ours to marshal out in array the formidable armies of arguments which have been brought to do service either for or against classical education; to discuss all the various reasons, utilitarian, moral, theological, given to shew why the young should be taught French and German, and not be taught Latin and Greek. In some places of education classical learning has received its death-blow, in many more it retains its ground, all the more firmly and consistently, because it no longer claims the false supremacy which excluded all other learning from the most distant rivalry with itself. The question seems nearer its ultimate decision amongst ourselves than with the advocates of ecclesiastical and political education in France.

But even if our minds are made up as to the propriety of a classical education, and we distinctly affirm the necessity of it, for the full training of the minds of the young, it still remains a question to be decided whether all portions of such learning shall be laid open to youthful readers alike. Of the ancient mythology in particular it may be said that from it arise the greatest evils in studying ancient literature—that it is a fountain of impurity which impregnates the whole stream of old-world learning. It would be useless to assert that such objections are wholly without foundation, and entirely undeserving of regard. We may perhaps with reason hope that one day the objection may be altogether obviated, as we may fairly

affirm that there is no necessity why the young should be initiated into evil by the study of it; but we cannot say that the condition of education amongst us has at no time past rightly called forth this reproach.

When an iron and changeless system, which derived its influence from prejudice, refused to admit of the existence of any other, far less to allow to it any competition with itself, such a stigma could not be considered unmerited—however much there may have been of prejudice in those who assailed the ancient order of things. We have so far got out of the old track in these days, that we almost forget the Median routine which forbad any instruction in schools except what was called classical. Greek grammar and Latin grammar, to be followed by Greek and Latin prose authors and poets, with a good deal of mythology and perhaps not quite so much of history, by way of commentaries on their texts. Under such circumstances it was no causeless alarm which a parent felt at finding such a mass of heathen fable, without point or aim, set before his children, to be read over and over again, and their acquaintance with it to be tested by constant and searching questions. Certainly the amount of mythology to be "got up" if only in reading the Odes of Horace, was not a little formidable; and it became still more so when treated in a hard dry way, as though every word of it conveyed as plain and unvarnished a fact as the battle of Waterloo; and the difficulty was increased by the intricacy of the stories to which they were thus introduced; for probably most historical narratives are easier to remember (at all events for the young) than the mythic annals associated with the few names of Jason and Medea, of Theseus or Thyestes, to say nothing of hundreds quite as difficult and perplexing. And it seemed not a little inconsistent to hear people crying out against the writings of some of their own countrymen as unfit for their children's perusal, while not a word was uttered against the study of the very earthly acts of mythic gods and goddesses. The youth who was debarred (and very rightly) from reading many a page of Shakspeare or of Dryden, might roam at will through the not very exalting strains of Ovid, or Horace, or Anacreon.

They who objected to such learning altogether had this one vantage ground, that by merely taking exception to this study they might interdict almost the whole range of the literature of Greece and Rome. It was quite right, they might say, that the unrestrained perusal of modern works should be rigidly prohibited to the young; any one prone to impurity ought to be avoided everywhere; but if this were so, it applied with far greater force to the writings of men who had in any way to deal with this mythological system: modern writers may offend, because their own hearts are evil; the ancient could not help doing so, whatever may have been their own character, whenever they came to handle such subjects; and this must be often enough in prose, and oftener still in poetry.

It may at once be confessed that the system which could give rise to such language, was on the whole a very false condition of things. The position assailed was an unnatural and a distorted one: and there was much of distortion and uncouthness in the efforts of its assailants. Both the attack and the defence were conducted on a false estimate of that which they were either guarding or impugning: just as though there were any value in mythological studies by themselves. In a similar way the defence of classical education in general was for some time maintained on wrong grounds, as though there were some especial virtue or advantage in studying a dead language, and the languages of Greece and Rome in particular, for their own sakes, a notion not unlike the idea that a man's education is finished when he emerges for the last time from the walls of his school-room. A great work will have been accomplished, when men shall have learnt the truths which these and such-like prejudices have for a while hidden from their eyes. If education be the training for the life of manhood, that the mind may be strengthened for vigorous action, supplied not with a stock of information which is to suffice for good and all, but with a foundation of knowledge on which the superstructure is to be raised throughout all the years of after life, then should every portion of that education be in entire proportion, and in a most just subordination, to every other. Human weakness may not look to the accomplishment of a perfect work; but if the mind is not to be warped, and its growth stunted or misdirected, every branch of knowledge must be kept in its due place, and not allowed to usurp a prominence which does not belong to it. The good which results from the study of the ancient tongues, as links in the history of human speech, from the study of ancient philosophy as opening up the workings of the human mind, in short, from every other source of knowledge, must be set down at its own value, and pursued proportionately. We can scarcely fear that, while the one great object (our advancement namely in *true* wisdom) is kept strictly before the mind, the result will be a frivolous or a sensual resting on that which is low, and mean, and sordid, in preference to, and in neglect of that which is higher and more pure and noble. So long as we read with the desire to find out how much good they had attained with such slender resources, or what their disadvantages were, compared with the blessings vouchsafed to us, and what accordingly are our duties and the better practice required of us; there would seem to be but little cause to apprehend that we should swerve aside, and waste time, and lose strength, amid the soil which clung to and surrounded them, instead of endeavouring to separate the gold from the earth which may have exhausted but could not destroy it.

But it may seem that we have strayed very far from the Tanglewood tales, and almost as though we had no intention of recurring to them; and yet, having said thus much, there may be the less need of a minute examination of the book itself. In truth, the

volume calls for no such especial criticism; it contains a few tales from Greek mythology very simply told, on the taste and execution of which we may have to say a few words; but the principle of education which they involve appeared to demand a more detailed examination. "How can any one, more particularly children, get any good from these mythical stories?" is the thought which first suggests itself to those who are at all acquainted with these tales in their original sources. Some might add, "How can any one take the trouble, or condescend to write any such petty tales on such subjects, for the mere entertainment of children?" Mr. Hawthorne is not afraid of the imputation which these words convey; Niebuhr feared it in no greater degree, having written some very similar tales for the same express purpose; and Dr. Arnold has embodied the legends of early Roman history in language which, however beautiful it may be in the opinion of the most learned, is of the kind most calculated to win the rapt attention of the youngest and simplest child. The first question Mr. Hawthorne has naturally found it necessary to deal with. The tales themselves are supposed to be contributions from a Mr. Eustace Bright, whom he questions on the mode of obviating "all the difficulties in the way of rendering" these narratives "presentable to children."

"These old legends, so brimming over with every thing that is most abhorrent to our Christianised moral sense, some of them so hideous, others so melancholy and miserable, ... was such material the stuff that children's playthings should be made of? How were they to be purified? How was the blessed sunshine to be thrown into them?"

The question is answered by his friend, who replied:

"that these myths were the most singular things in the world, and that he was invariably astonished, whenever he began to relate one, by the readiness with which it adapted itself to the childish purity of his auditors. The objectionable characteristics seem to be a parasitical growth, having no essential connection with the original fable. They fall away, and are thought of no more, the instant he puts his imagination in sympathy with the innocent little circle, whose wide open eyes are fixed so eagerly upon him. Thus the stories (not of any strained effort of the narrator's, but in harmony with their inherent germ) transform themselves, and re-assume the shapes which they might be supposed to possess in the pure childhood of the world." (p. 6.)

In all this and more which follows to the same purpose we may conclude that, with some allowances, the author expresses his own opinions. In fact, it is but confessing the truth that to the pure all things are pure; in part, it must be admitted that the stories, some of them at least, have been so far modified, that they can scarcely be considered the same tales which we find in the ordinary mythological narratives. We are of course quite at liberty to extract all the good we can from the evil by which it is tarnished. But it may perhaps be questioned whether these mythic tales were so very pure in their origin, as they are here represented to have been; most of

them appear to point to something else which is both beautiful and true, of which they contain a faint and broken image; but then this of which they are the shadows is something distant from the mythical tradition of the old heathen world: as soon as the story was converted into a mythological legend, the brightness of its ancient purity was dimmed, and baser elements shewed themselves at work within it.

To examine and give an account of all the tales contained in this book would be an unnecessary task, even if space permitted it. They who would desire to give some hours of pleasant reading, and not without instruction, to their youthful acquaintances, will scarcely fail of their object by presenting them with these tales. The first story (that of Theseus and the Minotaur) keeps sufficiently near the ordinary version; it is probably by an inadvertence that Medea is called the wife of Ægeus, while Æthra, the mother of Theseus, still lives; and it is a bold imagination which acquits Theseus of his not very honourable treatment of Ariadne. The tale of "The Pygmies" has the least meaning of any in the volume, and at the same time it contains perhaps too great an amount of purely original matter. But the favourite story with us is that of the "Dragon's Teeth," or, as in strictness it should be named, The search of Telephassa and her sons for Europa. It is throughout very life-like: and the closing scene of Telephassa's pilgrimage is worthy of a higher praise. We are tempted to extract a portion of it.

One day Telephassa seemed feebler than usual, and leaned almost her whole weight on the arm of Cadmus, and walked more slowly than ever before. At last they reached a solitary spot, where she told her son that she must needs lie down and take a good long rest.

"A good long rest," she repeated, looking Cadmus tenderly in the face; "a good long rest, thou dearest one."

"As long as you please, dear mother," answered Cadmus.

Telephassa bade him sit down on the turf beside her, and then she took his hand.

"My son," said she, fixing her dim eyes most lovingly upon him, "this rest that I speak of will be very long indeed. You must not wait till it is finished. Dear Cadmus, you do not comprehend me. You must make a grave here, and lay your mother's weary frame into it. My pilgrimage is over."

Cadmus burst into tears, and for a long time refused to believe that his dear mother was now to be taken from him. But Telephassa reasoned with him, and kissed him, and at length made him discern that it was better for her spirit to pass away out of the toil, the weariness, the grief and disappointment which had burdened her on earth, ever since the child was lost. He therefore repressed his sorrow, and listened to her last words.

"Dearest Cadmus," said she, "thou hast been the truest son that ever mother had, and faithful to the very last. Who else would have borne with my infirmities as thou hast? It is owing to thy care, thou tenderest child, that my grave was not dug long years ago, in some valley or on

some hill side, that lies far, far behind us. It is enough. Thou shalt wander no more on this hopeless search. But, when thou hast laid thy mother in the earth, then go, my son, to Delphi, and enquire of the oracle what thou shalt do next."

"O mother, mother," cried Cadmus, "couldest thou but have seen my sister, before this hour."

"It matters little now," answered Telephassa, and there was a smile upon her face. "I go now to the better world, and sooner or later shall find my daughter there."

I will not sadden you, my little hearers, with telling how Telephassa died and was buried, but will only say that her dying smile grew brighter, instead of vanishing from her dead face: so that Cadmus felt convinced that at her very first step into the better world, she had caught Europa in her arms. He planted some flowers on his mother's grave, and left them to grow there and make the place beautiful, when he should be far away. After performing this last sorrowful duty, he set forth alone, and took the road towards the famous oracle of Delphi. (p. 97.)

We will not enter on the question whether the legends of Europa and the Minotaur are (like the tales of Egyptian mythology) popular expressions of astronomical facts. If, however, it be answered in the affirmative, there is no reason why some legends should not point to moral as well as scientific truths. The tale of "Circe's Palace" at once brings the subject before us. It is curious that not this part only, but the whole narrative of the wanderings of Ulysses, has been so very generally regarded as an allegory—a treatment which the Iliad has by no means so commonly received. Possibly this characteristic difference between the two poems may have some weight in deciding against the identity of their authorship. But as respects the meaning of this and other episodes, whether the poet had a conscious purpose of allegorising or not, it is certainly most curious to what extent such interpretations suggest themselves, more obviously, we may say, than in Spenser's "Fairie Queene." Even if the poet were not conscious of any general idea, the case would not be much affected; men's words may mean a great deal more than they may ever dream of; and so Calypso may shadow forth the allurements of human hopes, and the sounds of the world be heard in the song of the Sirens, and the degradation of sensual excess be seen in Circe's Palace; there can be no reason for rejecting a meaning which we have not to seek for but which thrusts itself upon us. Can any one read of Ulysses' stedfastness of purpose in returning to his home without seeing that the tale upholds the duties and the ties of home and country as sacred above all others? These seem plain and obvious lessons, whatever we may think of interpretations less apparent, whether, for example, the war of Troy exhibits "a dark and dim feeling in human nature of that war in which mankind is ever engaged, and in which good and evil angels take an earnest part[a]," and whether the long homeward journey of Ulysses be "a vivid picture and em-

[a] Williams' Christian Scholar.

bodying of the yearnings of the poet's own heart for its long and final place of rest." The subject is a wide one, and we forbear to advance further into it.

The tale of Proserpine in the "Pomegranate Seeds," and the legend of "the Golden Fleece," complete the volume. The stories themselves would furnish to children both entertainment and instruction; but while it is every way profitable to point out any good lesson derivable from these mythic narratives, the advisableness of filling their heads with entirely fanciful notions of some of the subjects spoken of may well be questioned. Thus they are told that the Centaur Chiron

> "was not really very different from other people, but that being a kind-hearted and merry old fellow, he was in the habit of making believe that he was a horse, and scrambling about the school-room on all fours, and letting the little boys ride upon his back."

This may be very amusing, but it might have been better to leave the matter unnoticed, like in any other mythical wonder which must be taken as we find it, and on which our ingenuity would be exercised in vain.

That these legends give something more than merely unmeaning details, seems plain: and it is certain that children are especially attracted by such stories. No one then, we may conclude, would wish to circumscribe the amount of instruction which they may derive from their perusal: and the guidance of common sense will be sufficient safeguard against extravagance in the interpretation of them.

A FEW NOTES FROM CAIRO.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LETTER No. IV.

CAIRO.

From our Nile Boat, Boulac, Nov. 23rd.

MY DEAR ——

BOULAC is a long straggling place extending itself along the banks of the river for more than a mile. It has a dock-yard or place for building boats for the Pasha, and there is a stone wharf with stairs and convenient landing for the steam-boats and passengers by the Indian transit; the rest of the shore is left in its purely natural state, a steep bank of dry mud, under which lie huddled together crowds of the common traffic boats of the river, laden chiefly with corn and cotton. Here are one or two large buildings, palaces or harems of great men; a considerable number of storehouses, enclosures of high mud-brick walls, and an assemblage of wretched hovels. The first thing that strikes one on leaving Boulac are the granaries of corn. Enormous piles of corn stand up without any protection from weather but the open canopy of heaven, and the birds come down, pigeons and smaller birds, and pitch upon them and feed themselves undisturbed. The sight of these carried me back to Joinville's similar account of the piles of corn made by St. Louis on his expedition to Egypt, but he describes the piles as having become green on the outer surface from the action of the weather; here the corn looks as fresh and bright as gold, and it surprises me, for there are thick damp mists at this season every morning, sometimes not clearing till near mid-day. The road to Cairo lies along a broad raised causeway, planted with trees, chiefly acacias, on either side. To the right and left below lie large square plots or meadows, some still full of water, some in a state of mud, and some already green with the springing corn. The road shews signs of business and traffic in here and there a string of camels or carts, and always a number of persons, like oneself, mounted on donkeys. It would be

intolerably dusty but for the diligent labours, not of the water-carts, but of the water-men; they carry large goat-skins filled with water slung across the back; the mouth of the skin is brought round under the right arm, and from this the bearer squirts the water over the road with considerable skill and effect. The wall of the city is useless as a fortification, and seems preserved chiefly for the purpose of taking tolls and customs at the gates. Passing the gateway one enters first on the Ezbekieh, which is an enormous square, large enough for a respectable park, and now planted out into walks and gardens. Round this chiefly lie the houses of the Europeans and the various hotels, the chief of which is Shepherd's, who has the contract for the transit to Suez. Here was the end of our first exploring expedition; it was hot and dusty, and we stayed to dine with M——; returning by night we had to get a pass from the consul; a man ran before us with a large kind of paper lantern, like the Chinese lanterns you have seen, and our dragoman had brought up two of our crew armed with their long "naboots" for our protection; but such guard seems perfectly unnecessary, one travels with as much security as in England, and the only just cause of dread is lest your donkey in the dark should put his foot in a hole, or stumble over a sleeping dog and come down with you. On our return we found our men in great indignation, we were moored just opposite the harem of some great man, and the insolent black slaves and eunuchs had beaten our donkey-boys and threatened our crew. A shocking scene also had occurred in the afternoon. These same black slaves had quarrelled with the crew of a corn-boat, and catching the rais or captain alone on the shore, they beat him with their sticks till he was left for dead; our men said he was dead, and our English servant told me he never saw a more brutal spectacle. We also found our boat swarming with mosquitoes from the trees of Rhode island, and accordingly next day we changed our moorings, dropping a little lower down. These black slaves and eunuchs are chiefly Abyssinians, tall, weedy, sullen-looking fellows, handsomely dressed, well fed, and insolent. Not long since Shepherd, the master of the hotel, and another Englishman, were nearly murdered by some of them; they had been dining on board a boat, where they had a full supply

of wine, and were returning late at night; whether from the darkness, or the wine, they mistook the door of an harem for the gate of the quarter, and knocked for entrance; thinking the porter was asleep they knocked again and clamoured, when the door opened and they found themselves in the hands of a party of black slaves armed with bludgeons, who knocked them down and beat them within an inch of their lives. Shepherd has received a slight contusion of the brain, and his head and face are still bandaged up and disfigured; the matter has been before the Pasha's court, and the slaves are condemned to be bastinadoed as long as Shepherd pleases to look on and order, to pay his doctor's bill, and the price of his watch, which they smashed. However, to quiet people, who keep themselves out of harm's way, the country is as secure for preservation of life and property as it is in England.

The town itself of Cairo is most oriental and interesting, unlike anything one has ever seen, and a perfect labyrinth of narrow winding streets and passages; many of the streets are so narrow that I can touch them on either side with my hands stretched out; and this is on the ground, and as the second and third stories protrude successively one beyond the other, they almost touch at the top; the effect is a delicious coolness from the total exclusion of the sun, and rest to the eye; they are also very picturesque. One of the great peculiarities to our eyes is the absence of glass windows; the windows are usually high up and covered with a close wooden lattice, until one seems sometimes to be riding between two high dead walls rather than between inhabited houses. The main thoroughfares of the town are wider and crowded to excess; I perfectly dread the passage through them. One finds oneself launched in a moment out of some cool quiet by-stream, into a turbulent sea of turbans and fezzes, where navigation is by no means easy. One's merciless donkey-boy urges on behind; bawling constantly "Shemalek," "Riklag," whatever that may mean; innumerable other donkey-boys are thrusting on different ways, uttering the same cries and stunning one with noise. In the mean time you are hurried along, with as little choice or self-will as a straw on the current of a stream, here jostled against a cart to the infinite peril of your shins in the wheel, there catching the goat-skin of a

water-carrier with your knee and upsetting him with his load; still on you hurry till the injured water-carrier is avenged by his fellow, for suddenly you come on a spot that has been watered most abundantly, unconsciously you hurry over the treacherous surface, the donkey makes a long slip and down you come donkey and all. Another peril which I dread little less is to find oneself suddenly fixed right under the jaws of a huge camel, you look up and there is the great monstrous head garnished with powerful teeth suspended right over you, and shuddering you think of the fate of Ulysses' hapless companions when Scylla reached out her frightful heads and bore them off writhing in the air. In sober earnest the camel is at times, especially towards the spring, dangerous, and will bite savagely. Passed all these dangers you come to quieter and cooler regions, where are the chief bazaars; each trade appears to have its separate place and division. In one part are all the carpet-sellers, in another all the silks, in another all the slippers, in another all the pipes, and so on; some parts of these bazaars, especially where they sell the silks, present a brilliant appearance, but much of it when looked into is mere tinsel and gewgaw. We purchased a few trifles, a carpet or rather rug for our boat, and a couple of Cairo pipes; the pipe-sticks here are not plain cherry and jessamine sticks such as we met at Alexandria, but are covered with a brilliant silk embroidery of blue and gold; for 1*l.* or 1*l.* 10*s.* you can get them very handsome. It took us hours to effect our few trifling dealings. First we examined the articles and consulted our dragoman on their value, of which matter we were usually supremely ignorant; then pipes and coffee would be offered and we would sit down and smoke our pipe while the dragoman and dealer conducted their bargain deliberately, and according to the approved method, to a satisfactory arrangement. Then follows the payment, and here is a fresh bargain on the value of the coins, and another long delay in obtaining small change; no one is willing to give small change, i.e. piastres, as they are at a premium, e. g. for a dollar worth 19 piastres, the money-changer will only give you 18 piastres.

Before going up the country you require a large supply of small money, and this you must get at the money-changers, who are all Jews, and at the rate of from five

to seven per cent. At the bank you can only obtain dollars and large money. I returned yesterday with two large flag baskets, enough to load a donkey, full of copper coins, 5 para pieces worth a fraction more than a farthing; there are 40 paras in a piastre. We have been too busy laying in our last stores, and making a number of little necessary arrangements, to see any of the sights of Cairo, they must wait for our return. In the mean time we have seen one very curious sight which will interest you, an Egyptian serpent-charmer. Our friend L——, who lives in the Copt quarter of the town, had an idea that there was a serpent in his house, as is frequently the case in the old houses of Cairo, and wished to give us an opportunity of seeing the process of charming; we rode in yesterday morning and found the man waiting in the outer court of the house; he had a fellow with him carrying a bag. The first part of the performance was the exhibition of the snakes from this bag. First he drew out a huge cobra, about four feet long, and placing him on the ground, irritated him till he spread his hood, and rising on his tail threatened us all round, but his rage was impotent now; formerly, in the desert, so they said, he had killed a man, but now his poison-fangs were drawn. Then he produced two small brown serpents, which he declared to be poisonous; he handled them freely, and then spitting on one, and breathing down its mouth, offered to make me free to handle him also; I respectfully declined, but L—— accepted the offer, though it seemed without much faith in the charm, as he carefully grasped him by the neck, so that the wretch could not bite if he would. Last of all there came out from the bag a horrid-looking brown mottled snake, which the charmer himself handled cautiously and delicately, and as if he had a wholesome respect for him; he shewed us his long fangs and the poison-bags still remaining. Then we went to our work.

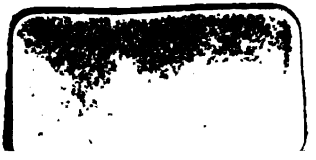
First, the charmer was made to strip himself, in order to prove that he did not carry a snake concealed under his dress and then pretend to find it. He stripped almost to nudity, throwing his loose robes on the ground, then slipping them on again followed us into the house; it was a large rambling old-fashioned place, and having examined one or two rooms on the ground floor rapidly, he passed up to the first floor, on which was the kitchen; here he began

to peer about carefully as if he saw traces of something, then went to a large dark closet in the corner, examined it, and propping the door open with an earthen jar, began his incantation. He had a long slight stick in his hand, with which he poked up into the corners of the room, and specially the high roof of the closet, jumping back hastily from time to time as if he expected something to fall on his head; in the mean time, in a loud voice, he began, (L—— was our interpreter,) "Come out, thou rascal, thou serpent, thou whose father is a snake and whose mother a serpent; Come out, I summon thee." And then he summoned him again in the name of Allah, in the name of the Prophet, in the name of King Solomon and all the Genii. At the intervals he made a low hissing noise with his lips. I kept close to his elbow intently watching him, and as he made a dart into the closet and poked up his stick to the roof, I saw a dark line of shadow come gliding down the white wall, and in a moment the snake was on the kitchen floor, and presently in his hands. It was a light grey reptile, about the size of one of our common snakes. If this was juggling, I can only say it was very clever juggling.

In another room afterwards, a sort of store-room, he found traces of another serpent, and began his incantations again, but this time the snake was found in a dark corner on the ground, and there was no palpable proof that it was not placed there. We then came out into the court and a violent altercation ensued. L——'s servant charged him with carrying about these serpents alive, in order to hide them in the houses and say he had charmed them out. "Liar," said the charmer, "see how I care to keep them alive," and seizing the snake with his teeth at the nape of the neck he bit it right in two, and then biting off another piece and chewing it as it writhed in his mouth, he turned to the servant and said "eat," and he too seized the writhing body with his teeth and bit off a great piece. This was done with great passion; then he seized the large cobra, and offered to eat that; we all earnestly said "no;" he breathed down the mouth of the animal, which was in full energy and activity, and it fell back at once, as if powerless or dead, and was put back into the bag.

There are among these charmers some counterfeits, men

who carry the small harmless serpent of the desert coiled up in their sleeves, and, watching some favourable moment, hide it in a corner and then poke it out. But it seems incontestable that there are men who have an extraordinary and secret power over the serpent. I met the same day our consul Mr. W—— at dinner; he told me of two cases in his own personal knowledge where the charmers were sent for to find and catch serpents that were known to be in the house, having been pursued by the servants and wounded, one in the back, and the other with the loss of the tip of the tail; the identical snakes were both brought out and captured.

As I am writing, our crew on deck are beating their two earthen drums, clapping their hands, and making as much noisy merriment as possible in order to exhibit their gladness; they have asked leave to light the "mishal" or large torch which we carry for exploring caves, and it is lighting up the dark waters of the Nile with its red glare, our last display before leaving. You may expect to hear again from Thebes at the latest.

I remain, &c.